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EARLY HOMES OF LONGFELLOW

BY STEPHEN CAMMETT

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN

"One of the few spots left something
Like it was when I was a boy."

Lowell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW loved youth as few great men have loved it. The struggles of the formative period of genius, which to many famous men embitter their early years, had no place in the peaceful boyhood that the poet passed in the quiet New England town of Portland. Youth, to Longfellow, was the happy time of which he dreamed throughout his later years, every association of which he sought earnestly, almost passionately to recall. He returned again and again to the old Portland home, to stroll in Deering's Woods and other youthful haunts, striving to experience once more the summer delights of his boyhood vacations at Wadsworth Hall, embodying his vague longings in the verses of "My Lost Youth."

The early associations of Longfellow are many and well preserved. They cluster about the old Longfellow mansion and the Longfellow birthplace in the city of Portland, Maine, and Wadsworth Hall, the "grandfather's farm" of

the poet's boyish days. Every piece of furniture in the Longfellow home, every ornament, was a personal possession. The arrangement of every apartment is to-day exactly as the poet knew it in his youth. The desk upon which he wrote, the arm-chair by his favorite window, the study—all speak to us of a presence which is here made real.

Upon the death of Anne Longfellow Pierce, the Maine Historical Society became trustee of the property, and its doors have been open to the public. The house is of red brick, three stories in height, set a little back from the street, and dwarfed by the larger buildings which surround it. Through the broad hall the visitor has a glimpse of the garden at the farther end, tall elms, shrubbery, and trailing vines.

Apart from its associations of Longfellow, the house has a history of its own. It was built by General Peleg Wadsworth, a Revolutionary officer who served at Roxbury and Dorchester Heights, was Adjutant-General of Mas-



Drawn by Harry Fenn

VIEW FROM THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY LONGFELLOW, WHEN A BOY,
IN THE WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE



PORTRICO OF THE WADSWORTH HOUSE

sachusetts, and second in command of the Penobscot Expedition. He came to Portland, Maine, in 1784, and in the following year began the building of

of new land has brought it to stand far back from the shore upon which it once bordered. The east front room of the second story is that in which the poet had birth.

During the year preceding the winter which Longfellow's parents spent in the Stephenson home, General Wadsworth had built his great hall at Hiram, whither he removed with his family a few months before the birth of his Grandson Henry. The Portland house thus being vacant, Stephen Longfellow took possession, and where their married life had begun, the parents of the poet spent their remaining years. Longfellow, therefore, passed only a few of the months of infancy in his birthplace: it was the famous Wadsworth-Longfellow House that was the scene of his boyhood's home-life, as well as of that of his young manhood. It is in the rooms of this old brick mansion that the visitor's interest is fed with that abundant completeness of association which renders this spot remarkable among the homes of the great.

To raise the heavy brass knocker is to find one's self in a broad Colonial hall, which extends through the center of the house, and upon the left of which is the parlor, into which the visitor is first shown. An interesting object in this apartment is the piano, which was purchased by Longfellow himself, one week after his second marriage and was used by the family for many years in the Washington-Craigie-Longfellow House at Cambridge. The young ladies of the Wadsworth family had owned a piano which in that day was doubtless called a spinet. No one now living knows what became of it.

Across the hall, and directly opposite the parlor, is the family sitting-room, once

his family mansion. It was the first brick house in the town. The material was brought from Philadelphia, and the walls were sixteen inches thick. At the building, the house was only two stories, the third being added, in 1815, by Stephen Longfellow, father of the poet, in order to provide for the needs of his growing family. The windows still have their heavy, paneled wooden shutters; the doors, their old-time "box-latches." Owing to the thickness of the walls, there are wide window-seats.

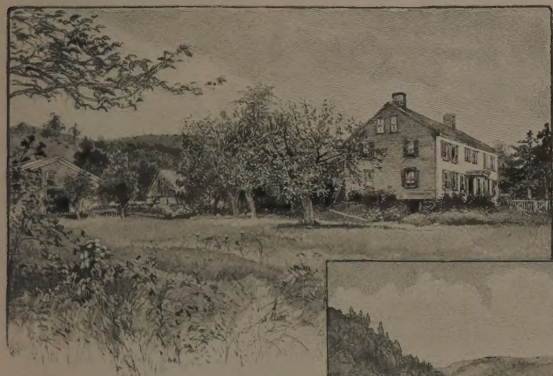
When, in the spring of 1786, the Wadsworth family moved into the mansion, there were six children, of whom one, Zilpha, a little maid of seven, was to be the mother of Henry W. Longfellow. In 1804, Stephen Longfellow, a promising young lawyer of the town, was wedded to Zilpha Wadsworth in the parlor of this house, then the largest private reception-room in Portland. For a time the young couple resided here, but in the winter of 1806 they moved to the home of Captain Samuel Stephenson (whose wife was the sister of the poet's father), on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, in the eastern part of the town. Here, on the 27th of February, 1807, the poet was born.

Once a fine residence, the house has now become a tenement; the growth of surrounding industries has destroyed the beauty of its situation; and the filling in

the law-office of the poet's father, and one of the most interesting of the rooms of this remarkable mansion. It has still the air of an inhabited living-room, and the greatest of care has been taken to preserve its original appearance. The paper upon the walls is a reproduction of that which covered them in the

ing to get up out of the comfortable feather-beds and break the ice in the pitchers for washing. But hardship made hardihood."

In the lower back room of the west corner, overlooking the garden, centers the visitor's interest. This most cherished apartment is known as "Henry's Study" and "the den." Here may be seen the mahogany desk upon which Longfellow wrote the "Rainy Day," gazing from the window on the tangled shrubbery of the garden. Here is the hanging-lamp under which he worked, and the open fireplace before which it was his frequent oc-



WADSWORTH HALL AT HIRAM, MAINE, THE "GRAND-FATHER'S FARM" OF LONGFELLOW'S YOUTH

poet's youthful days, and was made expressly for this apartment. At the corner front window, the poet's favorite sitting-place, stands the arm-chair which it was his custom to occupy. A little distance away is the chair of his father, while between the windows stands the sewing-table of his mother. The large desk upon which the children studied their lessons in the evening completes the family grouping of the living-room, scene of that calm and quiet home-life of which Longfellow has tenderly sung, and of which his brother, Samuel Longfellow, has written:

"In the evening there were lessons to be learned, and the children opened their satchels and gathered their books and slates round the table in the family sitting-room. Studies over, there would be games till bed-time. . . . When bed-time came, it was hard to leave the warm fire to go up into the unwarmed bedrooms; still harder the next morn-



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

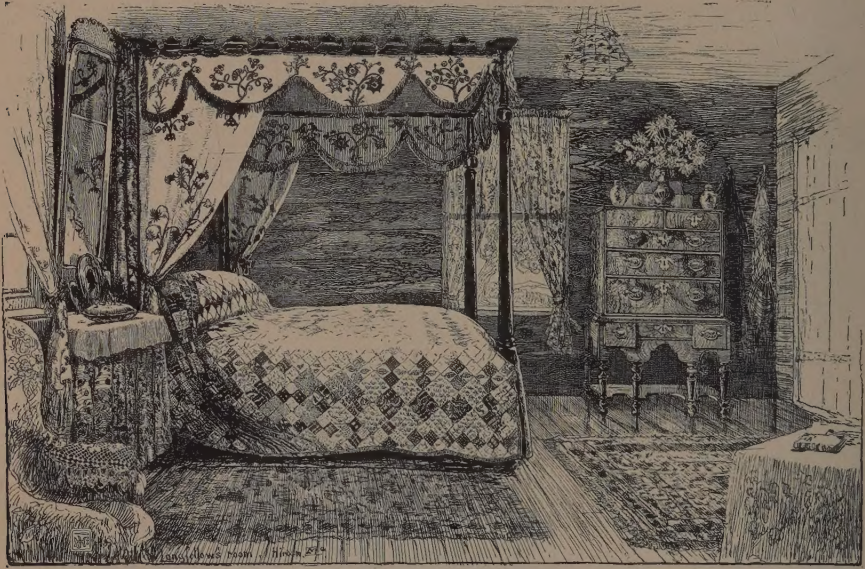
cupation to dream. This room perhaps speaks more plainly than any of the others of the personality of the poet and the man, and here the literary pilgrim lingers.

"Musings," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Burial of the Minnisink," "Where From the Eye of Day," "Song of Birds," "Changed," and "The Lighthouse," were either wholly or in part written in this study.

Ascending the broad staircase of the hall, the visitor arrives at the upper rooms, to find them rich in relics of the family past of both the Wadsworths and the Longfellos. The gowns, the silks, the head-dresses of a day gone by, and

needlework done by the mother of the poet and her sisters in their girlhood, are here preserved; and in the guest-chamber, whither came Longfellow with his young bride, is the second oldest United States flag in existence. This was flown on the American Brig *Enterprise*, which battled with the British Brig *Boxer*, in Septem-

Longfellow's youth, before the houses upon the opposite side of the street had been erected, he had from the windows of his chamber a beautiful and far-reaching view of blue Casco Bay, island-dotted; of the shore of Cape Elizabeth, and of the light-house which gave the inspiration for the poem of "The Light-



Drawn by Harry Fenn

LONGFELLOW'S ROOM AT WADSWORTH HALL

The pine boards on the wall are the color of an old Cremona violin; the bed hangings are of white linen, embroidered in apple-green, shell pink, etc.; the high-boy is of light mahogany

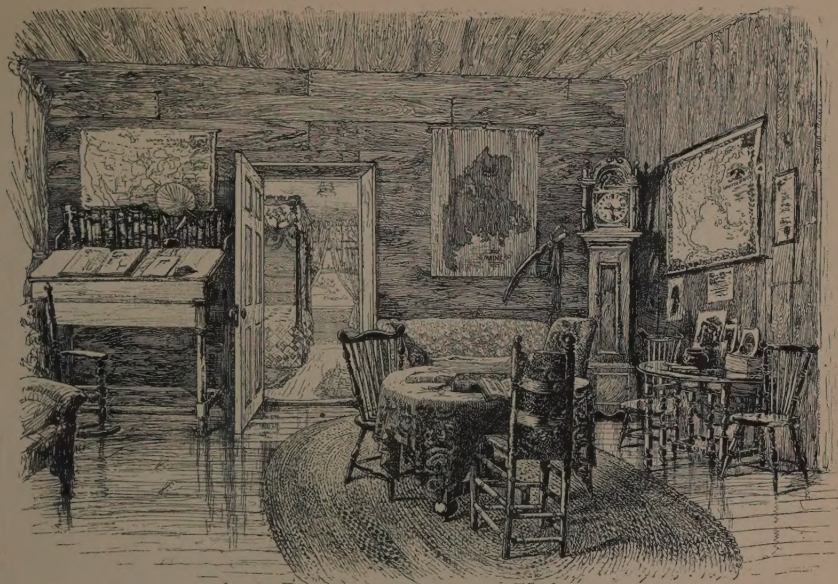
ber, 1813, off Seguin, not far from Portland, and of which strife the poet has written:

"I remember the sea fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide."

The third story of the mansion has seven rooms, most of which were occupied by the Longfellow boys at various times, and one of which contains the poet's trundle-bed, and his school-desk, upon which may be clearly seen the marks of the boyish jack-knife. The corner front chamber, upon the visitor's right as he reaches the landing, was the poet's own during his school and college days, and, in later years, the room which he always wished to occupy on his annual visits to his boyhood's home. In

house." It was one of the most cherished pleasures of his youth to gaze from these windows upon the harbor and "the beauty and mystery of the ships." Scarcely less did he love to look from the back windows of the mansion, which showed him Back Cove, the farms and woodlands, and the White Hills, while upon clear days he might distinguish the snowy peak of Mount Washington. In a somewhat crude and boyish poem written by the Longfellow of this period, and which has escaped publication in all of the collections of his early works, he speaks of the view of the White Mountains from these windows.

But the associations which fill the mansion of the Longfellows are not entirely confined to the poet's youthful days.

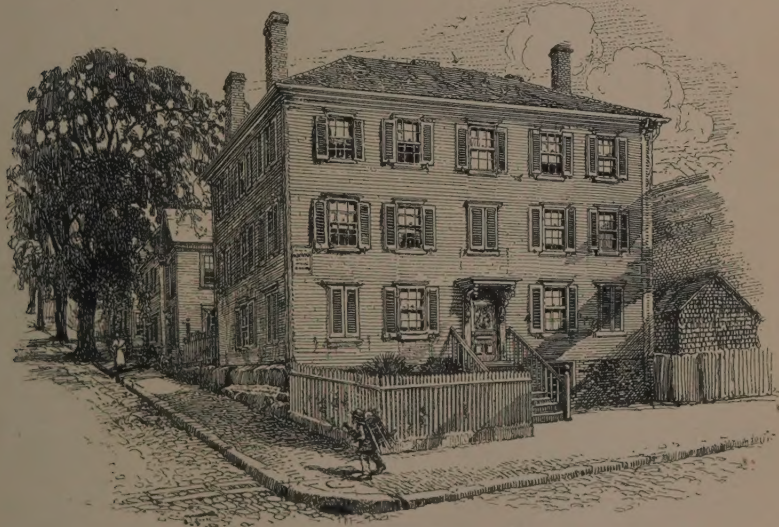


Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE LIVING-ROOM AT WADSWORTH HALL

Though travel carried him far, he made it a duty throughout his life to return at least once every year to the home of his fathers. His letters from abroad are

filled with expressions, sad and joyous, yearning and eager, of his affection for this home-spot, this resting-place, whither he might return, laying aside all care, and



Drawn by Harry Fenn

HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF FORE AND HANCOCK STREETS, PORTLAND, MAINE, WHERE LONGFELLOW WAS BORN



Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE

be, for a time, as he quoted in a letter to a friend, "As idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean."

From these doors he writes of setting out on early morning walks to Deering's Woods, to Bramhall's Hills, among the wharves, or along the streets, where year by year the faces that he met grew strange. He ever regretted change; it was with sadness that he beheld the things of the old time slipping away. Many of Portland's citizens can remember having seen him looking up and down the streets, in which, during the latter years of his life, great alterations were taking place, with melancholy features and sorrowful mien.

His affection for the family mansion was shared by the poet's sister, Anne Longfellow Pierce. She was the wife of George Pierce, a close friend of the poet's youth, and with him a member of that famous Bowdoin class of 1825. Mrs. Pierce, widowed within three years of her marriage, returned to the Longfellow

home, where, in 1901, she died, having lived eighty-seven of a life of ninety years in the same dwelling. It is to this lady that the world owes the remarkable preservation of the home as she and her famous brother knew it in their youth. It was the dream of her life to keep every detail of this remarkable structure unchanged, that it might, after her death, become a priceless heritage to the people. It was to her a sacred trust, and with the utmost fidelity she fulfilled it. Upon her death, she made the Maine Historical Society the trustee of the property, to hold the title, and open its doors to the public.

In the youth of Longfellow, there was no event more delightful than a visit to "grandfather's farm." On a high plateau in the township of Hiram, in the valley of the winding Saco, set in a circle of hills, is Wadsworth Hall, the mansion built by General Peleg Wadsworth. A great Colonial home, where hospitality was maintained by a gentleman of the old

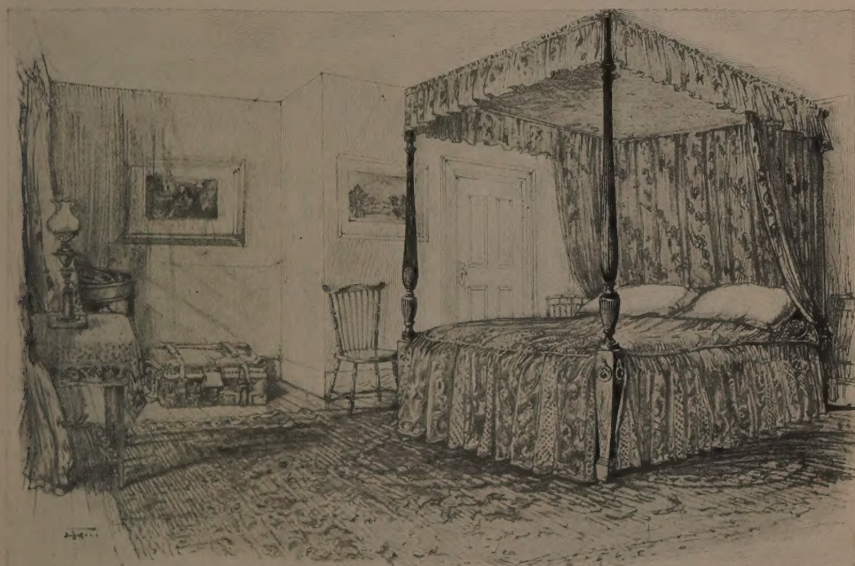
school; a house of half a score of fire-places, and a hall twenty feet square; set in the midst of what was originally an estate of seven thousand acres, known on the maps of the time as "Wadsworth's Grant,"—such was the grandfather's farm, and such the spot where the youthful Longfellow yearly passed his summer holiday.

A Revolutionary officer, with upright bearing, bright scarlet coat, and buff small-clothes; powdered hair, cocked hat, white stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, wearing to the close of his life the dress of the old time, though others had laid it aside—such was the grandfather upon whom the child Longfellow looked with awe, and to whose stirring tale of capture by the British and escape from Fort George the boy never tired of listening.

The freedom of the farm was a delight to the boy of the town, and the vacation passed in rambling, in picking the wild strawberries of the fields, and in bringing home the cows at evening from the "pennyroyal-scented pastures," he looked forward to throughout his youth as the gala-time of the year. Much has been written of the life of Longfellow in the

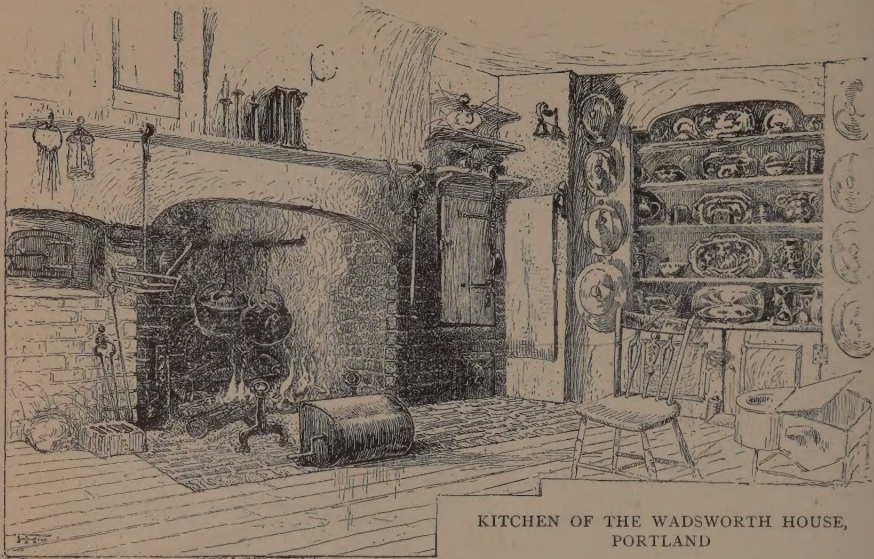
old home in Portland, and this house is the scene of that beautiful home-life of which Longfellow's poetry is perhaps the most tender and truest expression in all our language; yet the days spent at the old Hiram farm of the Grandfather Wadsworth had a profound influence upon the character and ideals of the youth. The radiance of these country days, when the forming mind of the boy drew close to nature, shines throughout his work. The subtle influence of the happy time passed in this old Colonial mansion, in the company of those whose gentle and courtly nature could not but mold his own, remained throughout his life.

It has been said that Longfellow was fortunate in his grandparents. The Longfellow family, through Zilpha Wadsworth, the mother, are descendants of six Mayflower pilgrims—Elder William Brewster and his son Love; William Mullins, his wife, and their daughter Priscilla; and John Alden, whom the latter afterward married. General Wadsworth was Adjutant-General of Massachusetts during the Revolution, and afterward chief in command upon the coast of Maine. He was sent as a Representative to Congress for fourteen years, and re-

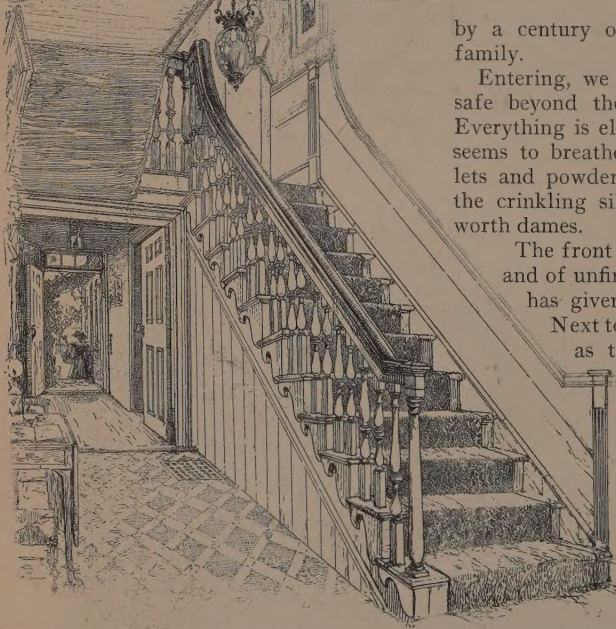


Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM IN THE WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND



KITCHEN OF THE WADSWORTH HOUSE,
PORTLAND



Drawn by Harry Fenn

HALL OF THE WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND

by a century of possession by a noted family.

Entering, we feel at once that we are safe beyond the pale of the every-day. Everything is eloquent of the past. There seems to breathe the subtle odor of violets and powdered hair; we almost hear the crinkling silks of the stately Wadsworth dames.

The front hall is twenty feet square, and of unfinished pine, to which time has given the color of mahogany.

Next to the hall is what is known as the "Longfellow Room," the chamber that the poet occupied in his visits to the home. Not the slightest detail has been changed or modernized; the canopied bed in which the youth lay is here, with its wonderful hand-embroidered hangings, work of his Grandmother Wadsworth, and an object of admiration to the artistic boy. Later in life

ceived a grant of seven thousand acres, now the township of Hiram, Maine. The house remains to-day the home that Longfellow remembered. Every object, every ornament, has associations gathered

the poet came occasionally to pass a day or a night in this apartment, and it was kept ever in readiness for his occupancy. He delighted to enter unannounced, to pass the night in this chamber, and to re-

turn to Portland on the following morning. This he often did when oppressed by cares, or wearied by prolonged composition: he found a restful peace in the old house which soothed and freshened him.

At the back of the house is the kitchen, which we of to-day have the privilege of seeing exactly as it was when the young people of the Hall gathered about it to roast apples and chestnuts in the evenings of the New England winter. The heavy crane, great iron pots, and shining copper kettles, hang in their accustomed places, and so complete are the arrangements that the shade of some thrifty Colonial dame, returning to the activities of this world, might find her heart's delight in the glistening pans, the massive britannia, and the dainty china. She would feel quite at ease, and lack for nothing in this kitchen. Even the names of most of the implements are strange to modern ears. A Dutch oven, a tin-kitchen, and a plate-warmer, together with an apple-roaster, a coffee-roaster, and the tong-like waffle-irons, hang or stand about. There is a boiler for washing, with a small opening beneath in which

a fire may be kindled; and built into the brick-work, a great oven for baking. Here are candle-molds, and the steelyards with which the babies of the family were weighed.

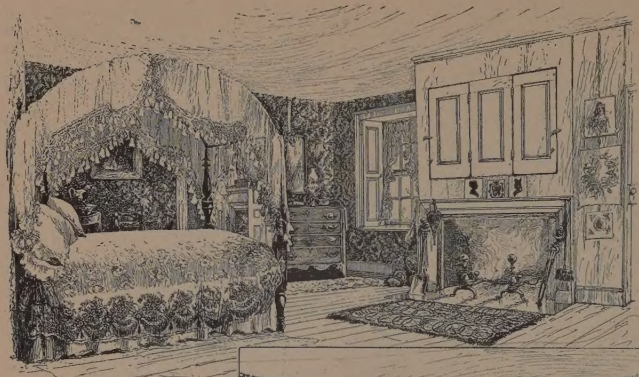
The Longfellow who, as a youth, spent his holidays in this attractive old mansion was a very handsome boy, retiring, without being reserved, active, and eager. He was kind-hearted and affectionate; sensitive, impressionable, impetuous. He had blue eyes and chestnut hair; his complexion was delicate; his cheeks were rosy. His eyes were full of expression, and he looked one square in the face. He was a normal boy, and a devotee of all a boy's games. He snowballed, coasted, skated, flew kites, and swam. Sometimes he would tramp through the woods with a gun, but most of all he liked to lie under a tree and read.

To such a boy the old farm was enchanted ground. He knew where the crimson cardinal-flowers bloomed, where the largest of the trout lived in the little brook, where the robins nested year after year, and where to set home-made "box-traps" for chipmunks along the low stone walls. He followed the mowers at hay-



Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND



THE GUEST ROOM

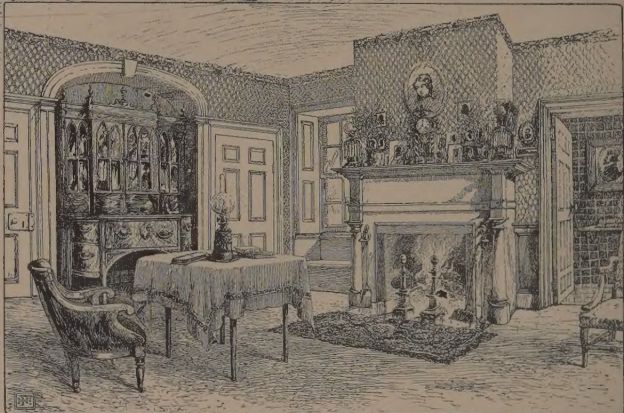
ing-time, "trod" the load, and rode upon it to the great barn. In autumn he enjoyed the gayety of the corn-husking, watched the spinning-wheel being fed from the heap of carded wool, and helped to fill the quills when the household loom was weaving homespun for clothing for the men and boys.

The love of nature, which was to be a thing of greatness in his works and life, was in the forming. Nowhere would he more inevitably have learned to love living things than at Wadsworth Hall. The woods; the pleasant reaches of sunlit meadows; the fields where he searched for berries; the pastures, pennyroyal-scented, where the cattle grazed; the brook, with its minnows; the little bridge under which the pewee built; the river, the humming song of whose fall was heard by the boy in the quiet of night—all these played their part to make the completeness and beauty of that conception of nature which was Longfellow's.

The school year was divided into four quarters, with a week's vacation at the end of each, the holiday of summer extending to a fortnight. This gave the town boy opportunity to experience the life of the farm in the many phases which the seasons bring. Planting, haytime,

and harvest; logging, weaving, and husking corn—all brought their pleasures and none of their cares.

"Out of my childhood," he wrote in later years, "rises in my memory the recollection of many things rather as poetic impressions



Drawn by Harry Fenn

LIVING-ROOM IN THE WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND

than as prosaic facts. Such are the damp mornings of early spring, with the loud crowing of cocks, and the cooing of pigeons on the roofs of barns. Very distinct in connection with these are the indefinite longings incident to childhood; feelings of wonder and loneliness which I could not interpret, and scarcely then took cognizance of. But they have remained in my mind."

The inevitable came, and the Longfellow of thirteen chose a subject. Not far from Hiram, in the neighboring town of Fryeburg, lies one of those small lakes in which the State of Maine abounds—clear water, ringed with a belt of pale sand. It is called Lovewell's, or Lovell's, Pond, and is known as the scene of a fight famous in New England history as Lovewell's battle with the Indians. The story had been often heard by the youth in the spirited narration of his Grandfather Wadsworth, and it had made a

deep impression upon his boyish imagination. One morning there appeared in the "poet's corner" of the "Portland Gazette" the following verses:

BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it mourns through the tall waving pines
lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er
And the war clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country
and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is
their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes
repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of
their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did
proclaim;
They are dead, but they live in each Patriot's
breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's
bright crest.

Henry.

Other boys of thirteen have composed better verses, but their interest lies in their being the first published work of the poet. It is to be noted that the childish lines celebrating "Mr. Finney and His Turnip," which once went the rounds of the press as Longfellow's first poem, were never written by him. The printing of this poem, little as was its promise, marked a turn in the boy's life, and was an encouragement to better things. His Sister Elizabeth was the only member of the family whom he took into his confi-

dence; she alone knew the fluttering and misgiving of his heart as he hurried to Mr. Shirley's printing office at the foot of Exchange street, and cautiously slipped his manuscript into the box of the "Portland Gazette." The evening before publication, he went again, standing to look up at the windows as they shook with the jar of the presses, wondering if his verses were in the paper which was printing—half afraid that they were, more afraid that they were not, and altogether afraid to venture in to see.

The following morning he and Elizabeth watched with impatience the unfolding of the sheet in the father's methodical hand; watched his slow reading of the paper; watched until he had laid it down. The poem was there, and great was the boy's pleasure as he read it, and read it again in the clear, black, satisfying impress of the type. Poem followed poem in the "Portland Gazette," the earlier verses signed "H" or "Henry," and some of the later ones, done with a confidence which praise had given him, signed with the full initials, "H. W. L."

No great man ever treasured his youth, with all its memories and associations, more fondly than did Longfellow. No spot ever yielded back to him his fill of boyhood memories as abundantly as did the fields and woods of Wadsworth Hall; for, while in his native Portland, the

"Beautiful city that is seated by the sea,"

the forms that he met were strange to him, and changes had come to rob him of the atmosphere of the days for which he longed, at the old Hiram farmhouse all was as in that time to which he constantly wandered back. There he might live once more the moments he sought to recall, and

"Among the dreams
Of the days that
were,"

find his lost youth again.



LONGFELLOW'S MOTHER'S ROOM IN THE
WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND, AND
"THE CRADLE OF THE RACE"



CHILDREN OF THE MOON

MADISON CAWEIN

WITH DECORATION BY PAUL MEYLAN

I

To-night, perhaps, after the rain is done,
Led by a moonbeam or the flickering torch
The firefly flares, amid the loneliness,
The hereditary loneliness of the trees,
I, too, may see, as sees the star that peeps
Through interlacing boughs, the toadstools heave

Their white roofs through the ferns, like goblin huts,
 An elfin town; and, squatting on their tops,
 Punch-bellied things, peak-kneed; their knees updrawn
 To perpendicular eyes of glowworm flame,
 And arms akimbo i' the light o' the moon,
 Watching the dewdrops tag the toadstools' rims,
 Or from the mushroom roll the orbèd rain:
 Or, where the tall weed drips and spunkwood smells
 Make musk the underwoods, slim woodland imps,—
 Snail-eyed, frog-footed,—oust the sleeping bees
 From their close cradles of the wildflowers' bells
 Belfrying, with foxglove purple, a moonbeam space.

II

On the road in the April wood,
 Under the oaks I stopped and stood,
 Watching the mole that stealthily heaved
 The soft, loose clay of its barrow:
 The oaks above me were velvet-leaved;
 And near me bloomed the yarrow,
 When down from a leaf a gray snail fell,
 Its long, stilt eyes thrust out of its shell:
 And I thought: "This color is worn of the fays,
 Whose fashion runs to dimmish grays;
 A snail-brown tunic each elfin eunuch
 Wears in the harem the elf king keeps:
 And a snail-gray gown each fairy clown
 Dons when the elf-dance whirls and leaps
 In the light of the moon on the upland down:
 A snail-shell house for his ousphen spouse
 Each elfin builds by the snail white moon,
 Where his fairykin love he boards and beds,
 Under the dandelion's wisp-white heads,
 Where ever he pipes his cricket tune."

III

The sphinx-moth, clothed in downy hues,
 In woolly whites and fawns and blues,
 Goes fluttering through the evening dews.

Above the nicotiana's bloom—
 Narcotic horns it waves its plumes,
 Made drowsy by the drugged perfumes.

It seems some fairy-queen who goes
 'Mid trumpets lifted in long rows
 Of white whereon the elfworld blows
 Attendant and triumphant strains
 Of fragrance, greeting her who reigns,
 Who takes the air in fairy lanes
 Of flowers that the moonlight stains.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XIII

ONE OF THE NEW YORK DRESSES



AS she went down the staircase later on her way to dinner, Miss Vanderpoel saw on all sides signs of the extent of the nakedness of the land. She was in a fine old house, stripped of most of its salable belongings, uncared for, deteriorating year by year, gradually going to ruin. One need not possess particular keenness of sight to observe this, and she had chanced to see old houses in like condition in other countries than England. A man-servant in a shabby livery opened the drawing-room door for her. He was not a picturesque servitor of fallen fortunes, but an awkward person who was not accustomed to his duties. Betty wondered if he had been called in from the gardens to meet the necessities of the moment. His furtive glance at the tall young woman who passed him took in with sudden embarrassment the fact that she plainly did not belong to the dispirited world bounded by Stornham Court. Without sparkling gems or trailing richness in her wake, she suggested splendor. He recalled that there was a legend to the effect that the present Lady Anstruthers, who looked like a rag doll, had been the daughter of a rich American, and that better things might have been expected of her if she had not been such a poor-spirited creature. If this was her sister, she perhaps was a young woman of fortune, and that she was not poor of spirit was plain.

The large drawing-room presented only another aspect of the bareness of the rest of the house. In times probably long past, possibly in the Dowager Lady An-

struthers' early years of marriage, the walls had been hung with white-and-gold paper of a pattern which dominated the scene, and had been furnished with gilded chairs, tables, and ottomans. Evidently some of these had been removed as they became too much out of repair for use or ornament. Such as remained, tarnished as to gilding and worn in the matter of upholstery, stood sparsely scattered on a desert of carpet the huge-flowered medallions of which had faded almost from view.

Lady Anstruthers, looking shy and awkward as she fingered an ornament on a small table, seemed singularly a part of her background. Her evening dress, slipping off her thin shoulders, was as faded and out of date as her carpet. It had once been delicately blue and gauzy, but its gauziness hung in crushed folds and its blue was almost gray. It was also the dress of a girl, not that of a colorless, worn woman, and her consciousness of its unfitness showed in her small-featured face as she came forward.

"Do you—recognize it, Betty?" she asked hesitatingly. "It was one of my New York dresses. I put it on because—because—" and her stammering ended helplessly.

"Because you wanted to remind me," Betty said. If Rosy felt it easier to begin with an excuse, she should be provided with one.

Perhaps but for Betty's readiness to fall into any tone she chose to adopt, Rosy might have endeavored to carry on her poor farce, but, as it was, she suddenly gave it up.

"I put it on because I have no other," she said. "We never have visitors, and I have n't dressed for dinner for so long that I seem to have nothing left that is

fit to wear. I dragged this out because it was better than anything else. It was pretty once,—” she gave a little laugh,—“twelve years ago. How long years seem! Was I—was I pretty, Betty—twelve years ago?”

“Twelve years ago is not such a long time.” Betty took her hand and drew her to a sofa. “Let us sit down and talk about it.”

“There is nothing much to talk about. This is it—” taking in the room with a wave of her hand—“I am it. Ughtred is it.”

“Then let us talk about England,” was Bettina’s light skim over the thin ice.

A red spot grew on each of Lady Anstruthers’ cheekbones and made her faded eyes look intense.

“Let us talk about America,” her little bird-claw of a hand clinging feverishly. “Is New York still—still—”

“It is still there,” Betty answered, with one of the adorable smiles, which showed a deep dimple near her lip; “but it is much nearer England than it used to be.”

“Nearer!” The hand tightened as Rosy caught her breath. “Oh, dear!”

Betty bent suddenly and kissed her. It was the easiest way of hiding the look she knew had risen to her eyes. She began to talk gaily, half-laughingly.

“It is quite near,” she said. “Don’t you realize it? Americans swoop over here by thousands every year. They come for business, they come for pleasure, they come for rest. They cannot keep away. They come to buy and sell—pictures and books and luxuries and land. They come to give and take. They are building a bridge from shore to shore of their work and their thoughts and their plans, out of their lives and souls. It will be a great bridge, and great things will pass over it.” She kissed the faded cheek again. She wanted to sweep Rosy away from the dreariness of “it.” Lady Anstruthers looked at her with faintly smiling eyes. She did not follow all this quite readily, but she felt pleased and vaguely comforted.

“I know how they come here and marry,” she said. “The new Duchess of Downes is an American. She had a fortune of two million pounds.”

“If she chooses to rebuild a great house and a great name,” said Betty, lifting

her shoulders lightly, “why not—if it is an honest bargain? I suppose it is part of the building of the bridge.”

Little Lady Anstruthers, trying to pull up the sleeves of the gauzy bodice slipping off her small, sharp bones, stared at her half in wondering adoration, half in alarm.

“Betty—you—you are so handsome—and so clever and strange,” she fluttered. “Oh, Betty, stand up, so that I can see how tall and handsome you are!”

Betty did as she was told.

“Oh, yes, oh, yes!” Rosy cried. “You are just as wonderful as you looked when I turned and saw you under the trees. You almost make me afraid.”

“Because I am wonderful?” said Betty. “Then I will not be wonderful any more.”

“It is not because I think you wonderful, but because other people will. Would you rebuild a great house?” hesitatingly.

The fine line of Betty’s black brows drew itself tightly together.

“No,” she said.

“Would n’t you?”

“How could the man who owned it persuade me that he was in earnest if he said he loved me? How could I persuade him that I was worth caring for and not a mere ambitious fool? There would be too much against us.”

“Against you?” repeated Lady Anstruthers.

“I don’t say I am fair,” said Betty,—“people who are proud are often not fair,—but we should both of us have seen and known too much.”

“You have seen me now,” said Lady Anstruthers in her listless voice, and at the same moment dinner was announced, and she got up from the sofa, so that luckily there was no time for the impersonal answer it would have been difficult to invent at a moment’s notice. As they went into the dining-room, as big and barren and unalluring as the rest, Betty was thinking. She remembered all the material she had collected during her education in France and Germany, and there was added to it the fact that she had seen Rosy, and, having her before her eyes, she felt that there was small prospect of her contemplating the rebuilding of any great house requiring reconstruction.



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'IT 'S A BIG PLACE, MISS'"

There was fine paneling in the dining-room and a great fire-place and a few family portraits. The service upon the table was shabby, and the dinner was not a bounteous meal. Lady Anstruthers, in her girlish, gauzy dress, and looking too small for her big high-backed chair, tried to talk rapidly, and every few minutes forgot herself and sank into silence, with her eyes unconsciously fixed upon her sister's face. Ughtred watched Betty also and with a hungry questioning. The man-servant in the worn livery was not a sufficiently well-trained and experienced domestic to make any effort to keep his eyes from her. He was young enough to be excited by an innovation so unusual as the presence of a young and beautiful person surrounded by an atmosphere of ease and fearlessness. He had been talking of her below-stairs and felt that he had failed in describing her. He had found himself barely supported by the suggestion of a house-maid that sometimes these dresses that looked plain had been made in Paris at expensive places and had cost "a lot." He furtively examined the dress which looked plain, and while he admitted that for some mysterious reason it might represent expensiveness, it was not the dress which was the secret of the effect, but a something, not altogether mere good looks, expressed by the wearer. It was, in fact, the thing by which the second-class passenger, Salter, had been at once attracted and stirred to rebellion when Miss Vanderpoel came on board the *Meridiana*.

Betty did not look too small for her high-backed chair, and she did not forget herself when she talked. In spite of all she had found, her imagination was stirred by the surroundings. Her sense of the fine spaces and possibilities of dignity in the barren house, her knowledge that outside the windows there lay broad views of the park and its heavily-branched trees, and that outside the gates stood the neglected picturesqueness of the village and all the rural and, to her, interesting life it slowly lived,—this pleased and attracted her. If she had been as helpless and discouraged as Rosalie, she could see that it would all have meant a totally different and depressing thing; but, strong and spirited, and with the power of full hands, she was remotely re-

joicing in what might be done with it all.

As she talked, she was gradually learning detail. Sir Nigel was on the Continent. Apparently he often went there; also it revealed itself that no one knew at what moment he might return, for what reason he would return, or if he would return at all during the summer. It was evident that no one had been at any time encouraged to ask questions as to his intentions or to feel entitled to a right to do so.

This she knew, and a number of other things, before they left the table. When they did so, they went out to stroll upon a moss-grown stone terrace and to listen to the nightingales throwing into the air silver fountains of thrilling song. When Bettina paused, leaning against the balustrade of the terrace that she might hear all the beauty of it, and feel all the beauty of the warm spring night; Rosy went on making her effort to talk.

"It is not much of a neighborhood, Betty," she said. "You are too accustomed to livelier places to like it."

"That is my reason for feeling that I shall like it. I don't think I could be called a lively person, and I rather hate lively places."

"But you are accustomed—accustomed —" Rosy harked back uncertainly.

"I have been accustomed to wishing that I could come to you," said Betty. "And now I am here."

Lady Anstruthers laid a hand on her dress.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" she breathed.

"You will believe it," said Betty, drawing the hand round her waist and enclosing the narrow shoulders in her own arm. "Tell me about the neighborhood."

"There is n't any, really," said Lady Anstruthers, "the houses are so far away from each other. The nearest is six miles from here, and it is one that does n't count."

"Why?"

"There is no family, and the man who owns it is so poor. It is a big place, but it is falling to pieces, as this is."

"What is it called?"

"Mount Dunstan. The present earl only succeeded about three years ago.

Nigel does n't know him. He is queer and not liked. He has been away."

"Where?"

"No one knows. To Australia or somewhere. He has odd ideas. The Mount Dunstons have been awful people for two generations. This man's father was almost mad with wickedness; so was the elder son. This is a second son, and he came into nothing but debt. Perhaps he feels the disgrace, and it makes him rude and ill-tempered. His father and elder brother had been in such scandals that people did not invite them."

"Do they invite this man?"

"No. He would not go to their houses if they did. And he went away soon after he came into the title."

"Is the place beautiful?"

"There is a fine deer park, and the gardens were wonderful a long time ago. The house is worth looking at—outside."

"I will go and look at it," said Betty.

"The carriage is out of order. There is only Ughtred's cart."

"I am a good walker," said Betty.

"Are you? It would be twelve miles there and back. When I was in New York people did n't walk much, particularly girls."

"They do now," Betty answered.

"They have learned to do it in England. They live out of doors and play games. They have grown athletic and tall."

As they talked, the nightingales sang, sometimes near, sometimes in the distance, and scents of dewy grass and leaves and earth were wafted toward them. Sometimes they strolled up and down the terrace, sometimes they paused and leaned against the stone balustrade. Betty allowed Rosy to talk as she chose. She herself asked no obviously leading questions, and passed over trying moments with lightness. Her desire was to place herself in a position where she might hear the things which would aid her to draw conclusions. Lady Anstruthers gradually grew less nervous, less afraid of her subjects. In the wonder of the luxury of talking to some one who listened with sympathy she once or twice almost forgot herself and made revelations she had not intended to make. She had often the manner of a person who was afraid of being overheard, sometimes, even when she was making speeches quite simple in

themselves, her voice dropped, and she glanced furtively aside, as if there were chances that something she dreaded might step out of the shadow.

When they went up-stairs together and parted for the night, the clinging of Rosy's embrace was for a moment almost convulsive. But she tried to laugh off its suggestion of intensity.

"I held you tight so that I could feel sure that you were real and would not melt away," she said. "I hope you will be here in the morning."

"I shall never really go quite away again, now I have come," Betty answered. "It is not only your house I have come into: I have come back into your life."

After she had entered her room and locked the door, she sat down and wrote a letter to her father. It was a long letter, and a clear one. She painted a definite and detailed picture, and made distinct her chief point.

"She is afraid of me," she wrote. "That is the first and worst obstacle. She is actually afraid that I will do something which will only add to her trouble. She has lived under dominion and under the growing weight of conventions so long that she has forgotten that there are people who have no reason for fear. Her old life seems nothing but a dream. The first thing I must teach her is that I am to be trusted not to do futile things and that she need neither be afraid of nor for me."

After writing these sentences, she found herself leaving her desk and walking up and down the room to relieve herself. She could not sit still because suddenly the blood ran fast and hot through her veins. She put her hands against her cheeks and laughed to herself.

"I feel violent," she said. "I feel violent, and I must get over it. This is rage. Rage is worth nothing."

It was rage—the rage of splendid hot blood which surged in answer to hot and leaping thoughts. There would have been luxury in giving way to it. But the self-indulgence would have been no aid to future action. Rage was worth nothing. She said it as the first Reuben Vanderpoel might have said of a useless but glittering weapon, "This gun is worth nothin'," and cast it aside.

XIV

IN THE GARDENS

BETTY came out upon the stone terrace again rather early in the morning. She wanted to wander about in the first freshness of the day. She wanted to see the dew on the grass and on the ragged flower borders and to hear the tender, broken fluting of birds in the trees. One cuckoo was calling to another in the park, and she stopped and listened intently. Until yesterday she had never heard a cuckoo call, and its hollow mellowness gave her delight. It meant the Spring in England.

There was space enough to ramble about in the gardens. Paths and beds were alike overgrown with weeds, but some strong-blooming things were fighting for life, refusing to be strangled. Against the beautiful, old red walls over which age had stolen with a wonderful gray bloom, venerable fruit-trees were spread and nailed, and here and there showed bloom: clumps of low-growing things sturdily advanced their yellowness or whiteness, as if defying neglect. Here and there white or purple lances stood upright in the herbaceous borders, and standard or climbing roses, gnarled with years, persistently presented buds. In one place a wall slanted and threatened to fall, bearing its nectarine-trees with it; in another there was a gap so evidently not of to-day that the heap of its masonry upon the border bed was already covered with greenery, and the roots of the fruit-tree it had supported had sent up strong, insistent shoots.

She passed down broad paths and narrow ones, sometimes walking under trees, sometimes pushing her way between encroaching shrubs. She descended delightful mossy and broken steps, and came upon dilapidated urns in which weeds grew instead of flowers, and over which rampant but lovely, savage little creepers clambered and clung. As she was passing a white hawthorn, which was almost a tree, she broke off a branch and carried it with her.

In one of the walled kitchen-gardens she came upon an old gardener at work. At the sound of her approaching steps he glanced round and then stood up, touching his forelock in respectful but startled salute.

"Good morning," she said. "I am her ladyship's sister, Miss Vanderpoel. I came yesterday evening. I am looking over your gardens."

He touched his forehead again and looked round him. He was a healthy, apple-cheeked old man, but he was not cheerful. He cast a troubled eye about him.

"They 're not much, miss," he said. "They 'd ought to be, but they 're not. Growing things has to be fed and took care of. A man and a boy can't do it—nor yet four or five of 'em."

"How many ought there to be?" Betty inquired with business-like directness. It was not only the dew on the grass she had come out to see.

"If there was eight or ten of us, we might put it in order and keep it that way. It 's a big place, miss."

Betty looked about her as he had done, but with a less discouraged eye.

"It is a beautiful place, as well as a large one," she said. "I can see that there ought to be more workers."

"There 's no one," said the apple-faced gardener, "as has as many enemies as a gardener, an' as many things to fight. There 's grubs an' there 's green fly, an' there 's drought, an' wet an' cold, an' mildew, an' there 's what the soil wants and starves without; an if you have n't got it, nor yet hands an' feet an' tools enough, how 's things to feed, an' fight, an' live, let alone bloom an' bear?"

"I don't know much about gardens," said Miss Vanderpoel, "but I can understand that."

The scent of her branch of hawthorn was in the air she inhaled and so was the scent of other fresh, bedewed things. It was true that she had not known much about gardens, but here, standing in the midst of one, she began to awaken to a new practical interest. A creature of initiative could not let such a place as this alone. It was beauty being slowly slain. One could not pass it by and do nothing.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Kedgers, miss. I 've only been here about three years. I was took on because I 'm getting on in years an' can't ask much wage."

"Can you spare time to take me through the gardens and show me things?"

Yes, he could do it. In truth, he eagerly welcomed an opportunity offering a prospect of excitement so novel. And as they walked through the tumbled-down grape-houses, potting sheds, and conservatories, she saw where glass was broken, where benches had fallen, and where roofs sagged and leaked. She looked up and down and about her, holding her hawthorn branch to her face at intervals just as other young ladies would have done. She inquired about the heating apparatus and asked that she might see it. She asked about the village and its resources, about laborers and their wages.

"As if," commented Kedgers, mentally, "she was what Sir Nigel is—leastways, what he 'd ought to be, an' ain't."

She led the way back to the fallen wall and stood and looked at it.

"It 's a beautiful old wall," she said. "It should be rebuilt with the old brick. New would spoil it."

"Some of this is broken and crumbled away," said Kedgers, picking up a piece to show it to her.

"Perhaps old brick could be bought somewhere," replied the young lady, speculatively. "One ought to be able to buy old brick in England, if one is willing to pay for it."

Kedgers scratched his head and gazed at her in respectful wonder, which was almost trouble.

"My word!" he muttered. "She 's a fine, straight young woman. If she was her ladyship, things 'ud be different. Sir Nigel 'ud be different, too—or there 'd be some fine upsets."

There was a huge stable-yard, and Betty passed through that on her way back. The door of the carriage-house was open, and she saw two or three tumbled-down vehicles. One was a landau with a wheel off, one was a shabby old-fashioned, low phaeton. She caught sight of a venerable cob in one of the stables. The stalls near him were empty.

"I suppose that is all they have to depend upon," she thought. "And the stables are like the gardens."

She found Lady Anstruthers and Ughtred waiting for her upon the terrace, each of them regarding her with an expression suggestive of repressed curiosity as she approached. Lady Anstruthers

flushed a little, and went to meet her with an eager kiss.

"You look like—I don't know quite what you look like, Betty," she exclaimed.

Her dimple deepened, and her eyes said smiling things.

"It is the morning—and your gardens," she answered. "I have been round your gardens."

"They were beautiful once, I suppose," said Rosy, deprecatingly.

"They are beautiful now. There is nothing like them in America, at least."

"I don't remember any gardens in America," Lady Anstruthers owned reluctantly; "but everything seemed so cheerful and well-cared for and—and new. Don't laugh, Betty. I have begun to like new things. You would, if you had watched old ones tumbling to pieces for twelve years."

"They ought not to be allowed to tumble to pieces," said Betty. She could only discover how any advancing steps would be taken by taking them. "Why do you allow them to do it?"

Lady Anstruthers looked away, but, as she looked, her eyes passed Ughtred's.

"I?" she said. "There are so many other things to do. It would cost so much—such an enormity to keep it all in order."

"But it ought to be done—for Ughtred's sake."

"I know that," faltered Rosy; "but I can't help it."

"You can," answered Betty, and she put her arm round her as they turned to enter the house. "When you have become more used to me, and my driving American ways, I will show you how."

The lightness with which she said it had an odd effect on Lady Anstruthers.

"I have been twelve years in getting un-used to you—I feel as if it would take twelve years more to get used again," she said.

"It won't take twelve weeks," said Betty.

XV

"THE FIRST MAN"

THE mystery of the apparently occult methods of communication among the natives of India, between whom, it is

argued, news flies by means too strange and subtle to be humanly explainable, is no more difficult a problem to solve than that of the lightning rapidity with which a knowledge of the happening of any new local event darts through the slowest and, as far as outward signs go, the least communicative English village slumbering drowsily among its pastures and trees.

When Miss Vanderpoel walked through Stornham village street, she became aware that she was an exciting object of interest. Faces appeared at cottage windows, women sauntered to doors, men in the tap-room of the Clock Inn, left beer mugs, to cast an eye on her; children pushed open gates, and stared as they bobbed their curtsies; the young woman who kept the shop left her counter and came out upon her doorstep to pick up her straying baby and glance over its shoulder at the face with the red mouth, and the mass of black hair rolled upward under a rough blue straw hat. Every one knew who this exotic-looking young lady was.

When Sir Nigel's wife had arrived twelve years before, as the new Lady Anstruthers, the story that she herself had "had money" had been verified by her fine clothes and her way of handing out sovereigns in cases where the rest of the gentry, if they gave at all, would have bestowed tea and flannel or shillings. There had been for a few months a period of unheard-of well-being in Stornham village; every one remembered the hundred pounds the bride had given to poor Wilson when his place had burned; but the village had of course learned, by its occult means, that Sir Nigel and the Dowager had been angry and that there had been a quarrel. Afterward her ladyship had been dangerously ill, the baby had been born a hunchback, and a year had passed before its mother had been seen again. Since then she had been a changed creature; she had lost her looks, and seemed to care for nothing but the child. Stornham village saw next to nothing of her, and it certainly was not herself who had the dispensing of her fortune. Rumor said that Sir Nigel lived high in London and foreign parts, but that there was no high living at the Court. Her ladyship's family had never been

near her, and belief in them and their wealth almost ceased to exist. If they were rich, Stornham felt that it was their business to mend roofs and windows and not allow chimneys and kitchen boilers to fall into ruin, a leading article of faith being that even American money belonged properly to England.

As Miss Vanderpoel walked at a light, swinging pace through the one village street, the gazers felt, with Kedgers, that something new was passing and stirring the atmosphere. She looked straight and with a friendliness somehow dominating at the curious women; her handsome eyes met those of the men in a human questioning; she smiled and nodded to the bobbing children. One of these, young enough to be uncertain on its feet, running to join some others, stumbled and fell on the path before her. It was shocked almost into silence by the tall young lady stooping at once, picking it up, and cheerfully dusting its pinafore.

"Don't cry," she said. "You are not hurt, you know."

The deep dimple near her mouth showed itself, and the laugh in her eyes was so reassuring that the penny she put into the grubby hand was less productive of effect than her mere self.

Betty swung with the light, firm step of a good walker out on to the highway. To walk upon the fine, smooth old Roman road was a pleasure in itself, but she soon struck away from it, and went through lanes and by-ways, following sign-posts because she knew where she was going. Her walk was to take her to Mount Dunstan, and home again by another road. In walking, an objective point forms an interest, and what she had heard of the estate from Rosalie was a vague reason for her caring to see it. It was another place like Stornham, once dignified and nobly representative of fine things, now losing its meanings and values. Values and meanings other than mere signs of wealth and power, there had been. Centuries ago strong creatures had planned and built it for such reasons as strength has for its planning and building.

In Bettina Vanderpoel's imagination the First Man held powerful and moving sway. It was he she always saw. In history, as a child at school, she had under-

stood and drawn close to him. There was always a First Man behind all that one saw or was told—one who was the fighter, the human thing who snatched weapons and tools from stones and trees and wielded them in the carrying out of the thought which was his possession and his strength. He was the God made human; others waited, without knowledge of their waiting, for the signal he gave. A man like others—with man's body, hands and limbs and eyes, the moving of a whole world was subtly altered by his birth. One could not always trace him, but with stone ax and spear-point he had won savage lands in savage ways, and so ruled them that, leaving them to other hands, their march toward less savage life could not stay itself, but must sweep on. Others of his kind, striking rude harps, had so sung that the loud clearness of their wild songs had rung through the ages, and echo still in strains which are theirs, though voices of to-day repeat the note of them. The First Man, a Briton stained with woad and hung with skins, had tilled the luscious greenness of the lands richly rolling now within hedge boundaries.

The square church towers rose, holding their slender corner spires above the trees as a result of the First Man, Norman William. The thought which held its place, the work which did not pass away, had paid its First Man wages; but beauties crumbling, homes falling to uncared waste, were bitter things. The First Man who, having won his splendid acres, had built his home upon them, and reared his young, and passed his possession on with a proud heart, seemed but ill treated. Through centuries the home had enriched itself, its acres had borne harvests, its trees had grown and spread huge branches; full lives had been lived within the embrace of the massive walls; there had been loves and marriages and births; the breathings of them made warm and full the very air. To Betty it seemed that the land itself would have worn another face if it had not been trodden by so many springing feet, if so many harvests had not waved above it, if so many eyes had not looked upon and loved it.

She passed through variations of the rural loveliness she had seen on her way

from the station to the Court, and felt them grow in beauty as she saw them again. She came at last to a village somewhat larger than Stornham, and marked by the signs of the lack of money-spending care which Stornham showed. Just beyond its limits a big park gate opened on an avenue of massive trees. She stopped and looked down it, but could see nothing but its curves and, under the branches, glimpses of a spacious sweep of park, with other trees standing in groups or alone in the sward. The avenue was unswept and untended, and here and there boughs, broken off by wind storms, lay upon it. She turned to the road again, and followed it because it enclosed the park and she wanted to see more of its evident beauty. It was very beautiful. As she walked on she saw it rolled into woods and deeps filled with bracken; she saw stretches of hillocky fine-grassed rabbit warren, and hollows holding shadowy pools; she caught the gleam of a lake with swans sailing slowly upon it with curved necks; there were wonderful lights and shadows and a broadening stillness which made her footfall upon the road a too material thing.

Suddenly she heard a stirring in the bracken a yard or two away from her. Something was moving slowly among the waving masses of huge fronds, and caused them to sway to and fro. It was an antlered stag, which rose from his bed in the midst of them, and with majestic deliberation got upon his feet and stood gazing at her with calmness of pose so splendid and a liquid darkness and luster of eye so stilly and fearlessly beautiful, that she caught her breath. He simply gazed at her as a great king might gaze at an intruder, scarcely deigning wonder.

As she had passed on her way, Betty had seen that the palings were decaying, covered with lichen, and falling at intervals. It had even passed through her mind that here was one of the demands for expenditure on a large estate which limited resources could not confront with composure. The deer-fence itself, a thing of wire ten feet high, to form an obstacle to leaps, she had marked to be in such condition as to threaten to become shortly a useless thing. Until this moment she had seen no deer, but, looking beyond the stag and across the sward, she

now saw groups near one another—stags cropping or looking toward her with lifted heads, does at a respectful but affectionate distance from them, some caring for their fawns. The stag which had risen near her had merely walked through a gap in the boundary, and now stood free to go where he would.

"He will get away," said Betty, knitting her brows. "Ah, what a shame!"

Even with the best intentions one could not give chase to a stag. She looked up and down the road, but no one was within sight.

"It is no affair of mine," she said; "but it would be too bad to let him get away, though what happens to stray stags one does n't exactly know."

As she said it, she caught sight of some one, a man in leggings and shabby clothes and with a gun over his shoulder, evidently an under-keeper. He was a big, rather rough-looking fellow, but, as he lurched out into the open from a wood, Betty saw that she could reach him if she passed through a narrow gate a few yards away and walked quickly.

He was slouching along, his head drooping and his broad shoulders expressing the definite antipodes of good spirits. Betty studied his back as she strode after him, her conclusion being that he was perhaps not a good-humored man to approach at any time, and that this was by ill luck one of his less fortunate hours.

"Wait a moment, if you please," her clear, mellow voice flung out after him when she was within hearing distance. "I want to speak to you, keeper."

He turned with an air of far from pleased surprise. The afternoon sun was in his eyes and made him scowl. For a moment he did not see distinctly who was approaching him, but he had at once recognized the cool tone of command in the voice the suddenness of which had roused him from a black mood. A few steps brought them to close quarters, and when he found himself looking into the eyes of his pursuer, he made a movement as if to lift his cap, then, checking himself, he touched it, keeper-fashion.

"Oh!" he said shortly. "Miss Vanderpoel! Beg pardon."

Bettina stood still a second. She had her surprise also. Here was the unexpected again. The under-keeper was the

red-haired second-class passenger of the *Meridiana*.

He did not look pleased to see her, and the suddenness of his appearance excluded the possibility of her realizing that, upon the whole, she was at least not displeased to see him.

"How do you do?" she said, feeling the remark fantastically conventional, but not being inspired by any alternative. "I came to tell you that one of the stags has got through a gap in the fence."

"Damn!" she heard him say under his breath. Aloud he said, "Thank you."

"He is a splendid creature," she said. "I did not know what to do. I was glad to see a keeper coming."

"Thank you," he said again, and strode toward the place where the stag still stood gazing up the road, as if reflecting as to whether it allured him or not.

Betty walked back more slowly, watching the man with interest. She wondered what he would find it necessary to do. She heard him begin a low flute-like whistling, and then saw the antlered head turn toward him. The woodland creature moved, but it was in his direction. It had without doubt answered his call before, and knew its meaning to be friendly. It went toward him, stretching out a tender, sniffing nose, and he put his hand in the pocket of his rough coat and gave it something to eat. Afterward he went to the gap in the fence and drew the wires together, fastening them with other wire which he also took out of the coat pocket.

"He is not afraid of making himself useful," thought Betty. "And the animals know him. He is not as bad as he looks."

She lingered a moment, watching him, and then walked toward the gate through which she had entered. He glanced up as she neared him.

"I don't see your carriage," he said. "Your man is probably round the trees."

"I walked," answered Betty. "I had heard of this place, and wanted to see it."

He stood up, putting his wire back into his pocket.

"There is not much to be seen from the road," he said. "Would you like to see more of it?"

His manner was civil enough, but not

the correct one for a servant. He did not say, "miss," or touch his cap in making the suggestion. Betty hesitated a moment.

"Is the family at home?" she inquired.

"There is no family but his lordship. He is off the place."

"Does he object to trespassers?"

"Not if they are respectable and take no liberties."

"I am respectable, and I shall not take liberties," said Miss Vanderpoel, with a touch of hauteur. A certain suggestion of rough force in the man rather attracted her, and her slight distaste for his manner arose from the realization that a gentleman's servant who did not address his superiors as was required by custom was not doing his work in a finished way. In his place she knew her own demeanor would have been finished.

"If you are sure that Lord Mount Dunstan would not object to my walking about, I should like very much to see the gardens and the house," she said. "If you show them to me, shall I be interfering with your duties?"

"No," he answered, and then for the first time rather glumly added, "miss."

"I am interested," she said, as they crossed the grass together, "because places like this are quite new to me. I have never been in England before."

"There are not many places like this," he answered—"not many as old and fine, and not many as nearly gone to ruin. Even Stornham is not quite so far gone."

"It is far gone," said Miss Vanderpoel. "I am staying there—with my sister, Lady Anstruthers."

"Beg pardon—miss," he said. This time he touched his cap in apology.

Enormous as the gulf between their positions was, he knew that he had offered to take her over the place because he was glad to see her again. Since the night they had come together on the ship's deck for an appalling moment he had liked her better and rebelled less against the unnatural wealth she represented. He led her first to the wood from which she had seen him emerge.

"I will show you this first," he explained. "Keep your eyes on the ground until I tell you to raise them."

Odd as this was, she obeyed, and her lowered glance showed her that she was

being guided along a narrow path between trees. The light was mellow, golden green, and birds were singing in the boughs above her. In a few minutes he stopped.

"Now look up," he said.

When she did so, she uttered an exclamation. She was in a fairy dell, thick with ferns and, at beautiful distances from one another incredibly splendid oaks spread and almost trailed their lovely giant branches. The glow shining through and between them, the shadows beneath them, their great boles and moss-covered roots, and the stately mellow distances revealed under their branches, the ancient wildness and richness which meant centuries of cultivation, made a picture, in this exact perfect moment of ripening afternoon sun, of an almost unbelievable beauty.

"There is nothing lovelier," he said in a low voice, "in all England."

Bettina turned to look at him because his tone was a curious one for a man like himself. He was standing resting on his gun and taking in the loveliness with a strange look in his rugged face.

"You—you love it!" she said.

"Yes," with a suggestion of stubborn reluctance in the admission.

She was rather moved.

"Have you been keeper here long?" she asked.

"No—only a few years. But I have known the place all my life."

"Does Lord Mount Dunstan love it?"

"In his way, yes."

He was plainly not disposed to talk of his master. He was perhaps not on particularly good terms with him. He led her away, and volunteered no further information. He was, upon the whole, uncommunicative. He did not once refer to the circumstance of their having met before. It was plain that he had no intention of presuming upon the fact that he, as a second-class passenger on a ship, had once been forced by accident across the barriers between himself and the saloon-deck. He was stubbornly resolved to keep his place—so stubbornly that Bettina felt that to broach the subject herself would verge upon offense.

But the golden ways through which he led her made the afternoon one she knew she should never forget. They wandered

through moss walks and alleys, through tangled shrubberies bursting into bloom, beneath avenues of blossoming horse chestnuts and scented limes, between thickets of red and white may, and jungles of neglected rhododendrons, through sunken gardens and walled ones, past terraces with broken balustrades of stone and fallen Floras and Dianas, past moss-grown fountains splashing in lovely corners. Arches overgrown with yet unblooming roses crumbled in their time-stained beauty. Stillness brooded over it all, and they met no one. They scarcely broke the silence themselves. The man led the way as one who knew it by heart, and Bettina followed, not caring for speech herself because the stillness seemed to add a spell of enchantment. What could one say to a stranger of such beauty so lost and given over to ruin and decay?

"But, oh," she murmured once, standing still with indrawn breath, "if it were mine! if it were mine!" She forgot that her guide was a living creature, and stood near.

Afterward her memories of it all seemed to her like the memories of a dream. The lack of speech between herself and the man who led her, his often-averted face, her own sense of the desertedness of each beauteous spot she passed through, the mossy paths which gave back no sound of footfalls as they walked, one and all suggested unreality. At last they passed through a door half hidden in an ivied wall, and crossing a grassed bowling-green, mounted a short flight of broken steps which led them to a point from which they saw the house through a break in the trees. It was a great place, stately in its masses of gray stone, to which thick ivy clung. To Bettina it seemed that a hundred windows stared at her with closed blind eyes. All were shuttered but two or three on the lower floors. Not one showed signs of life. The silent stone thing stood sightless among all of which it was dead master,—rolling acres, great trees, lost gardens, and deserted groves.

"Oh!" she sighed, "oh!"

Her companion stood still, and leaned upon his gun again, looking as he had looked before.

"Some of it," he said, "was here before the Conquest. It belonged to Mount Dunstan then."

"And only one of them is left," she cried, "and it is like this!"

"They have been a bad lot—the last hundred years," was the surly liberty of speech he took—"a bad lot."

It was not his place to speak in such manner of those of his master's house, and it was not the part of Miss Vanderpoel to encourage him by response. She remained silent, standing perhaps a trifle more lightly erect as she gazed at the rows of blind windows in silence.

Neither of them uttered a word for some time, but at length Bettina roused herself. She had a six-mile walk before her, and must go.

"I am very much obliged to you," she began, and then paused a second. She knew what custom demanded. Why should she hesitate before this man with his not too courteous, surly face? She felt slightly irritated by her own unpractical embarrassment as she put her hand into the small latched bag at her belt.

"I am very much obliged, keeper," she said. "You have given me a great deal of your time. You know the place so well that it has been a pleasure to be taken about by you. I have never seen anything so beautiful—and so sad. Thank you—thank you." And she put a gold piece in his palm.

His fingers closed over it quietly—why it was to her great relief she did not know, because something in the simple act annoyed her even while she congratulated herself that her hesitance had been absurd. The next moment she wondered if it could be possible that he had expected a larger fee. He opened his hand and looked at the money with a grim steadiness.

"Thank you, miss," he said, and touched his cap in the proper manner.

He did not look gracious or grateful, but he began to put it in a small pocket in the breast of his worn corduroy shooting-jacket. Suddenly he stopped as if with abrupt resolve. He handed the coin back without any change of his glum look.

"Hang it all!" he said, "I can't take this, you know. I suppose I ought to have told you. It would have been less awkward for us both. I am that unfortunate beggar Mount Dunstan myself."

The pause was a rather long one. After it Betty took back her half-sovereign and returned it to her bag; but she pleased a certain perversity in him by looking more annoyed than confused.

"Yes," she said. "You ought to have told me, Lord Mount Dunstan."

He slightly shrugged his big shoulders.

"Why should n't you take me for a keeper? You crossed the Atlantic with a fourth-rate-looking fellow separated from you by barriers of wood and iron. You came upon him tramping over a nobleman's estate in shabby corduroys and gaiters, with a gun over his shoulder and a scowl on his ugly face. Why should you leap to the conclusion that he is the belted earl himself? There is no cause for embarrassment."

"I am not embarrassed," said Bettina.

"That is what I like," gruffly.

"I am pleased," in her mellowest velvet voice, "that you like it."

Their eyes met with a singular directness of gaze. Between them a spark passed which was not afterward to be extinguished, though neither of them knew the moment of its kindling, and Mount Dunstan slightly frowned.

"I beg pardon," he said. "You are quite right. It had a deucedly patronizing sound."

As he stood before her, Betty was given her opportunity to see him as she had not seen him before, to confront the sum total of his physique. His red-brown eyes looked out from rather fine, heavy brows; his features were strong and clear, though ruggedly cut; his build showed weight of bone, not of flesh; and his limbs were big and long. He would have wielded a battle-ax well in centuries in which men hewed their way with them. Also it occurred to her he would have looked well in a coat of mail. He did not look ill in his corduroys and gaiters.

"I am a self-absorbed beggar," he went on. "I had been slouching about the place almost driven mad by my thoughts, and when I saw you took me for a servant, my fancy was for letting the thing go on. If I had been a rich man instead of a pauper, I would have kept your half-sovereign."

"I should not have enjoyed that when I found out the truth," said Miss Vanderpoel.

"No, I suppose you would n't. But I should not have cared."

He was looking straight at her and summing her up as she had summed him up. A man and young, he did not miss a line or a tint of her chin or cheek, shoulder, or brow, or dense, lifted hair. He had already, even in his guise of keeper, noticed one thing, which was that while at times her eyes were the blue of steel, sometimes they melted to the color of bluebells under water. They had been of this last hue when she had stood in the sunken garden, forgetting him and crying low, "Oh, if it were mine! if it were mine!"

He did not like American women with millions, but while he would not have said that he liked her, he did not yet want her to move away. And she, too, did not wish just yet to move away. There was something dramatic and absorbing in the situation. She looked over the softly stirring grass, and saw the sunshine was deepening its gold and the shadows were growing long. It was not a habit of hers to ask questions, but she asked one.

"Did you not like America?"

"Hated it. Hated it. I went there lured by a belief that a man like myself, with muscle and will, even without experience, could make a fortune out of small capital on a sheep ranch. Wind and weather and disease played the devil with me. I lost the little I had, and came back to begin over again—on nothing—here!" And he waved his hand over the park, with its sward and coppice and bracken, and the deer cropping in the late afternoon gold.

"To begin what, again?" said Betty. They suddenly had forgotten that they were strangers.

"You are an American, so it may not seem as mad to you as it would to others. To begin to build up again in one man's life what has taken centuries to grow—and fall into this."

"It would be a splendid thing to do," she said slowly, and as she said it, her eyes took on their color of bluebells because what she had seen had moved her. She had not looked at him, but at the cropping deer, as she spoke; but with her next sentence she turned to him again.

"Where should you begin?" she asked, and, in saying it, thought of Stornham.

He gave a short laugh.

"That is American enough," he said. "Your people have not finished their beginnings yet, and live in the spirit of them. I tell you of a wild fancy, and you accept it as a possibility, and turn on me with, 'Where should you begin?'"

"That is one way of beginning," said Bettina. "In fact, it is the only way."

He did not tell her that he liked that, but he knew that he did like it, and that her words touched him like a spur.

"That is a good idea," he answered. "Where should you begin?"

She replied quite seriously.

"One would begin at the fences," she said. "Don't you think so?"

"That is practical."

"That is where I shall begin at Stornham," reflectively.

"You are going to begin at Stornham?"

"How could one help it. It is not as large or as splendid as this has been, but it is like it in a way. And it will belong to my sister's son. No; I could not help it."

"I suppose you could not." There was a hint of wholly unconscious resentment in his tone. He was thinking that the effect produced by their boundless wealth was to make these people feel as a race of giants might; even their own women unknowingly revealed it.

"No, I could not," was her reply. "I suppose I am, on the whole, a sort of commercial working person. I have no doubt it is commercial, that instinct

which makes one resent seeing things lose their value."

"Shall you begin it for that reason?"

"Partly for that one, partly for another." She held out her hand to him. "Look at the length of the shadows. I must go. Thank you, Lord Mount Dunstan, for showing me the place, and thank you for undeceiving me."

He held the side gate open for her, and lifted his cap as she passed through. He admitted to himself, with some reluctance, that he was not content that she should go even yet; but of course she must go. There passed through his mind a remote wonder why he had suddenly unbosomed himself to her in a way so extraordinarily unlike himself. It was, he thought next, because as he had taken her about from one place to another he had known that she had seen in things what he had seen in them so long—the melancholy loneliness, the significance of it, the lost hopes that lay behind it, the touching pain of the stateliness wrecked. She had shown it in the way in which she tenderly looked from side to side, in the very lightness of her footfall, in the bluebell softening of her eyes. Oh, yes; she had understood and cared, American as she was! She had felt it all, even with the hideous background of Fifth Avenue behind her.

When he had spoken, it had been in involuntary response to an emotion in herself.

So he stood, thinking, as he for some time watched her walking up the sunset-glowing road.

(To be continued)

ROSE RHYME

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Fair rose, that fortune favors so,
So near her heart to die,
Her tenderest-spoken word to know,
To share her gentlest sigh;

I fear me, rose, we both shall miss
Joy's perfect measure—thou
Who knowest not, yet hast, the bliss,
And I, who only know.

LUTHER BURBANK'S IDEAS ON SCIENTIFIC HORTICULTURE

BY HUGO DEVRIES

Professor of Plant Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Amsterdam

EUROPEAN and American horticulture has developed, for a large part, in independent ways. Methods and results published in one country often found their way to the other only after a considerable lapse of time. This is due partly to the difference in the language, and partly to publication in local papers and magazines. Many valuable contributions to the methods of plant-breeding obtain only a local distribution, and it is often extremely difficult to collect the literature concerning some special question. Some good reviews have been made, but those that were written in German or in French have found only a limited appreciation in America.

As a consequence of this condition, many discoveries have been made in America as well as in Europe, and even facts and methods known to almost all European breeders have had to be rediscovered in America. Much work and much doubt could have been avoided if American breeders had, as a rule, made a thorough study of the German and French horticultural literature. It is a common feature of many American magazine articles to describe as new American creations horticultural productions that are old in Europe. In the last few years such descriptions have been associated with Burbank's name in more than one case. As an instance, I mention a photograph of a new and magnificent hybrid amaryllis from Burbank's farm which was published on account of the large size of the flower compared with the type from which the European breeders started a century ago. As far as the photograph shows, however, the new hybrid is not essentially different

from hundreds of the best European varieties. Of course such descriptions are prejudicial to the American breeder in the eyes of his European colleagues; especially in the case of Burbank, every one who tries to give an appreciation of his masterpieces should be thoroughly conversant with the work which has been done in Europe along the same line. If this is neglected, even the highest praises will have only a local significance, while by a comparison with the results of other horticulturists his real merits will become apparent.

Moreover, the intercourse between biological research and practical plant-breeding has been very slight until a few years ago. Darwin was the first to combine both lines of work under a broad point of view, but until recently science and practice have had their separate journals and their separate nomenclature and ideas. It was perhaps as difficult for a breeder to get information concerning the microscopic researches into the structure of the nucleus of the cells and of its relation to heredity as it was for the biologist to collect trustworthy evidence in hereditary questions from the experience of the breeders.

In my studies on the origin of species by means of sudden mutations, I have made use of horticultural and agricultural experience as well as of the results of purely scientific investigations. I have tried to show that the well-established facts of practice and science are in harmony with the conception that new species and varieties originate from existing types by means of small leaps, each leap constituting at once a well-defined and constant new form. Slow

changes through many intermediate steps were formerly assumed to be the means by which Nature developed new types; but at present the facts seem to prove conclusively that real species cannot be produced in this way. These assertions, combined with the rapid spreading of interest in the Mendelian laws of hybridization (see note on page 681), have developed a mutual interest and an increasing degree of coöperation between biologists and practical breeders. Since that time the American Breeders' Association has been organized, and its program proclaims the mutual aid of agriculture, of horticulture, and of biological research. Conditions have changed absolutely, and the time is not far off when the scientific education of the biologist will include the study of large parts of horticulture and agriculture, while the practical breeder will have to make himself acquainted with the facts and laws discovered by purely scientific research.

In this period of rapidly changing conceptions and steadily-broadening interests, it is unsafe for a man to publish his personal views concerning such parts of the new combined science as lie beyond his own experience. Of course he must have some conception of the results and theoretical ideas in the different departments, and the better he develops it, the more it will aid him in his own work. But whenever publication is not absolutely necessary in order to show the concordance of all our biological knowledge with some newly discovered principle, such conceptions must be considered as of personal value only; otherwise their publication may easily lead to a false appreciation of a man's real merits.

In some magazine articles and popular books, the authors, heedless of these principles, have given rise to much misunderstanding of the merits of Burbank by a certain amount of effusiveness and unconscious exaggerating. In many of these cases it is evident to the scientific readers that the author was not a scientist himself, and it remains an open question whether the incorrect and sometimes absurd statements must be imputed to the author of the article or to Burbank. The main impression, however, has not been favorable to Burbank, especially among Eastern and European readers. More

than once, in personal conversation, I noticed a certain doubt as to the validity of Burbank's scientific ideas and even as to his right of giving an opinion on scientific discoveries. It became apparent to me that much injury had been done to the reputation of a man who has contributed largely to the wealth of his nation and other countries, and who has, in his lifetime, rediscovered and introduced into American horticulture many of the leading principles of plant-breeding which, though known in Europe, were as yet unsuspected in America.

In some cases, direct statements have been made which have lessened the appreciation of Burbank's merits by scientific readers, precisely by the endeavor to give to his work a scientific significance, which in reality it has not. It has been contended, for instance, that Burbank overthrew the Mendelian laws, that he opposes the theory of mutation, that he has proved the inheritance of acquired characters, and assumes that natural species originate by means of crossing. Everybody knows, however, that he is not engaged in special scientific investigations concerning these points, and it is only natural that the conclusion has been drawn that he has no right to pledge his great name in favor of the opinions he is reported to defend.

During my stay at Berkeley, as a lecturer at the summer school of the University of California in 1906, I had the great privilege of a four-days' visit with Mr. Burbank. I had previously visited him twice, studying and admiring his cultures, and enjoying his broad views on all points related to the great questions of heredity. His temperament is that of an artist, and he readily indulges in the prospects which the introduction of his hybrids into practical agriculture and horticulture may some day open to mankind. Moreover, he has a natural endowment for his work which insures mastery not only in the technical procedures but, also, in the direction of his selections and in the appreciation of their probable results. In reading the articles referred to, I was quite convinced that they did not give an exact statement of his ideas. For this reason I have seized every opportunity which the inspection of his cultures at Santa Rosa and at Sebastopol afforded me, to question

him concerning the methods by which he had produced each single novelty, and to inquire into the facts he had observed in doing it. Finally, I had a long discussion with him on all these points. It convinced me that the facts he has at hand and the results of his practical experiments agree, in the main, with the new scientific conceptions of heredity, and that he is fully aware of this condition, although, of course, his observations cover many points which are as yet of too complicated a nature to be accessible to direct scientific investigations.

In some cases the misunderstanding is quite evident and easily corrected. It has been contended that Burbank has not only disproved the assertion that acquired characteristics are never transmitted, "but has established the opposite, that acquired characteristics are the only ones that are transmitted." Given in this form, the statement appears in open contradiction to the almost universally accepted facts. But in my conversation with Burbank, it soon became clear that he used the term "acquiring" in a broader sense than that which was given it in the violent controversy which for a long time divided the English and German biologists into two opposite camps. All characteristics which were absent in the ancestry of a given species, variety, or hybrid, but are displayed by them, he assumes to be acquired, and by this definition, of course, no distinction is possible between hereditary and acquired characteristics. Moreover, he assumes that all development is due to external causes, combined with the internal qualities of the species under consideration. It is this assertion which he usually puts into the words "Heredity is the sum of all environment," or of all environmental influences. To my mind, this must be true, although we cannot yet give proof of it in special cases. It holds good under the assumption of a slow and gradual development of species through selection as well as under the surmise of the origin of species by saltatory changes or mutations. In the first case, the external influences are assumed to be accessible to investigation and ideal conceptions, though in reality they are not. In the second case, the mutations are contrasted with fluctuations, in part, by the evidence of the ex-

ternal causes of fluctuating variability and the present impossibility of discovering, or even guessing at, the causes of mutability. But no person who is conversant with experimental work in plant-breeding can hold the position that, in the long run, the causes of mutations will not be discovered to be external ones. On such points, where direct proofs are absent, any two persons will always differ more or less in their conceptions. But I failed to discover any real difference between Burbank's opinion and my own on the main points of these questions.

Heredity being assumed to be the sum of all environment, there is of course no room for the assertion that species in nature, as a rule, have been produced by means of crossing. It is an old opinion that at least many species have originated in this way. On it Linnæus founded some of his strangest explanations of the characters of wild plants, and many others have followed him. When it is said of Burbank that, "The grand principal cause of all existing species and varieties of earth, sea and air, he holds to be the crossing of species," it would seem as if the Californian horticulturist were a follower of this creed. He may ignore the results of Kerner von Marilaun, Focke, and other German investigators who have shown the way of giving proof of the hybrid origin of natural species by repeating the assumed cross, and who have found that some species have originated in this way, but that their number is presumably very small. But it seemed to me that Burbank had independently arrived at the same conclusion. Like Janczewsky and other European hybridists, he succeeded in producing from seed some hybrid races which are constant and which cannot be distinguished from true species. If found in the fields, his constant races of hybrid brambles could eventually be described as good species, and Janczewsky assumes the same for his hybrid anemones. In other genera, constant hybrid races with all the marks of true species are, also, well known. Burbank's large experience with hybrids induces him to give a wider range to the probable part of crosses in the production of wild species than scientific investigators of the

subject are willing to do, but this is all the difference between him and others. This difference of opinion, however, should not be exaggerated, because it would then tend to obscure the fact that he has produced by crossing the primus-berry and the phenomenal-berry (the first a blackberry and the other a form of raspberry) which are as good and constant species as any in the large and systematically obscure genus of the brambles. Although they are hardly the first species created by the hand of man, as they have often been called, they are nevertheless very valuable contributions to the doctrine which teaches that species may, even if only rarely, originate in this way.

Concerning Burbank's view of the Mendelian laws, I read the statement that "he had disproved them over and over again years before he knew they existed." This statement was made by a reporter who claimed to give an authoritative account of the work of Burbank. It has thrown upon Burbank the reputation of a very superficial student of nature's laws. It is, however, thoroughly false. Burbank has never made any statistical inquiry into the validity of the laws of Mendel, and has no facts at hand which would disagree with him. Quite on the contrary, one of his main conclusions is in accordance with Mendel's teachings in stating that hybrids of the first generation are, as a rule, uniform, even if hundreds of individuals are raised from seeds of the same cross. In the next generation some hybrids may split up and others may not. On his experimental farms I inspected and discussed with him a number of cultures which showed these splittings in the most beautiful way, and which, as far as could be judged without counting, wholly agreed with the Mendelian laws.

According to the theory of mutation and the principle of unit-characters, the laws of Mendel are limited to a certain group of differences. In the general development of the animal and vegetable kingdoms the evolution of characters has, in the main, been twofold. New characters have been added to the previous stock, and in this way the complication of the organisms has steadily increased. If we could count the separate

characters, we should have a standard of measurement for comparing the degree of development of different species, or, as it is usually called, the height of their organization. The changes which bring these characters into existence may be designated as "progressive," and the same term may be applied to the characters themselves. They are the main source of all progression in organic life, and constitute the greater number of differences between the species of a given group.

Opposite to progressive development are the retrogressive changes. Characters, once evolved, may afterward be lost. This is of common occurrence in the production of varieties of plants. Numerous species with red or blue flowers have white varieties in which simply the color is lost. Smooth varieties owe their mark to the loss of hairs, of prickles, or of spines. Strawberries without runners, apples and pears without seeds, stoneless prunes, and numerous other instances could be adduced. Species are often distinguished from their allies by such retrogressive marks, as in the case of the spineless species of cactus, the white campon, the white thorn-apple, and others. But it is manifest that on the broad lines of development of the vegetable kingdom such changes can be of only secondary importance.

It is evident that progressive and retrogressive characters may be expected to behave in different ways when they are exposed to the same external influences. This holds good specially in the case of hybridization. As far as our present experience goes, the retrogressive changes follow the Mendelian laws, but the progressive do not. The first are seen to split in the second generation after the crossing, and this splitting gives rise to numerous different combinations of the characters of the parent forms. The production of constant and uniform hybrid races, as described above, is limited to such cases, where retrogressive differences are absent, the progressive marks being combined in a new type. The laws which govern the splittings have been laid down by Mendel, but the behavior of the progressive differences is still awaiting extended investigation. Burbank's experience contains numerous argu-

ments for the distinction of these two great classes of combinations of characters in crosses, but his work is not concerned with the discovery or with the testing of the special laws which govern the phenomena in the several cases. There is no doubt that his observations must be considered as an almost inexhaustible source of information upon this difficult question; but in order to discover the laws, the observations must be sifted and arranged and considered in connection with the results of other investigators in the same field. Such critical work, however, lies beyond the interests of Burbank, who is chiefly concerned with the practical value of the varieties and hybrids which he produces, and for whom purely scientific investigations would only encumber the work and extend it far beyond the power of one man.

One of Mendel's laws teaches that the splitting of the offspring of a hybrid follows definite numerical proportions. One fourth returns to the character of one grandparent, one fourth to those of the other grandparent, while the remainder repeat the condition of the first hybrid generation. In this statement it is assumed that the parental forms differed in only one character. Such figures, however, always have a limited degree of accuracy, and ordinary experiments may give full proof of the correctness of the law, without deciding the question whether, among many thousands of offspring of some cross, one or two exceptions might not be expected. Burbank pointed out the possibility of such deviations, and gladly expatiated upon the chance that in his crosses, which are made on so very extensive a scale, they might play a part which would be denied them in the smaller experiments of the ordinary statistical investigations into the Mendelian laws. But his open pollinations and the free intercrossing of the subsequent generation of hybrids, of course, exclude any direct experimental evidence on this point. His experience points to certain possibilities, but he must leave it to others to follow up the lines which it suggests.

The point which interested me most in my interview with Burbank was, of course, the question of the more or less frequent occurrence of mutations. "He can produce them at will," was the statement of

a reporter. If he could, he would probably be able to teach me to do so, too. The work on the causes which provoke mutations, which is still before me, could be materially shortened by such lessons. Therefore I asked him for his experience on this point. "I find sports everywhere, especially after hybridizing," was his answer; "I can produce them by the hundreds, and at will." Asked what he meant by sports, he answered, "Everything is a sport."

The jumps or leaps, however, which in ordinary terminology are called "sports" embrace a number of phenomena of which the mutations are only one instance. They may be observed in the occurrence of elementary species, of striking new combinations in crosses, in the evolution of some scarcely visible mark into one of commercial value, or in bud sports, atavistic reversions, and the production of really new, progressive, or retrogressive characters. Only the last groups correspond to the mutations proper, and they have been as rare in Burbank's work as in that of any other horticultural breeder.

I have talked the whole subject over with him, and finally we agreed that what is true of sports in general cannot readily be transferred to the special case of specific mutations. There is no doubt that new combinations of parental characters can be produced almost at will, but whenever a desirable character is not afforded by one of the parents of a cross, the only way of introducing it at will into a hybrid race is the searching for another species which may be crossed with it and which possesses the desired mark. Horticultural language is not always sufficiently explicit on this point, as some citations may prove. "He has bred down the calla; until it was less than an inch and a half across its bloom." "He has taken the blue onion-flower, *Brodiaea terrestris*, and changed its blue into crystal white." He has taught the small-fruited and almost useless beach-plum to produce large and palatable fruits, as he told us when he showed us the improved variety on his farm near Sebastopol. He has changed the white panicles of the pampas-grass into a beautiful pink. All these and many other changes, the practical value of which is beyond my praise, are described by reporters as almost mi-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

Luther Burbank

raculous transformations. The ordinary reader, for whom the wonder is left unexplained, necessarily concludes that Burbank's work must transcend the limits of human power, and naturally regards him as a horticultural wizard. The fact is, that in order to make a small fruit large, he crosses it with a large-fruited variety, or to make a blue flower white he works a white species into the strain. In other words, the new character is not created, but simply taken from an allied form in which it happened to be present. The change can be brought about at will, provided—and this is the main point—that nature affords the desired characteristic in some allied variety.

Burbank showed me some interesting sports on his farms at Santa Rosa and Sebastopol. One was a Mahaleb cherry with yellow, instead of black, berries. He had cultivated it from seeds which he got from some distant locality. Whether it was a new mutation or an old variety he did not know. He cultivated a bud sport of the Isabella grape, but the sport had occurred on another farm before he bought it. The Bartlett plum is a most striking sport, being a plum with the flavor and fragrance of a Bartlett pear. It was produced by a skilful combination of plum characters. Whether the thornless brambles, which he selected from among many thousands of ordinary prickly seedlings, constitute a mutation or simply an extreme degree of ordinary fluctuating variability cannot yet be definitely decided, since we saw them flowering for the first time. The progeny will give the desired proof next year. Variegated sports are common in his cultures, as they are elsewhere; he showed us a most beautiful variegated hybrid of the oriental poppy. His white and sweet walnut, his fragrant verbena, dahlia, and calla, are excellent sports, which were produced simply by enhancing, by repeated selection, the whiteness and fragrance which the ordinary forms possess in a small degree. As cases of atavism in hybrids, he showed us a calla with a reddish spathe, instead of a yellow one, and his beautiful hybrids of the bride variety of the opium-poppy and *Pavaver pilosum*.

Sports of the nature of real mutations are exceedingly rare in his cultures. A chestnut without prickles and a blue

poppy have occurred in his fields. Moreover, he has made a double Shasta daisy and a beautiful scarlet Californian poppy. They were discovered in the same way in which so many horticultural novelties have been discovered in Europe. A fine line of scarlet in an ordinary yellow Californian poppy and a slight indication of supernumerary rays in the daisy were his starting-points. These were the mutations, although scarcely visible to the inexperienced eye. From them he produced the full varieties by repeated sharp selections of the individuals which showed the desired quality in the highest degree. According to well-known rules, this may be reached in three or four generations, and the strains which he showed us were not older, though very perfect.

Some other instances might be given. All in all, sports are common in his work, and may often be produced at will, but real mutations are very rare. It is an interesting question to ask whether real mutations may occur more easily in hybrid than in pure races, but the experience at hand is far too limited to give even the slightest indication on this point. In the evening primroses, which are so highly mutable, mutations occur as frequently in pure strains as after hybridizations. At all events, it is, at present, not possible to produce them at will by means of crossing.

The Carnegie Institution, which has granted Burbank an annuity for the prosecution of his work, purposes to have made extensive records of his methods and his experiments, in order to serve as a basis for scientific researches in this field. This task has been given over to Dr. G. H. Shull, who resided at Santa Rosa at the time of my visit and participated in some of the interviews. The work will include the history of all of his most interesting hybrid races, as far as the memory of their author and the short annotations on the obtained results will allow its reconstruction. It will no doubt some day become a highly valuable source of information for all persons who are interested in plant-breeding. It will show, in a general way, how to improve fruits and flowers. It will contain an important series of facts illustrating almost all the different points of our knowledge in this department, and it will be even richer in indications of the lines along which a suc-

cessful study of the more complicated cases of hybridization may be started.

Burbank differs from almost all other horticultural breeders in that he devotes his whole life to the production of new plants, in the large scale on which he is constantly introducing new species from foreign countries (especially from Japan,

Australia, and Chile, the climates of which best agree with that of northern California) ; but, above all, in his genius, which enables him to grasp the questions from their commercial side as well as from the standpoint of a man who wishes to increase the enjoyment of life for his fellowmen.

NOTE—THE MENDELIAN LAW OF HYBRIDIZATION

WHAT we now call the Mendelian laws are formulæ, given by Gregor Mendel, by means of which we are enabled to calculate the percentage of the offspring of a cross that will show the characteristics of one parent, the percentage that will show those of the other, and the number of those that will have the different possible combinations of these marks. They are, however, only valuable in such cases where the characters of the parents constitute pairs, in each of which two marks are sharply contrasted, as spiny and spineless, or red and white. The first law is that the hybrids will show only one of these antagonistic marks and this is therefore called the dominant one, the other being recessive. The second law applies to the purely fertilized offspring of this first hybrid generation and states that the recessive character will reappear in one fourth of them. The progeny of these recessives will keep pure in all succeeding generations. Of the remaining three fourths one fourth will have the dominant character in the pure condition and their offspring will remain true to it. The remaining two fourths or one half, however, will show the dominant character, but internally be hybrids, and their progeny will split in the same way as that of the previous generation. By this means the offspring of a cross will give, in the long run, an increasing number of pure recessives and pure dominants and a proportionably decreasing number of hybrids.

In ordinary cases the parents will differ in more than one pair of characters. The Mendel laws will then hold good for each single pair and the combinations will be regulated by the law of chance and can be calculated beforehand by means of this.—H. de V.



THE EX-PRESIDENT

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

SEVENTY years ago this month of March there was born one who on a March day nearly fifty years later was to become President of the United States. Ten years ago this same month of March the man who had been President became a private citizen. The calendar's month of storm and shine has been peculiarly his, though no president has escaped its whim of frown and favor. No president since Washington had been less desirous of the office; none had been more conscientious and courageous in facing its responsibilities; none had been attacked with greater bitterness and unfairness; none had carried out with him in the March days warmer admirations or intenser hatreds. He had been honored above all other presidents in being called again to the highest office after a term's absence, as well as in receiving three times a plurality of the popular vote; but he had not only received beyond others, he had also endured beyond others.

There is no more appealing picture of him in those official days than that which shows him "in the political solitude of the White House" turning from his plodding work to look at the great white monument whose every mood he came to know. It must somehow have strengthened and guided him with the spirit and unspoken counsel of Washington, whom he closely resembled in his view of the office and his unpartisan devotion to the whole people. Not that President Cleveland ever sought to become or to be regarded as the avatar of the doctrines or policies or purposes of others. He was always himself, as everybody came to know, and as Mr. Tilden divined when he said of the young governor of New York that he would rather do a thing himself and do it poorly than have somebody help him and do it well.

But it is not of the official years that this brief article of appreciation is to speak, those years upon which history has already seized. It is of the ten years which have followed, which have not only given distance and a clear space for view, but have also carried men to higher levels of honesty and unselfishness, so that they may see with what sturdy proportions this mountain stands above the foothills that once hid it and with what height it rises in the ranges of the presidents. It is of the later March days, each succeeding day of which has brought to him less of the bitter wind and more of the sun.

When President Cleveland, still in the prime of his years, passed from the turmoil of office into the seclusion of an academic town, it was doubtless thought that in its shades he would slip away into the obscurity which in a republic proverbially awaits alike those whom it has loved and those whom it has hated; but the decade of his retirement has not been a decade of obscurity. It has permitted him another active, wholesome service such as no other president before him was granted to give in as great measure.

From being president of the republic he has become in these ten years its "foremost citizen," not through the hereditaments of office but by reason of the potency of the great elemental virtues and faculties of the man, commonplace enough in name, but rare in such noble practice as he has given them.

There has been frequent question as to what we should do with and for our ex-presidents. Pensions might properly be provided for them, since certain obligations of the office must be carried to the end of the president's life (though Mr. Cleveland would unquestionably have vetoed any such provision for himself with alacrity if it could have reached



From a stereograph, copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, WITH HIS SON RICHARD, ON THE STEPS OF
"WESTLAND," HIS PRINCETON HOME

him). But beyond this? If the constitution could be amended and extended to include, define and prescribe the duties of such an official, it is doubtful if it could secure more to the nation's good than comes to it through the extension *ex proprio vigore* of the character of the man, unaided, untrammelled of office. This is a personal prerogative which no

constitution can abridge except by demeaning it nor can extend more efficiently than by vesting it in a private citizen. Certainly no amendment could prescribe a service more valuable to this nation than that of such an unostentatious, dignified, simple, kindly, neighborly life as Mr. Cleveland has led as a private citizen in the midst of the vauntings of

wealth, the madness of money-getting and the temptations to ease. While his understanding of the functions of the chief executive barred his going as far as many others in that office would have gone in the regulation of private affairs, he has not been slow to speak on any subject touching the "state of the Union" and in the maintaining of what many

mired or hated; but it is these ten years that have showed what a kindliness and humor and sympathy and tenderness even, dwell in that giant frame. Those who have read his less serious writings, as his fishing and hunting essays, or heard his occasional addresses, as that in tribute to the doctor, know what a vein of genuine, fine, original humor runs through them



From a photograph by Albert Bigelow Paine

MR. CLEVELAND'S SUMMER HOME NEAR TAMWORTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

regard as old-fashioned standards of right and duty.

There is no need of an ex-presidential clause in our constitution; if there were it would be but to exact under oath what he has voluntarily given; it would be but to make mandatory, messages to the people of advice out of his experience and wisdom in every "time of hesitation;" it would be but to prescribe such a life in its simple, high standards as he out of love for his family, his community and his country, has lived.

All have long known of his moral courage. His name is as near a synonym for that quality as Washington's was for a kindred quality and Lincoln's for another man-virtue. And all learned long ago the rugged traits which companioned his courage and made him feared and ad-

all, and they know too the genuine human sympathy that runs in even richer and deeper vein. The country was surprised at the emotion he showed in his tribute to President McKinley, but it was only an intimation of that great generous sympathy which goes out constantly to those who have suffered and especially to those who have suffered unjustly, a sympathy which at the time of his own great loss caught and understood the thousands of messages that came to him and answered them with an expression of appreciation and gratitude as beautiful, as noble and as tender as ever was written by a father. And worthy to be put with this, and to be kept in English letters, is his tribute to Joseph Jefferson, the tribute of a friend that no less proves the nobility of the man who gave it, than it testifies



From a photograph by Albert Bigelow Paine

A MORNING STROLL OF MR. CLEVELAND ON THE NEW HILLSIDE ROAD
AT HIS HOME NEAR TAMWORTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

to the worth of him in whose memory it was spoken.

A true fisherman, he has said, must be "conservative, provident, not given to envy, considerate of the rights of others, and careful of his good name" as well as generous, sympathetic and honest. This is a good definition of the true man as well as the fisherman that he himself is. "Conservative," he uses, preferably (almost obstinately) the old rods and reels and lines and policies to which he is accustomed rather than the "new-fangled," however much praised; "provident," he takes time to prepare for every foreseen task or reasonable emergency, (no fishing excursion is planned which does not allow time for examining and repairing tackle); "not given to envy," he has always helped the other man in the same boat, whether he be fisherman or president; "considerate of the rights of others," he has respected theirs as conscientiously and as generously as he has stoutly maintained his own; and with it all he has "been careful of his good name," choosing to refuse "great riches." These characteristics are all gathered into an enduring character and a lovable personality by an infinite patience which has made him a great fisherman, (though an unpractised one might make a better catch in one day), a great statesman, (whether his policies were immediately successful or not), a great citizen and a good neighbor. And those who have fished with him can testify that in the long run his aggressive patience always brings in the largest string.

"The real worth and genuineness of the human heart are measured by its readiness to submit to the influence of Nature and to appreciate the goodness of the Supreme Power who has made and beautified Nature's abiding place." This is a standard of human values made by him who has seen men tried by every other standard. It is the test of the woods and the fields and the streams. We are doubtless more indebted to him than to any other man for the maintenance of our standard of monetary values, for the salvation of our national credit in a time of peril. But it is a service that may properly be put by the side of these, that he has helped, above others, in a time of general disturbance of ethical values, of

character depreciation and of distrust, to keep the sound standards in force and to invite confidence in our general integrity. The test of the camp and of the lone companionship of the forest has come into the street and the wider relations of men. He dared in his official days to go fishing when the affairs of state were most perplexing, but we now know that it was to verify his own standards, and make his measurements far from the disturbance of selfishness or partisan feeling.

And what he brought then to the problems of state he has been bringing and still brings to the problem of higher education, of business, of the family and of higher citizenship, these departments of life which are more important than even the departments of government. It is because the president of the United States is and has many times been so much more than chief executive that the office has been magnified in the eyes of the people. It is in support of this theory that an ex-president shorn of all executive power and without political power even, in the narrower sense, is still exerting an influence upon the real life and the ideals of the people, greater than that which passes through the constitutional channels of office.

There is approaching the day in the calendar which is his day,—his, because his life has given more to the public than that of any other man born on the eighteenth of March. With our presidential holidays so near it may not be kept, though it is one which we could well spare a day to keep in celebration of those primal virtues which have been and are so nobly exhibited in his life and service,—to keep not in speech and formal exercises beneath roofs (for his ears must be tired of all these), but free from labor, out in the open, alone or with a friend or two, not a crowd, "the sky and the sun above the head, the soil beneath the feet and the out-door air on every side"—to keep as of the eighteenth of March, as an out-of-doors day, in the honor and memory of the courageous spirit that came upon earth on that day.

At a celebration of an Old Home Week in New Hampshire last summer, he spoke of a highway which had been changed to lead up the hillside on which he lived by a straighter course and an easier grade,

making "less strenuous the toil of man and beast," and he expressed the modest hope that a century hence those who gathered on like occasion might recall that he had laid out and constructed it. Doubtless this and a hundred other neigh-

borly services will be recalled there, but throughout the country it will be remembered that he made straight and easier of travel the road by which the people of this republic are to go to their greater heights.

BRAND'S GUARDIANS

BY CLARE BENEDICT

NORMAN WENTWORTH tossed the letter into the fire. He wished that her father's letters were not so vivid; he also wished that they were not so carefully timed: they usually reached him just before her visits—those stiff, breathless visits of hers every six months. He expected her that day—brave, sweet-faced little Gwendolen. It was ghastly that her father should spoil things so. His letter, to be sure, was for once quite short and simple, but there was a hint in every line, and Wentworth knew it; he knew the Lacy methods by this time. He had recognized them, indeed, at the very outset, on the day, now ten years past, when, to his consternation, Millie Lacy, Gwendolen's elder sister, had become the wife of Norman's brother. Poor, ambitious Millie! She had not lived long after this achievement; not much longer than her youthful husband, since both had died within two years of their marriage—a tragic, futile marriage except in one particular. At least so thought the world, and Wentworth thought so likewise.

His mind returned to Millie; it was apt to do so, somehow. How strange that one who in life had seemed so insignificant should in death have made herself so keenly felt! But Millie had left two living things behind her—Brand, her son, and a scheme for Gwendolen's future. Wentworth had seen the scheme from the beginning, from the instant that he had heard of the joint guardianship; for Brand had been bequeathed in trust to his aunt and uncle, to be passed from one to the other each half year. It was a slender finger pointing in one direction: Millie's fingers had been extremely slim.

It was not a bad scheme, when one came to think of it; in fact, if any one else had made it, he would have called it very good. He liked the girl, a marriage would straighten out their tangle, and she had been perfect with the boy.

Wentworth mused, and enjoyed the surroundings; he always enjoyed good things, even if they belonged to him, and the library was distinctly good by the light of a great wood fire. There were soft rugs and mellow etchings; the furniture suggested nice selection; in one corner stood an open piano; beyond it was a cabinet filled with treasures; beyond that a tea-table ready for use. There were books everywhere, and flowers, and luxurious easy-chairs, two of which were pulled a little together, as if two friends intended to sit before the fire.

Wentworth poked the log and made it sputter. He wished that things could go on as they had been going; but if they could n't, why, then, they could n't. If he ever meant to act, the time had surely come for it: in a month she would be gone. Her father's news was definite: they were really going; that black-guard of a brother needed help. The word was Norman's,—Mr. Lacy had put it differently,—but the fact remained that Gwendolen would be gone. She would be quite beyond his reach—miles and miles beyond it; for, the West to Wentworth meant a great, vague wilderness; he had the Eastern blackness on that point.

Yes, Gwendolen would be gone, and Mrs. Mann, his housekeeper, had already gone. She had left him yesterday, in answer to an urgent summons

from home. She might not return,—there was no present prospect of it,—and meantime he was helpless about the boy. It was now his turn to take him: what on earth was he to do? Mr. Lacy had announced his daughter's visit; he had said it would be the last one for some time. A sudden idea occurred to Wentworth. He put it away from him; but it came back again immediately. What if they had known about Mrs. Mann? What if Gwendolen had known? His brow clouded, but it lightened again directly. After all, he had not the shadow of a case against her, except the fact that she was who she was, and as his wife she would be that no longer. She would be his, his absolutely; no Lacy should come near her; she should not even turn her eyes their way. He had no scruples so far as they were concerned; he knew that they would be glad of any terms. With her, however, it would be much more difficult. The circumstances made it so—her circumstances, that is, and his own: on one side, poverty, isolation, bad connections; on the other, wealth, position, troops of friends. Wentworth did not name these things as he reviewed them, but deep down in his mind they held a secret muster.

* He weighed the matter carefully. It was a risk, but he would take it; besides, the risk appealed to him. She had eluded him persistently; in all their past encounters he had never been quite sure. Her stubborn reserve had of course increased her value. Perhaps she knew it. Well, now he meant to know things, too. She should show her colors; he would make her show them; he would challenge her to single combat without foils.

At that his mood changed. He welcomed sudden changes; they broke up the monotony of things. He thought of Gwendolen—gentle, sad-eyed Gwendolen, with her delicate wild-flower face. It would be good to make things easy for her, to blot out ugly memories. Her life, at best, had been a hideous grind. He would teach her how to play, and they would play together, he and she and Brand. It would be charming. She should laugh and sing and saunter and adorn herself. Hitherto her gowns had

been dark, heavy things; her hats, too, had been unfavorable. Wentworth had a theory about women's hats.

Yes, it would be pleasant. A pretty little prelude, perhaps, it would expand into a symphony, and he, at least, was ready to bear his part; only she must be made to trust his leadership both in regard to time and in regard to rests. Nothing must be slurred, nothing omitted, nothing must be doubtful in the tune. Each note must have its value, each phrase its meaning; she must not falter at a change of key.

He amused himself with working out his simile; then his expression softened. Poor, sensitive, little Gwendolen! He would not hurt her for the world.

He sat down at the piano and went on with these abstractions; for it was easier to think when one was playing. The mind was quite independent of the fingers: it was a kind of double consciousness, a second brain. He started violently. He should have played a G, and he had flatted it. A thought came to him, but he smiled at its absurdity. Why should music and superstition go hand in hand? He glanced at the door. Some one was standing half behind it. He rose, and Gwendolen Lacy entered the room.

"I was listening; do you mind? I love it so. I should think a piano like that would be one's dearest friend."

"Ah, but it's not," he said, smiling, as he shook hands with her. "It's quite the opposite: it gets you into no end of horrid scrapes. It's so irresponsible, so indifferent, it never makes the least attempt to help you; it just sits down and opens its mouth and howls. You heard it, a moment ago—was n't it diabolical? If any one else had done it, I should have said a lack of ear."

"I wish you would go on," she said.

"Not after that; besides, I want to talk to you. How much time have we? I hope a good two hours. You will stay to tea? You must; I have made preparations. Do you see those lovely iced cakes over there?"

She gave him a faint smile.

"Brand is outside, playing with Harry Nichols. I said he could stay for half an hour; but I'm afraid I can't manage tea, the cars will be so crowded."

He glanced at her; she was looking pale and anxious.

"Don't think of cars now," he urged, "but come over here and sit down comfortably before the fire. You must have another cushion. I hate them; but if I went in for them at all, I should want at least a dozen. There, that is better. Now lean back, please, and imagine yourself in Cairo."

"Why Cairo?" she asked, as she settled herself obediently in the big, low easy-chair. He noticed that her fingers caressed the delicate embroideries.

"Oh, because Cairo is Oriental and yet English, a delicious blend, in my opinion; but chiefly because the word suited my sentence. I go in for rhythm, you know." Then his manner altered abruptly.

"You do too much," he said.

"How can I help doing?" she asked.

"Has Brand been worrying you? Is that it?"

"I am coming to that a little later," she murmured. "Tell me first what has happened since last August. What books have you liked? How about the opera? Have you found any good things in the way of curios?"

Her tone was breathless, and it puzzled him; she had never talked like this before.

"There is something wrong," he said. "What is it?"

Still she evaded him. She was letting her eyes roam slowly about the room, as if to impress each object on her memory.

"You have changed that etching," she remarked the next moment; "it used to hang in the corner."

"Yes, the light was bad; besides, I have bought another. I will show it to you afterward; now I want to talk."

He gazed at her insistently; she yielded with a sigh.

"Is it about Brand?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can I help you?"

"You could take him altogether."

He gave her a surprised glance.

"You wish to give up your share of the guardianship?" he said slowly.

"Yes; if you will undertake it."

There was a pause, in which Wentworth stared at the fire.

"You would not care to give me your reason?"

"I think it would be better for the boy."

"Your real reason?" he persisted.

"I have told you: it would be better for the boy."

"Ah, there I must disagree with you most emphatically," he said, recovering his former suavity with an effort. "The best thing he has is your devotion."

She shifted her position nervously.

"Then you decline to do it?" she asked, without looking at him.

"I did n't say that; I said I could not do it in the dark."

"We are going West,—Barton needs us,—and it may be permanent. I could not manage Brand out there; besides, there would be the journey twice a year. I know I am asking a great deal in asking you to keep him; but you have been so kind—you have taught me how to ask."

There was something set in this, and Wentworth frowned at it.

"You have never asked me anything," he said. "Why do you speak as if you had?"

"I am asking now," she murmured.

He thought a moment. They were fencing, and he chafed at it; now was the time to throw down foils.

"Are there money difficulties?" he asked. "Could you stay if they were settled? Your father did not mention them in his note."

She flushed suddenly.

"What did he write? What did poor father say?"

"Just what you have said," he replied dryly.

She felt the sarcasm, and it urged her forward.

"If your brother had only outlived poor Millie, all this would not have happened. It was Millie—" She broke off, and he took her up sharply.

"Yes, Millie left her boy to you and me. Have you a right to shirk the trust?"

"I am not shirking it," she cried.

"Then what are you doing, if I may ask?"

"I am putting him in safe hands; I am protecting him against the future."

He shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"What do you know about the future?"

"I know the past," she said.

The dreariness of her tone affected him unaccountably.

"It will not be easy for you," he urged, "this parting. Have you thought of that?"

"I have thought of everything; nothing is ever easy."

Again the bitter note sounded. He bent toward her. How slim she looked in the big easy-chair! Her hands, too, how small and fragile! She had her sister's hands.

"Can't you tell me the whole story?" he suggested; "perhaps I could help you. I am rather good at working out hard problems. Why not take a long—long—breath and try?"

She brightened a little; his eyes were very gentle.

"You have helped us too much as it is," she murmured.

"But what you are asking now is far more than all the rest put together. Do you realize what it would mean to me to have full charge of a child of eight?"

He waited, but she did not ask the natural question. Then she knew about Mrs. Mann. Why did n't she tell him? Why did n't she tell him? He was giving her every chance.

"Mrs. Mann left me yesterday," he said abruptly. "She was called home by illness. I don't know when she will return."

Gwendolen started, and met his eyes for an instant; then she turned a slow, deep crimson.

"How very trying for you!" she stammered. "How very trying for us all! What is to be done? Have you thought of anything?"

Her eyes sought his furtively, but he turned away from her.

"Have you looked for some one else?" she asked, still in evident confusion.

"I have n't made any plan," he replied frigidly. "I had hoped that you would have kept Brand for the present; but since you can't, the matter is ended. Perhaps we could send him to some school."

"To school? A poor little boy of eight? He would be wretched, lonely, homesick. You cannot mean it seriously? I should oppose it with all my might and main."

"And yet you are asking me to take him altogether!" he said with suppressed irritation. "Don't you see that the thing is impossible? You are trembling at the very thought of it; do you think I do not see?"

She pulled herself resolutely together.

"I want you to take him," she said. "You need not be afraid. I shall not question your decisions. I shall not even know them. I shall be far away out West with papa and Barton."

Her aloofness exasperated him beyond endurance. He would take that tone, then, since she preferred it; he would be as cool as she was in the affair.

"All this is rather dreadful," he began, "don't you think so? Why should we be more uncomfortable than we need? There is one obvious solution—why should we fight against it; for we have been fighting, have n't we, in a stupid, aimless, stubborn kind of way?"

She put out her hand and clutched the broad chair-arm.

"We need not make a decision," she faltered. "We shall find a good way out of it—a way for Brand, I mean."

"It's not a question of him now; it's a question of us," he said obstinately.

She rose, and he sprang up and stood beside her. She looked for the moment like some frightened, hunted animal.

"Why do you pretend to misunderstand?" he asked.

She threw her hands out toward him with an imploring gesture.

"Don't! don't! I don't want to hear it."

"But you must hear it," he persisted. "It is the only good solution, the only thing, in fact, for us to do. There would be no more problems, no more partings; you would not need to temporize any more."

He saw her wince, and then he waited. Perhaps she would confide in him at last. She was standing quite still now, with clasped hands and drooping head. He admired the delicate curve of her cheek.

"It would be charming to have you in the house," he went on, his disappointment carrying him to the brink of irony. "We should do our best to make you happy, Brand and I. Do you think you could manage it? Should you mind so very much?"

She made no answer, and he continued with forced politeness:

"You ought to consider it from all standpoints. My side and Brand's are, of course, self-evident, but there is something to be said on your side. May I say it? You are not strong; you cannot go on like this forever. You ought to think of that, Miss Gwendolen. With me you would be shielded from small anxieties—from big ones, too, as far as I could manage it. You should lead your life pleasantly. You should be looked after; you should not be allowed to waste your strength."

His voice had suddenly softened. She gave him a quick look.

"I should like to see you dressed in white, presiding at my table," he added, as he smiled at her. "White would suit you perfectly, you know."

Again her eyes sought his eagerly with a question. This time she colored beautifully, vividly, to the roots of her soft brown hair. Norman hesitated. She was going to yield, and she was not going to clear herself. His heart hardened against her. He would tell her then what he expected, plainly, boldly, bluntly, in so many words. He forgot his scruples, he forgot everything, except that the crisis had come, and he must meet it. He braced himself, and looked away from her.

"From you I should ask two things," he said—"frankness, the truth, at all costs—the whole truth, Gwendolen; and that in matters which concerned your father's family you would conform to my decisions. This may sound very arbitrary, but I am afraid I cannot put it differently."

"Why should you put it at all?" she asked under her breath.

"Because it would be sure to come up between us sooner or later. It is better that it should be sooner."

She fingered her poor silk bow for a moment in silence. When she spoke it was almost in a whisper.

"I cannot marry you! I cannot marry you!"

Norman stared at her.

"Do you dislike me?" he asked.

"No, I don't dislike you—I—I think I will sit down."

He followed her across the room.

"Are you faint?" he cried.

"If I might have a little of that cordial."

He gave it to her, and she sipped it eagerly; then she sank back in the much be-cushioned chair.

"If one could only forget everything—ignore everything, and be happy!" she murmured.

"That is not possible in this world, unfortunately," he said, with a touch of asperity.

She gave him a strange look.

"No; and that is why I want to talk to you—to tell you things at last. I know you meant me to speak—and now I am going to do it, only you must listen in silence to the end."

"I don't ask for anything better."

"You don't understand," she cried. "It is not what you expect; it is quite—quite different. Don't speak again, please."

She clasped her hands, and then she began her story; her voice was very steady, almost monotonous at first.

"You know that my life has been extremely sordid, full of ugly, trivial, commonplace little things. Nothing has ever happened to me except what I invented—nothing, that is, until Brand came to me. After that everything was different: there was something to live for, something to work for, something to love. I don't say it was easy. It was not easy, but it made me want to learn; for his sake I struggled to improve myself, to get a little above the daily grind. I was resolved, you see, that he should not be like us. I toiled for that, I watched, I fought, and I succeeded. He is all you; there is not a touch of us."

She caught her breath sharply.

"Don't misunderstand me. I loved Millie; I love father, too. You only saw the poor side; there was another. There is another, which you have never seen. How could they show it to you? You distrusted them: that makes all the difference in the world."

Wentworth made a gesture of deprecation, but she did not heed him.

"I knew I could not keep him when he was older," she continued,—“old enough to notice things, I mean,—but I had hoped to keep him two years longer. Then something happened. I grew uneasy. I was obliged to ask you sooner. I could

not give my reasons. I thought you would divine them."

"Don't! don't!" he groaned. "I have behaved abominably. I have been a prig, and that is what it comes to."

She interrupted him.

"You asked me for the truth, and I am giving it to you—not in the way you meant, but in another way."

"Do not," he said again; "I do not wish it. I—"

She waved him back.

"There is more," she said—"a great deal more, and you must hear it. I shall not have another chance like this. I want to right myself as far as possible. I want to clear myself before I go. You wanted it, too; you forced me to it. I liked you for that; but now you must not stop me, you must let me tell my story as I can.

"You doubted me, you always doubted me. I saw it in your eyes again and again. It was natural. In your place I should have doubted, too. I see your side, I saw it from the beginning; that is what has made it all so hard. I longed to be tested, severely tested—to be put through the fire, if need be. I always hoped that you would do it, that you would care enough to do it in the end. But, instead of that, you went on doubting me. You doubted me—you doubted me profoundly, and, doubting me, you asked me to be your wife! Oh, don't speak to me! I know you meant it kindly as far as you meant anything by the thing. You did n't think—you simply did n't think of me; you wanted some one to look after Brand. In such a case you were bound to take precautions; you were bound to make sure at least of nominal obedience on my part. From your standpoint it was highly reasonable. In fact, I think I should have driven a harder bargain. I should have made a third condition—that the past should be buried absolutely, that it should not even be mentioned in your presence; then, perhaps, in time, you might have quite forgotten that your wife had ever been anything but your wife. You were giving so much—wealth, luxury, position, the continual companionship of Brand; and you were asking so little,—only two things,—that I should give up my own people,—

oh, you did n't say it, but you meant it underneath,—and that I should tell the truth—the whole truth, I think you said. That was not much to ask, considering what you were giving; but your tone implied that hitherto I had not been quite straightforward, that I had deceived you more or less habitually all these years, and that if I did so now, I should be made to pay for it. Was n't that your meaning? Ah, don't deny it; you did mean that! Well, that hurt me—it hurt me horribly. If it was a test, it was a cruel one; every nerve is quivering under it still."

He made a movement toward her.

"No, let me go on," she panted. "I would have told you everything,—I was longing for it; for the chance to tell, I mean,—but when you asked me in that way, it took the spirit out of me. I knew then that you had always believed the worst. It was an insult, don't you know it? One that stings and burns."

Her eyes flashed, and the light in them transformed her.

"Gwendolen!" he cried.

"Why did you do it?" she asked passionately. "Why did n't you know I was not that kind? You ought to have taken one of two plain courses; but you took a middle course, and it was very cruel, for the odds were all against me. They have always been against me in every race. And I am so tired, so disheartened, so utterly weary of the fight. I don't want your pity; I can go on again tomorrow. It can't be worse than it has been. But it is worse; you have made it so. You thought I wanted your money—you dared to think that, after all these years!"

He started forward and caught her by the shoulder.

"Stop!" he cried in a low voice, "stop instantly! You don't know what you are saying. I am going to take care of you."

She let him put her back against the cushions; she was passive now in her exhaustion. He took her hand and stroked it gently. His touch quieted her; at least she lay quite still.

"I understand everything," he said, "I see everything. I have been a beast to you; but I will make it up, I will make it up a thousandfold, if you will only let me."

She opened her eyes.

"It is not that," she said. "You are miles above me. I can't even look into your land. I am not your kind; there is no getting round it, I never meant to get round it. Oh, do you believe me? Do you believe me? Your doubt is like a dagger in my side. You don't realize how it stabs, because you have never felt it. Who would dare to doubt you in this world? That has helped me more than anything, the thought, I mean, that you were what you were. It has made my burdens lighter; it has eased my petty worries many a time; it has kept me straight when all the paths seemed crooked, when everything about me seemed quite black. It has been my guiding star, my great white beacon; I turned to it whenever my heart gave out. Perhaps it was wrong,—it certainly was fantastic,—but it was all I had, and so I clung to it."

Her hand shook in his, for he still held her slender fingers. His face was now as white as hers.

"Dear little girl," he said unsteadily, "I can't bear much more."

But she went on as if she had not heard him.

"You see, I felt that in some strange way I belonged to you. I felt that you controlled my balance-sheet, and that some day I should be called upon to explain things, to explain my failures, and—and to be judged accordingly; for there have been failures, lapses, make-shifts—things that you would hate with all your soul."

Her voice dropped piteously.

"I could have told you, if you had cared to listen, but you did n't care."

"I do care, I care intensely," he cried. "Do you believe me?"

She caught herself up with an effort.

"That was the dream-life," she explained. "The reality was of course quite different, though it was stimulating in its way; for underneath your kindness there was nearly always sarcasm. Somehow I never minded it much until to-day; but to-day it was unbearable. It seemed so hard, so cruel, so unfair; and, what was worse, it seemed to bring you nearer to me—nearer to my level, and I wanted you to stay far, far above me. I counted so on that, you understand? That is

why I cannot marry you; that is why I must forget that you have ever asked me."

She raised her head suddenly and looked at him.

"There was only one thing that would have made it possible,—only one thing that really mattered at all,—and that was ignored as if I had no right to it—as if to be your wife were in itself enough."

They faced each other in passionate silence; then Wentworth spoke.

"I want you," he said; "I want you horribly. Do you believe me?"

She did not attempt to answer him.

"I want you," he repeated. "Do you hear me? Do you believe me?"

He bent down and kissed her trembling fingers gently, insistently, deliberately, again and again.

She shivered, and drew her hands away from him.

"Do not," she said.

He moved back instantly. "Won't you give me a chance?" he pleaded. "Won't you let me right myself by degrees? It was a mistake, a hideous, man's mistake! I can never forgive myself; but you will forgive me—you must forgive me. I shall ask you until you do."

"It's not a question of forgiveness," she said; "it's a question of facts—of ugly, sordid facts. Don't you see that nothing is possible now between us? Why, that would make a farce out of a tragedy; for it is a kind of tragedy in its way. And you would make a farce of it—a miserable, low-bred Lacy farce at that! Don't stop me; I must finish. Don't you see that afterward you would doubt me? You would suspect that I had said all this in order to win you. Oh, yes, you would; and I should have to bear it. That would be the bitterest thing of all."

She covered her face; but he caught her hands, and pulled them down again.

"You are not to talk like that," he said imperiously. "You are never to talk like that again! Look at me! I adore you—dear, generous dream-girl that you are!"

At that she broke down utterly.

"If you had said one word in the beginning, I would have followed you without a question, thankful to be led, no mat-

ter where, blindfolded, so long as you were leading me'; happy, so long as I could feel your hand. But you did n't say it, you did n't want it. How can I believe you want it now?"

"You must believe it, you shall believe it! Put me to the test—choose the very hardest. Now it is your turn—Gwendolen."

She raised tragic eyes to his.

"We are not going West, at least I do not think so. It was a pretext. Father never really meant to go. It was a plot, a sudden plot of father's; he thought you would be upset by the change of plan. He knew about Mrs. Mann; he knew everything. I knew, too, although he did n't tell me—not in words, that is. I saw what he hoped,—I divined it,—and I fell in with it; for it suited my necessities—my one great

necessity about Brand. I thought you might take him if you believed I was going; so I let you believe it. I did more; I told a falsehood. I wanted you so to take him. But of course that does not excuse the lie. I was not guilty of the other part, but I can't expect you to believe it; the case is quite against me as it stands. However, it is not important, as we shall not see each other." She broke off abruptly. "That settles the matter as far as we are concerned," she said in a hard voice, "but Brand is innocent; he must not suffer for our mistakes. Father and I will go away somewhere,—far away,—and then you will take him. You *must* take him. What are you going to do?"

He made two swift steps toward her.

"This," he said very quietly, as he folded her in his arms.



A RAINY DAY

BY L. H. BAILEY

The soft, gray rain comes slowly down,
Settling the mists on marshes brown,
Narrowing the world on wood and hill,
Drifting the fog down vale and rill.
The weed-stalks bend with pearly drops,
The grasses hang their misty tops,
The clean leaves drip with tiny spheres,
And fence rails run with pleasant tears.

Away with care! I walk to-day
In meadows wet and forests gray;
'Neath heavy trees and branches low;
'Cross splashy fields, where wild things grow;
Past shining reeds, in knee-deep tarns;
By soaking crops and black, wet barns;
On mossy stones, in dripping nooks;
Up rainy pools and brimming brooks,
With waterfalls and cascadills
Fed by the new-born grassy rills;
And then return across the lots
Through all the soft and watery spots.

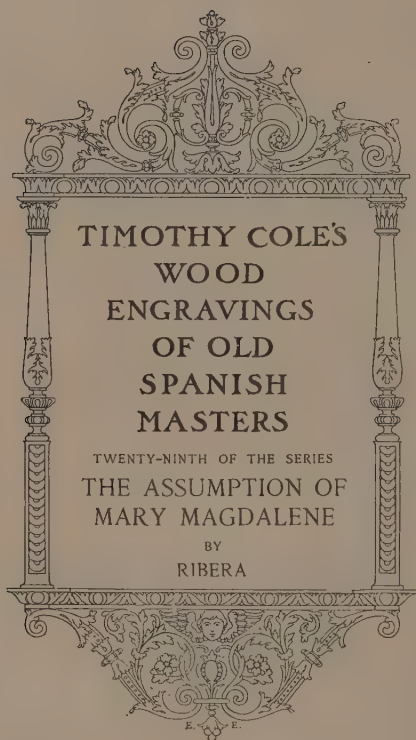
Away with care! I walk to-day
In meadows wet and forest gray.



From the painting in the Real Academia de Bellas Artes, Madrid. See "Open Letters"

THE ASSUMPTION OF MARY MAGDALENE. BY RIBERA

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-NINTH OF THE SERIES)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
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TWENTY-NINTH OF THE SERIES
THE ASSUMPTION OF
MARY MAGDALENE
BY
RIBERA

THE HONORABLE FLOWERS OF JAPAN

BY ZAÏDA BEN-YUSUF

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN one hour Hanaya San transformed my house. What had at first seemed an empty, though attractive, shell, suddenly bloomed, even sparkled, with the presence of things alive and harmonious. In that short space of time I saw exemplified the most perfect and deceptive simplicity that may allure esthetic souls. And in that hour, as he set the last bronze vase holding tall green leaves before a golden screen in the deepening twilight, I understood how instinct guides appreciation. It seemed perfectly natural to kneel and silently admire, and to invite my little household to participate in the "viewing."

Thereafter Hanaya San visited my house twice every week, creating each time some new link in the chain that binds my allegiance to the art he practised; for of all my impression of things beautiful in Japan, the most vivid and the most appealing, the way by which one can reconstruct the vanishing flavor of days to be remembered, are these arrangements of flowers and foliage.

I have no idea what real name my

flower-man answered to; for Hanaya San, his professional title (equivalent to Mr. Florist), he was to all who knew him for his work, and so he may remain to us, since he is only a type of his class. There is no town but has his prototype, no village but has its need to call him from the town for feast or funeral.

If the town is large enough, there are several, both men and women, who may be engaged as teachers or merely as deco-

rators. Sometimes they have a shop, as my man did; more often they do nothing but the work of arranging what is provided for them. Frequently they hold informal exhibitions among themselves. Then teachers and students come from neighboring towns to participate, and the "arrangements" are set out in some tea-house or temple where all may see them. Very rarely is a new design attempted, or approved sufficiently to be admitted to the book of things which may be done. Their chief work lies in faithfully copying those designs already known, and perfected centuries ago by the Bud-



THE "SHIP BECALMED"



APPROPRIATE ARRANGEMENT OF PICTURES AND FOLIAGE FOR A JAPANESE WEDDING

dhist priests who invented the cult of flowers.

But even hints of the involved rules governing this art make plain the difficulties of attempting any new departure, and the enormous number of prescribed models they have upon which to draw. Names are generally given to the compositions, and occasionally there are many variations of one type, such as the "ship" series. Of this group there are the "ship becalmed," the "ship at sea," the "ship

natural stages of the plant's condition and development.

Certain ones are appropriate for particular rooms or occasions, and rules govern the placing of certain types of vases. In my sleeping-room Hanaya San frequently placed hanging vases of rustic design. For these he had occasionally a single fine spray of convolvulus, the flowers of which would open one by one daily until it was time for his next visit. One day he made me a most beautiful



A VASE PREPARED WITH A FORKED TWIG FOR A FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

coming into port," the "ship outward bound," and so on. Fancy names are also given to the flowers.

Certain plants it is considered incorrect to unite in one composition. The orchid and the iris would be displeasing from an artistic standpoint, and the plum and the willow are supposed, in Chinese legend, to invite some form of ill luck. On the contrary, some are supposed to be specially felicitous, and, in fact, are harmonious, as the ilex and the narcissus. It is also quite against the rules to use either flowers or foliage out of their season. If any has a season extending over several months, like the iris or the chrysanthemum, for example, then the arrangement must vary each month, according to the

composition from a plant which grew bright red berries. I asked where it would be appropriate, and he answered, that it should not go in any room where guests remained, and presently placed it before a red-and-gold screen in a sort of ante-room where these two items were the sole furnishing, and were absolutely sufficient.

Even the direction of lines has its significance, as in the "ship" series, and for certain occasions the branches must appear to come toward the guest-place (*O Kata*—Honorable Side), which name also becomes the title of the person who occupies it for the time being. This position is invariably at right angles with the *Tokonoma*, the raised recess in one corner of a room.

An interesting instance is the arrangement appropriate for a marriage feast. Most important is the strict etiquette to be regarded on this occasion, for every tiny detail has its symbolism. Then pine branches are used, and not only must the foliage incline the prescribed way, but the

stems must rise from the vase vigorously, firmly massed together with an effect of sturdy growth, and be further strengthened by a binding called *Mizu hiki* (a symbolic white paper used also at funerals and for wrapping certain gifts), which is, in turn, bound around with crimson and



APPROPRIATE FOR AN ENTRANCE-ROOM

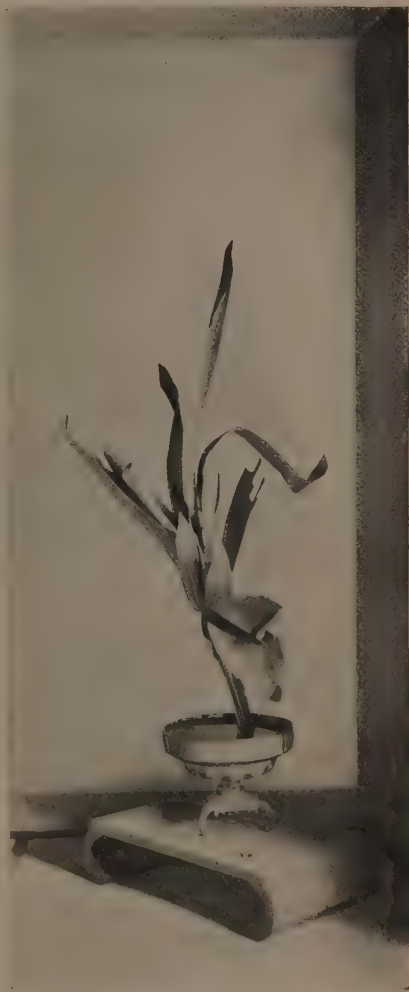


HEAVY BRONZE HOLDERS, WHICH, IN SHALLOW VASES, ANSWER THE PURPOSE OF THE FORKED TWIG

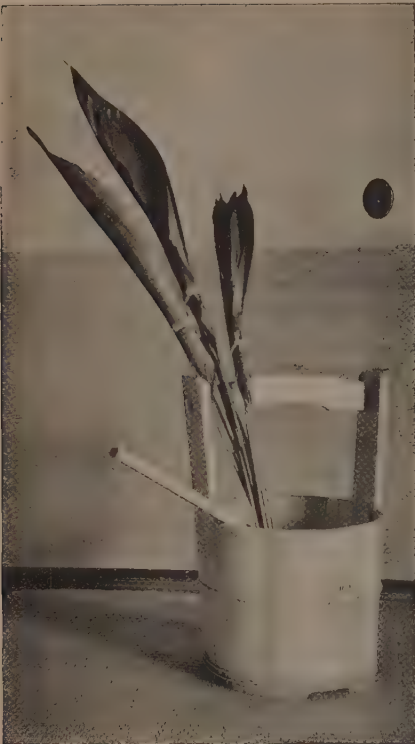
gold threads entwined, signifying the union of male (red) and female (yellow). Even the raising of the incense vase upon a particularly high *Dai* (stand) was a part of Hanaya San's interpretation of the rules. In the pictures on the wall are represented pines, bamboos, and plum trees; an old man and woman, who stand for conjugal felicity; storks for good luck; and a tortoise for long life.

Occasionally I would spend half an hour watching him evolve these charming creations, and to me there was a never-failing pleasure in the fact that whatever new thing he had to show me, it was purely the result of his clever manipulation, a skill which might be imitated. For of all the dozens of compositions which he arranged, there was not one but might be possible outside the Japanese environment. The flowers and branches do not have to be specially trained for the pur-

pose. Imagine him working with such simple materials as the slender leaves which his assistant has brought primly tied in well-ordered bundles. When the master begins, his first task is to select a crotch from among the number laid ready for his choice. This he cuts down with deft experience until it fits the neck of the vase he has selected as appropriate for his use, and then proceeds to cut, bend, prune, and artificially roll the leaves in accordance with a design with which he is familiar. To my feminine eyes, he used precisely the same movements of



"IT WAS PURELY THE RESULT OF HIS
CLEVER MANIPULATION"



"SUCH SIMPLE MATERIALS . . . HIS ASSISTANT HAS BROUGHT PRIMLY TIED"

firm thumb and forefinger which an expert milliner employs to manipulate her feathers and flowers. He rolls the end of a leaf between his palms, while his assistant supports the incomplete structure, for the little wooden crotch is not yet wedged full with stems. Just there is the secret of how they manage to adjust such tall, slender arrangements in a wide-necked, shallow vase. There are thousands of just such receptacles in this country which have been brought over here and converted into lamp-stands. Take out the oil-tank, and behold an unsuspected treasure—a true Japanese flower-vase!

In the completed work, among the beautifully balanced leaves, are even some which are purposely torn, with jagged edges, to give such touches as are necessary to artistic unity.

The lines of all the twigs must follow the natural bent of the plant when growing, for the Japanese idea of flowers for

decorative purposes is inseparably associated with its character as a whole, and the word "flower" is used in the broadest sense, being in no degree restricted to actual blossoms. My experience leads me to estimate that fully sixty per cent. of the arrangements devised are of foliage only, and in these alone there is a wealth of beauty of which the average Westerner has not even dreamed. He must go to the far East to discover this most lovely accomplishment, which has been the play-time occupation of many a warlike prince for uncounted years. It is specially they, the amateurs and connoisseurs, who have added new designs and given their name to certain "schools." Thus certain plants which have been carefully studied by the originators are the ones which their followers feel free to use. When I understood this, I knew why it was that my flower-man could make nothing of the roses which I gathered in my garden and anxiously hoped he would condescend to



"COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF AUTUMN-TINTED MAPLE LEAVES"

use. Yet the stems and blossoms of this variety seemed appropriate for some of the three- and five-line designs which his book of models contained.

As is usual, a few simple rules form the groundwork upon which the complications are based.

When friends are invited by a Japanese to a "Flower-Viewing" party, it is expected that their criticism will follow, in orthodox sequence, from line to line. Beginning at the central, they should next consider the left side and then the right. This is a custom which has many applications.



"HE ROLLS THE END OF A LEAF BETWEEN HIS PALMS, WHILE HIS ASSISTANT SUPPORTS THE INCOMPLETE STRUCTURE"

The form employing three lines is simplest; then that of five lines, which are described as: 1, Principle; 2, Sub-principle; 3, Support; 4, Secondary; 5, Tertiary.

Sevens and nines are ambitious compositions that only the expert may attempt. A repetition of triangles is obvious in all. The slightest crossing of lines (termed view-cutting) or inaccurate length of branch is an unpardonable fault; but my Hanaya will permit no such lapses to creep into what he does for me, and spends hours, patient creature! in perfecting his compositions, taking them apart again and again, if need be, to satisfy his conscientious soul; for he knows they are to be pictured.

It was not always possible for me to keep up with the exact etiquette governing some of the "arrangements" he provided for me. In the matter of *Kakemono*, for instance, I did not possess the variety to keep pace with his varied selections; yet if I had owned a picture depicting a moonlight scene, I could have done as well as he, during the time it remained on the wall, provided I had known of the delicious fancy which finds expression in the rule decreeing that before such a picture there should be set a flower-vase containing nothing but water, unless it be a few fresh leaves or petals floating upon the limpid surface.

The technical aspects of such a subject



A THREE-LINE ARRANGEMENT

may be dry to us Westerners, impatient at all cumbersome Old-World fashions, yet who would deny the suggestive charm of an idea which governs even the quantity of water which a flower vase may contain? In midsummer they are to be so full that the water appears ready to overflow at a breath; but it never does, for Hanaya San's assistant will carefully rub a thin coating of oil within the bronze margin before he goes on his round with water-bucket and ladle.

Surely there is much that we might borrow from so reasonable and delicate an art, one which makes direct appeal to the esthetic sense, yet in nowise competes with the barbaric opulence which requires, perhaps, three thousand roses to decorate a single room, or assembles hundreds of violets into one quaint and formal bouquet. Above all, actual flowers play only a small part in a cult which finds as much beauty in the bare branches of winter as in the exquisite plum-blossoms of spring. One of the most satisfying arrangements he made for me was a truly gorgeous one composed entirely of autumn-tinted maple-leaves. This is the

theme in which the thoughtful ones among us may take their pleasure, and this the road whereby many a home, far from the great shops that tempt the lavish ones, may be enriched by an unsuspected wealth of beauty that is amazing. And in the hands of intelligent people, willing to study such of the fundamental rules as are wise and necessary,—and any book of natural history teaches them,—whose personal use of such ideas need not be bound by unyielding allegiance to custom, there are possibilities innumerable. Even some of the vases may be made at home from sections of tree-trunks, to be used in the rough or slightly polished. It is commonly believed by foreigners that the skill displayed by the Japanese in arranging flowers is an expression of inherent



A FIVE-LINE COMPOSITION

good taste and individual cleverness. My own experience is that this is merely another of the accomplishments learned by rote and not in the least spontaneous, even with persons of culture and refinement, except in special instances; and I believe that any one who has observed with an unprejudiced eye will agree with me. Unfortunately, it is difficult to remain unprejudiced in Japan; but I remember several distinct occasions when I saw paper flowers of the crudest coloring thrust heedlessly into jars, placed in important rooms, by persons who professed to be connoisseurs of art in many forms, and others who could be expected to know better. With one of these I ven-

tured to discuss the matter, and he offered the astounding excuse that it was done to please some foreign visitors! Alas! such shocks are not infrequent, and the inference is pathetic in its suggestions.

On the day of my departure it was Hanaya San who came down to the steamer and presented me with the graceful remembrance that gave me most pleasure—a charming, shallow porcelain dish which contained a perfect miniature tree. We have seen many such in America, supposed to be years and years old, but this one—was dead in two weeks, for it had no roots! And in this last tiny detail what a perfection of delicate politeness is suggested!



CHARLESTON GARDENS

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

WITH PICTURES BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

CHARLESTON has that which is rare indeed in American cities—a charming personality. Not only is this expressed in the distinction and quiet beauty of the stately mansions which have always been a heart's delight to lovers of good architecture, but the place is instinct with a color and charm peculiarly its own. One cannot walk the uneven bricks of a Charleston byway without finding his eye caught now by the color and line of a tiled roof, now by the tint of a time-enriched plaster wall, now by the grace of a wrought-iron balcony.

Indeed, so insistent, so all-pervading is its delicate Old-World flavor, subtle and intangible as it is; so abiding in the memory of the stranger is the scent of oleanders and honeysuckles flung down from over the high walls, the glimpse of rose-gardens caught through half-open gates, that good Charlestonians have much to forgive in the impressions of visitors, who, being too completely under the spell of the city, seem to forget that Charleston is a busy seaport, so rarely is it that beauty and industrial development are met together.

Some of our cities were evidently born

great, some seem to have achieved their greatness of size in leisurely fashion, while with others it was thrust upon them. Beginning with no intention of being other than modest villages, they have grown suddenly large, throwing out, in the process, like Browning's sea-jelly, "all manner of horns and humps," in towering sky-scrapers and ungainly factory buildings, irrespective of fitness or unfitness. This has not been the case in Charleston.

A century and a half ago it was the center of a community of elegance and refinement, a city with ordered streets laid out in fair and stately fashion; and although the dignified mansions of that earlier period suffered from cyclone and earthquake and the ravages of two wars, and their spacious walled gardens have now been encroached upon by the tide of change, some of them fallen a prey to the grasp of business needs, yet by their sheer beauty, by the nobility of line and proportion, the grace in the curve of step and balustrade, they still dominate the city, and make new Queen Anne houses which elsewhere might be quite proud of themselves seem unworthy and, plentiful as



NEGRO BOYS PLAYING
MUMBLE-THE-PEG

they are, play the part of mere unnoticed intruders.

Now it is precisely because some of these Charleston gardens have escaped the Philistines, and a few are still in the hands of the children's children, that they possess so endearing a charm. A mellowed beauty, the sense of having been lovely and beloved for centuries, is rare indeed in America. When met with elsewhere in our country it is only in a chance fragment, but in Charleston it is the essence and aroma of the place.

Then, too, the Carolina colonists had not turned their backs so emphatically upon the mother country as had the Pilgrim Fathers, for instance; and they were the ideas and ideals of seventeenth-century England, tintured slightly by those of seventeenth-century France, which were transferred to the new soil, and little altered by the changed conditions.

The seventeenth century was the

golden age of English garden-craft. It was before the walls and high hedges, the terraces and alleys, the box-borders and flowery "knots," of many of the loveliest English gardens, were swept away by Kent and Brown, who, in their attempt to imitate Nature—a thing more easily said than done—showed an almost Nebuchadnezzarean passion for grass. It was this gardening that the Carolina colonists had in mind, and reproduced to a degree on Carolina soil. Before the Revolution the gardens of "Mr. Middleton of Carolina" were noted in England, and deservedly so.

From the earliest days of Charles Town, as it was then called, there was in the town no small degree of interest, and very intelligent interest, both in garden-craft and in agriculture. Successful experiments were being carried on in indigo and other crops to ascertain what would be profitable for export. English botanical gardeners were interested in American plants, and seeds of magnolias and of various oaks were shipped to the home country. It was to Carolina that André Michaux, the French botanist, sent the first *Camellia Japonica* ever exported to America. Three of the original plants may still be seen at Middleton Place. Josiah Quincy, going South in 1773, was delighted with the horticulture, and noted with special enthusiasm the garden of Henry Laurens, which figures in his diary as "enriched with everything useful and ornamental that Carolina produced or could import." The toothsome side of Carolina horticulture seems chiefly to have impressed Mr. Quincy, for he remembered that the garden held "olives, capers, limes, ginger, Guinea Grass, the Alpine strawberry (bearing nine months in the year) red raspberries, blue grapes; and also directly from the South of France, apples, pears, and plums of fine kinds, and vines which bore choicest white grapes known as 'Chasselet Blanc.'"

As early as 1752 the professional garden-maker was at work; in the "Carolina Gazette" for that year appears the advertisement of a "garden-architect," who offers to make "elegant gardens with grottos, cascades, fountains, etc." Whether this worthy found much patronage one does not know. Certainly cascades and grottoes are few, though at

the "Washington" plantation on the Cooper River, beside mounts, alleys, brooks, islands, ponds, were artificial ruins, walls, and towers covered with ivy "on the plan of English gardens" such as Shenstone delighted to honor and Doctor Johnson considered "rather the sport than the business of human reason." But of this type of eighteenth-century gardening there is little indeed in Charleston. Up the river, on the Ashley or the Cooper, where were the country-seats and the rice plantations, the gardening was naturally on a larger scale and far more elaborate, Charleston being used by the planters as a place of winter residence.

Of the colonial gardens in Charleston proper, a few remain in some degree of integrity. The Miles Brewton house on King street (owned by Miss Susan Pringle) had once a fine garden, and although two houses have encamped at the rear of the estate and the little postern gate which opened from the foot of the garden into Legaré street is gone, the garden is still exceedingly lovely. East and west is the high brick wall of the original garden which, in the old days, extended from King to Legaré street, and it was probably to relieve the monotony of this continuous stretch of wall that its height was increased midway by an elevation suggesting the gable-end of a double-pitched roof. Over the path down the middle of the garden is a wide, low arbor, completely covered with roses from one great rose-tree, and on each side are flower-beds, brick-outlined, of geometrical design; at the foot of this rose-arched path lies, on one side, the kitchen garden, with its peas and corn in thrifty rows, on the other, a wealth of pink-and-white sweet-peas, not objecting in the least to the neighborhood of their humbler cousins across the path. Nearer the house are tall oleanders, the feathery delicacy of the *Acacia Farnesiana*, pale tamarisks grown almost trees. The brick-arched loggias of the house, which overlook the garden, are fragrant with honeysuckle and the dazzlingly white and abundant tiny stars of the Confederate or French jasmine. Tiny clustered roses climb the slender iron railing of the steps.

The house itself is architecturally very beautiful, being doubtless one of the best

examples of "Early Georgian" which, to bless and enlighten us, have yet remained inviolate. It is also, like many a Charleston house, rich in that perfection of exquisitely wrought detail in door and stairway. Upon entering, one looks directly through the wide, dark hall, graced by a stairway which is a delight to the eyes, out upon the sunshine and roses of the garden.

It is difficult indeed to write of an old Charleston garden apart from the house, for the two have long been intimates; and the grace of the garden, the fragrance of years of roses, has lent a poignant sweetness to the grave dignity of the mansion, which for more than a century has stretched walls like protecting arms about the garden's loveliness; while the repose of the house, born of the rare qualities of nobility of proportion, of harmony, of balance, has dowered the garden with something of its own serenity, its memories, its unvexed quietness.

Except for the abundant loveliness of the roses, there is nothing unusual in the way of planting,—nothing particularly noteworthy, some gardeners would say,—



A GARDEN PICTURE

and yet in the fair and endearing serenity of these old gardens of Charleston there is a beauty which, to the strident notes of some of our "most popular" effects, is as the tones of a rare old violin to those of a brass band or of a phonograph. And many prefer the brass band and the phonograph.

Another charming old garden, more elaborately laid out than this, is that of the Simonton house, owned by Mrs. Alston, originally "Mme. Tolman's Boarding School." The walls are of brick, high and comprehensive enough to baffle any Romeo, and completely covered with English ivy. Bordering the path to the house are tall magnolias of comparatively recent planting, but south of it lies the garden proper, planned, like all good gardens, in relation to the house, the piazza steps being directly in line with the center of the design of the eastern half of the garden. The geometrical scheme is rather elaborate according to our modern habit of informality, but simple compared with the Elizabethan "knots." In some of the earlier gardens the cages are of old, flat, cherry-red flooring-tile, ten inches square; in others interlocking pantiles of a vitreous blue-purple are used. Here bricks mark the borders of the flower-beds.

But if, with this hint of design, one conjures up an elaborate bedding arrangement, a thing of cannas and red geraniums and blue ageratum, fashioned after the similitude of the closely packed carpet-work which fifty years ago was the delight of gardeners and still thrives in the Boston Public Garden, he will be wholly mistaken. Here is plenty of elbow-room. From the fragile grace of Chinese primroses to the tall sweet-bays, all the garden-fellowship are perfectly at home, each having evidently selected the place where it would be most comfortable. A crimson Jacqueminot would seem to have moved from the center of a bed because the shadow of an overgrown camellia bothered it. It is only after one has drifted about the garden, delighting in the roses and irises, that it occurs to one that there is a design in it all, and a reason for the curves of the paths being good. But never was there more unobtrusive edging to a path than this of time-worn bricks bordered with English violets.

Roses climb the railing of the steps to the balcony, and a brick-paved path leads from the front of the house, around its corner to the foot of the garden, passing the geometrical beds, and going the length of the kitchen-garden beyond.

The garden of the Nathaniel Russell house, now owned by the Sisters of Mercy, shows the old geometrical arrangement. A hedge of altheas separates the square flower-garden from the kitchen garden. Tall oleanders reach almost up to the lovely curves of the iron balconies into which are wrought the initials of the original owner. A box-bordered path leads from the gate to the house, and just within the gate is a large crape myrtle. Despite the sunflowers and the whitewashed young fruit-trees which grow against the high wall, the garden has an unmistakable Old-World flavor. There are spikenard, pomegranates, and pale coral tamarisks; orange-trees and deep blue larkspurs; and early in the morning the sweet-faced nuns are at work among them. Although the old design has not been intentionally followed,—nor, in fact, very well understood,—yet the charm of the earlier garden is still there. Indeed, so potent is the influence of these stately houses, so pervading their personalities, that, when the old lines are kept at all, the charm is as hard a thing to dislodge from the garden as a ghost-story from a house.

A very distinctive feature characteristic of the old gardens of Charleston is the high wall. One sometimes hears tourists of a certain sort complain of these same high walls, and a few Charlestonians, either because they have been kind enough to lend an ear to his plaint, or in a compliance with the present fashion, have taken down their walls and gateways, and in their place have set up low railings and gates. But the sense of seclusion, the blessedness of having the rest of the world shut out, plays no small part in the delightsomeness of a garden. People should remember, also, that, when one may obtain only an enticing glimpse, there is a fascination which is missed when everything is laid bare to the public gaze, after the fashion of a show-case. And then the scarlet pomegranate blossoms lift their heads above the walls, great oleanders, when the sea-breeze



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

CLIMBING-ROSES OVER THE PORCH OF THE (SIMONTON) ALSTON HOUSE

springs up, nod over it in a delightfully cordial fashion. A wistaria-vine, in one instance, was even assisted to bridge the short width of sidewalk, and climb up the nearest street tree. Although the walls are undeniably exclusive, Charleston houses have not only the latch-string out, but the doors hospitably wide with a charming welcome, for those who have the slightest claim upon Charleston courtesy.

These high walls are usually made of brick of old English measure, laid in English bond. Sometimes the wall is varied a little by increased height, as in the Pringle garden; very often it curves upward to meet the house wall, a device which makes house and garden wall a unit. In a delightful garden on the Battery, owned by Mrs. Sloan, the solid brick wall is given lightness and grace by the use of "blind arches," the extrusive arches being, of course, of brick, while the intervening spaces, only one brick in thickness, are faced with white plaster. Walls of this order are seen in St. Michael's churchyard and in the City

Square. Against the wall in the Sloan garden are grown roses, tall, lusty pomegranates, nectarines, and other fruit-trees. There are the usual brick-edged garden-beds of slight geometrical design. Within the house, one may ascend a beautiful staircase, the delicate wrought-iron balusters of Nuremburg workmanship, and from the landing, as at the Pringle house, look down upon the roses and blossoming fruit-trees through a window beautiful enough to give a touch of poetry to any garden. Robert Browning, who liked to dream of landing-places, should have visited Charleston, and on this stairway or that at the Pringle house he would assuredly have found the stuff of which such dreams should be made.

Quite as characteristic of Charleston gardens as the high walls are the gateways and gates. These are notable indeed. From the massive gate-posts, crowned with the pineapple of welcome, from which swing the stately gates, partly wood, partly wrought-iron, which have made the George Edwards place (now

owned by the Hon. James Adger Smyth) the delight of architects, to the simpler gates of wood, with a lattice in the upper part, which one finds all over the city, they are well worthy of study, and many of them are exceedingly beautiful. Even the small gates which open into the servants' quarters are delightful. At the Simonton place a little latticed door not more than 3 x 5 1-2 opens through a wall of English ivy, as one might think, so thickly does the vine grow over the lattice; at another house, in front of the arched doorway of the servants' entrance is set privet, forming a close-clipped arch of topiary work. The gateway of the Devereux place is beautiful and unusual. It is of wood, painted white: in the center of the crosspiece is the coat of arms, and above the gateway the bell is supported by the graceful wrought-iron work in which Charleston is peculiarly rich. A beautiful little gate at the juncture of Church and Water streets suggests a garden door at the *Villa Madama*, near Rome.

In writing of Charleston gardens, the piazzas are also to be reckoned with, for although actually belonging to the house, the grace of the garden is upon them. Theologically speaking, piazzas, like balconies, porches, walls, and gateways, are "mediators" between the house and the garden, partaking of the nature of each. And at Charleston they are a delight. Up to the top of the second-story piazza of the Adger Smyth house goes the yellow trumpet creeper (*Bignonia Allemande*), one sheet of golden sunlight caught and materialized. Roses cover the balustrade, climb up the railing of the steps and up the piazza pillars at the Simonton house, and from the brick-paved garden path one looks between the pillars through to the magnolia-trees beyond.

A Charleston garden, whether of old or of recent date, is on terms of very intimate and very harmonious relationship with the house. In fact, when a visitor is admitted, he finds that the door usually opens not into a hallway, but to a piazza overlooking the garden.

More than this, either because Charlestonians hold with St. Paul that all are "members one of another," or because they think with St. Peter that nothing need be common or unclean, the fact remains that

house and gardens, stable and servants' quarters, dwell together in apparent unity. There are no "back premises" to dodge furtively behind trees and bushes to escape observation. The state entrance differs from the service entrance, the stable from the house, but each has an attractiveness of its own, and for its visible presence no apology is thought of or necessary. Usually proportions are admirable, and whether consciously or unconsciously, the eye is pleased by the spacing of the little court; also, the servants' quarters, the kitchen, and the stable are architecturally in harmony with the house, and often a little more ornate. Most southern courtyards are shadowed by a wide-spreading tree; sometimes the familiar "joggling-board," the delight of many generations of children, stands in its shade just outside the servants' quarters. On the Adger Smyth place a high fence, with tall pillars, very beautiful in design, separates the court from the garden. This fence was sadly injured in the earthquake. The long, low porch of the servants' quarters belonging to a fine old house on Hasell street is separated from the garden proper by a trellis covered with roses. At the J. E. Adger place a rose-trellis separates the driveway and the barn from the garden. From the top of the trellis to the barn the driveway is bridged over by roses, so that in entering the premises one drives through an avenue of them.

One of the best instances of this "dwelling together in unity" of the house and the various "offices" is the home of the Hon. Augustine T. Smythe, on Legaré street. The house is of Southern amplitude, with, of course, the second-story piazzas on the south. On the north, separated from the house by the driveway, is a high division wall covered with English ivy, against which grow fragrant oleanders, and above it rises a fine palmetto-tree. A gate on a line with the rear of the house admits the carriage to a courtyard which, for a city, is novel. It is square and ample, its southern side shaded by a large sugarberry-tree. Here, if one enters the court at the apposite moment, a troop of turkeys, like the warders of a castle, challenge one's right of entrance. On the north side of the court, their rear wall forming part of the high



Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts
A CHARLESTON GARDEN GATE



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

GARDEN OF THE NATHANIEL RUSSELL HOUSE

(Now owned by the Sisters of Mercy)

division wall, are the long, low two-storied kitchen and the servants' quarters, their brick walls covered with ivy, while up to the eaves runs the golden beauty of the trumpet creeper, not hardy, alas! in the North. Beside the window in the gable is a fine loquat-tree, the yellow fruit of which hangs its ripening clusters at the window's sill. Beyond the quarters are the stables; a picket fence and arbor built in one, while wistaria and honeysuckle on the south and west enclose the court, opening by a narrow arched gate into the garden. The chickens may look through the bars, the horse sometimes thrusts his head inquiringly over the fence, and the roses do not seem in the slightest degree disturbed by such juxtaposition.

Some of the loveliest roses to be found in Charleston are grown in this garden. Teas; the climbing *Devoniensis*, not often seen nowadays; great Paul Neyrons; Reine Marie Henriette; Duchesse de Brabant; Madame Plantier; William Allen Richardson, yellow, with rich orange at the heart; and many others, are seen in perfection of bloom and in the comfort of a delightful setting. On the southern side is a tall hedge of sweet-bay, as close-clipped as a laurel hedge in a garden of Italy. The high brick wall at the west is covered with dark-green ivy, and about a foot in front of this is set the long trellis, giving the roses light and air, and at the same time the advantage of a very harmonious background. There is much in this garden besides roses; there are poppies, corn-flowers, and towering hollyhocks; path borders of jonquils, narcissi, and yellow trumpeters; and daffodils and violets. There are arbors over the walks; a sun-dial; a little summer-house, well-nigh covered with white roses; paths overarched by tall syringas, their long, drooping sprays a very shower of white fragrance; and yet it is essentially a rose-garden.

Another Charleston rosarian is Mr. C. O. Witte, the banker, the present owner of the William Trenholm place. Here are roses in abundance, from miniature Japanese varieties to Paul Neyrons. Roses even screen the chickens' "quarters." There is an aviary in this garden, and a grotto, after the fashion of grottoes in the eighteenth century; but the roses are its chief attraction.

As to the planting in Charleston gardens, aside from the spendthrift luxuriance of the roses, which the soil and climate make possible, there is nothing strikingly unusual.

There are, in the planting of gardens, two widely differing ideals. Either a man makes a garden with an eye to the effect, treating the ground as his canvas, the plants as colors to be laid in, everything being subordinate to the general effect, or he considers the garden as a home for the plants, consulting their preferences, holding it of more importance that his lilies should be in precisely the right place for their own well-being than that they should be in view from the balcony. If he has an abundance of roses, it is because he loves them and cannot have too much of them rather than that he wants a notable effect in pink. Naturally these two ideals work into and involve each other. Sometimes they unite in one and the same garden, in which case one feels the wisdom of Tennyson's remark, that "two dear things make one of double worth." It is this latter type of garden which predominates in Charleston. A very notable effectiveness and the more intangible quality of loveliness rarely go hand in hand; but for a garden within one's gates an intimate and endearing charm is better than the most brilliant effect from the street; on the same principle that, if a man must spend his life with one woman, loveliness is better, in the long run, than a striking beauty, though 't were pleasant to have both.

Charleston's gardens are quite as fortunate in what they have not as in what they have. The golden catalpa; the variegated weigela—that joy of the traveling salesman; yellow-spotted aucubas,— "geraniums buttered with cream-color," as Forbes Watson expresses it,—all this motley crew are for the most part absent. Rarely is the serenity of a Charleston garden marred by "bedding out," by tightly packed beds of violently diverse colors the composer of which seems in a constant panic lest an inch of Mother Earth be exposed to view. Neither is the ever-popular pergola found. Nor is the "landscape-garden" often "among those present"; that is, the garden which concerns itself chiefly with green lawns and informal shrubbery, which, appropri-



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A GARDEN WALL

ate enough elsewhere, when seen here, one wishes away. It does not fit. These Charleston gardens are essentially town gardens: it is also true that, given the framework and the nearness to the house, less massing is necessary. A miniature is not done after the fashion of a mural painting, and a slender growth which, in the open, would be almost insignificant, is brought against ivied walls or the dark background of a sweet-bay hedge with a vivid distinctness, a very definite value of color and form.

The garden of the Burkmeyer house (built by Col. Ashe for his daughter, Mrs. Gadsden) is a characteristic one in the matter of planting. Here the flowers have for a background an old wall with blind arches on one side; on another, the wall of what was once a stable, now one dark-green beauty of English ivy, broken only by a low, arched doorway which gives a glimpse of a flower-edged, brick-paved drive beyond. Here are faintly colored Chinese primroses, snapdragons, California poppies, marigolds, larkspurs,

not the colossi of the exhibitions, but the old-fashioned sort of an almost harebell delicacy, showing themselves among the feathery green of the not-yet-opened marigolds and against the background of the dark ivy.

Beautiful as are the individual gardens of Charleston, the city's public gardens are not so lovely. One hopes that the various women's clubs keep a sharp eye and a ready pair of pruning shears for the intentions of civic improvement. In a city where the live-oak grows as it grows nowhere else, so that strangers go home and dream of it, and the willow-oak and the magnolia flourish, and the Pride of India prospers unvexed by caterpillars, why should folk now begin to plant as a street tree the ubiquitous and short-lived poplar? Why, also, should they care to attempt gardens of the sort found everywhere, when, with the soil and climate and prevalence of expert wisdom, there might be in Charleston a public rose garden which for beauty and opulence would not have its like in the country—a not unworthy

sister to the azalea garden at Magnolia? In such a garden rare old strains of roses now fast going out of existence could be preserved. It could be done with a few hundred Manetti stocks and a collection of scions with which to graft them taken up among Charleston gardeners.

Lovely as are the home gardens of Charleston, they hardly admit of exact reproduction elsewhere. Much is essentially Charlestonian, and, bereft of the atmosphere and surroundings, would be alien and uncomfortable. One would be conscience-stricken indeed to find oneself the innocent cause of a man's setting up a massive gateway in a low wall of stone and concrete such as is prevalent in the Boston suburbs. In fact, if one wished to go and do exactly likewise, his first step would be to inherit a beautiful old house of, say, the early Georgian period, and then pray that he might not garden unworthily his inheritance. This, however, is not always practicable, but there are in Charleston many details which less fortunate gardeners will find subjects of profitable meditations. For those who have ears to hear there are abundant suggestions on matters of balance and proportion and the groupings of outbuildings—structures which elsewhere look as if an irrelevant fancy had blown them where it listed. Charleston gardens are essentially town gardens; it is, therefore, the owners of city gardens who will find them most suggestive.

City-dwellers elsewhere do not make half enough use of their walls and steps and doorways as subjects of decoration. In New York the sight of a wistaria vine on a house is as water in a dry and thirsty land. The exuberant Japanese ivy has been a godsend; but one would think that it and the Japanese honeysuckle were the only possible vines. Both are excellent, it is true, but our grandmothers, in these same city lots, used to grow many a shrub against the wall—corchorus and roses and peach-trees. There is no reason why, when one otherwise has not the space for them, the wall of a town house might not be lovely with Chinese or Japanese magnolias, with pears or apricots.

One sometimes wonders why the lattices which abound in Charleston, as elsewhere in the South, should, at the North,

have completely retired in favor of so unpoetical a substitute as chicken-wire. Chicken-wire annoys by its lack of frankness, its affectation of invisibility. It would fain delude us into thinking that the rose-vines, unaided, curved themselves over and formed an arch, which they did not. A lattice tells no lie, and yet a rather prosaic garden, seen through a latticed gate, is seen within a heightened beauty, on somewhat the same principle as that, to use a feminine simile, a veil of the proper construction undeniably enhances a woman's complexion, although put on apparently for the laudable purpose of keeping her hair in order.

It is true that the luxuriant, almost overpowering wealth of roses is impossible except in the South, but there are the sweet-brier and the Setigera; many of the newer hybrids, such as the Dawson, the Farquhar, Débutante, and Lady Duncan, are lusty climbers and perfectly hardy; and although, for less fortunate gardeners, oleanders may not lift their fragrant blossoms above the walls, yet such old-fashioned garden-folk as lilacs and snowballs and exochorda would be delighted to have the opportunity, and there are Japanese quinces as scarlet as any pomegranate. The English ivy which forms so satisfying a background in many a Charleston garden is not to be trusted farther north than New York, but the little evergreen *Euonymus* (*E. radicans*), has the stoutest of constitutions, and can climb as well as any ivy, while the flame-colored trumpet creeper (*Tecoma radicans*) wistaria, clematis, bittersweet, woodbine, and the wild-grape vine which no depth of the thermometer distresses, will give color and life enough to any wall.

So much by way of consolation to non-Charlestonians.

One may write and write of detail after detail in these gardens and say, "Lo! here," and "Lo! there," is a scheme which elsewhere might be echoed, but the charm of the gardens is the charm of the city, and the two are perhaps inseparable. The repose which comes from the dominance of good architecture, of fine old houses which are allowed space to breathe instead of being asphyxiated by tall sky-scrapers, the freedom from belligerent advertisements which elsewhere beset



Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

IN A CHARLESTON GARDEN

(THE HOME OF MR. AUGUSTINE T. SMYTHE)

one noisily on every side, the relief to the eyes in its lines and color from the arid, insistent monotony of solid regiments of brownstone houses—all this gives one a chance to feel the loveliness of gardens which elsewhere might strive hopelessly against impossible conditions. And the charm is to a garden as fragrance is to a flower—a rare and lovely quality, but intangible and elusive. And yet no one who was ever privileged to be among its flowers early of an April morning while the dew

was yet on the rose petals and the old house still wrapped in a brooding silence, can ever forget a Charleston garden, nor the exquisiteness of its quiet, unconscious loveliness.

"Whoever thou art that interest this city," one would fain have inserted in the Charleston section of Baedeker, "leave it not without a prayer for thyself, for those that administer here, for those that dwell herein, that its loveliness may remain unspoiled by the Philistines."



A CLUMP OF YUCCA

"ALL NIGHT THE LONE CICADA"

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ALL night the lone cicada
Kept shrilling through the rain—
A voice of joy undaunted.
By unforgotten pain.

Down from the wind-blown branches
Rang out the high refrain,
By tumult undisheartened,
By storm assailed in vain.

To looming vasts of mountain
And shadowy deeps of plain,
The ephemeral, brave defiance
Adventured not in vain,

Till to the faltering spirit
And to the weary brain,
From loss and fear and failure,
My joy returned again.



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE FLUTTER OF THE GROUP WAS IN MARKED CONTRAST TO HIS OWN CALM"

TWO AND THE TERROR

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

Author of "Memoirs of a Child"

WITH PICTURES BY DENMAN FINK

THE afternoon sun blazed down upon the unpainted pine walls of Elixir Springs Hotel, its dusty environs, the railroad track in front, the sparkling green river at its back, and the towering gray cliffs beyond. The piazza was partly in shade, but the long line of rocking-chairs stood temporarily deserted, the old ladies who faithfully swayed and knit and exchanged impressions of the hotel—still a novelty and a sensation in that remote mountain region—being for the nonce withdrawn to their rooms for their after-dinner siestas. The very pigs that foregathered from the neighborhood, attracted by the hotel's rich profusion of slops, were too somnolent to respond with satisfactory vivacity to prodding and poking; and Thomas Jefferson Tunbury, the small son of the house, was somewhat at a loss for amusement.

It was not often that Thomas Jefferson was at a loss in that palace of enchantment, to which he had been translated a few months before from a private and comparatively uneventful life in a neighboring village. Even now voices from the extreme end of the piazza assured him of potentialities of entertainment. A chubby little figure in his red calico blouse and faded brown trousers, curiously suggestive of imperfect reduction from adult proportions, he sauntered slowly toward the sound.

A fervent "Mussy on us!" from a black mammy who had established herself with her charges beyond the angle of the building greeted his appearance, and a sleepy smile dawned upon Thomas Jefferson's somewhat stolid countenance, which was ornamented about the mouth

with a smear of blackberry preserves or some other deep-hued delicacy. The smile deepened to absolute beatitude as the children—a little boy like himself in his first trousers, one yet unpromoted from skirts, and a small girl—gathered up their toys in evident panic, and stood at attention for his next move. The flutter of the group was in marked contrast to his own calm, and to the deliberateness with which he reached out and laid hold of the pewter horse and wagon which the older of the two little boys was clasping to his bosom.

The little boy shrieked his dismay, sympathetically joined by the other little boy, the little girl, and a supplementary baby in the nurse's arms. With an indignant jerk, their guardian disengaged the object of dispute from Thomas Jefferson's grasp, and restored it to its owner, whose wounded feelings, however, would not admit of immediate solace.

"H—he 's all time takin' my things!" he wailed.

"Yaas, chile," the nurse groaned; "he all time doin' ev'y thing dat 's mean. Dat 's Thomas Jeff'son, dat is. Ef I could git my way, I 'd Thomas Jeff'son him—I would dat! De meanes', low-downes' white chile ever I see! I dunno huccome, he think o' half de meanness he do, dat I don't. Yaas, 't is you I talkin' 'bout—you de ve'y one. You neenter stan' dar lookin' like butter would n' melt in yo' mouf—an' plannin' some debblement dis ve'y minute, ef de trufe was knowed."

Thomas Jefferson pensively kicked at the floor with the heel of his bare foot, apparently unaware of her objurgations. The small boy of his own size was the

only member of the party whom he deigned to notice.

"You can't fight me!" he drawled to him, challengingly.

The little boy stared over his big sailor

"Ef any fightin' 's to be did, 't is me gwi do it. You hear dat? You stop pesterin' dat chilë, an' take yo'se'f off. You kin be a good riddance, ef you cyahn' be nothin' else dat 's good. Quit stickin'



Drawn by Denman Fluk. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'COME HERE, THOMAS JEFFERSON!'"

collar in evident terror, and did not take up the gauntlet. He withdrew instead to the rear of his nurse, and left that functionary to make suitable response, which she was not slow to do.

"Go 'long 'way f'om here, you an' yo' fightin'!" she adjured him, wrathfully.

out dat tongue o' yone an' rollin' dem eyes at this baby! You ugly 'nough 'dout dat. Now, now, now, sha'n't nothin' hu't mammy's baby, dat it sha'n't. Go 'long 'way f'om here, boy, 'fo' I knock your head off. I sho is gwi tell yo' paw on you, an' mek 'im skin you alive, I is dat."

"An' I goin' to make the bears eat you up."

"Er, ya-a-a-as, you gwi do a heap o' things! You 'low 'cause 't is yo' paw' house d' ain' no meanness you cyahn' do. All same"—with sudden ill-disguised eagerness—"I know *one* thing you ain' gwi do; yaas, suh. D' is *one* thing you cyahn' do, ef d' ain' no mo'. I des dar you to do it! You ain' gwi play on de organ in de parlor. Naw, suh! You des nachully skeered to do dat af' what yo' paw say to you no mo' 'n yestiddy."

"What he say?"

"You know what he say. He say p'intedly for to let it 'lone, 'cause you done bus' two-three strings a'ready. Dat what he say. Don' keer hum much you want er play on it, you cyahn' do it—you cyahn' never do it no mo'! You ain' got no business foolin' wid it."

"I goin' to play on it right now."

"Well, you better run 'long 'fo' you forgit it; but don' say I ain' tol' you not to tech it."

There was a young lady in the parlor, sitting in the red-plush stationary rocker that was Thomas Jefferson's own favorite seat. He magnanimously forbore, however, to make her get up for him; but stood for a while contemplating her in silence with very round and totally inexpressive eyes.

"Wha-a-at yo' name?" he said at last. His manner was wholly devoid of personal interest.

The young lady was writing, and did not seem to hear.

"Wha-a-a-at yo' name?" he repeated. She looked around at him.

"Miss Maria Gordon, little boy," she said.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six, twenty-six, twenty-six," she said. "Run along, little fellow."

"How many chillun you got?"

"What? Oh, none. Go on now, like - a good boy."

He might have been stone deaf, so far as any evident effect of her words was concerned.

"When 'd you come?"

"Tuesday."

"Where 'd you come from?"

"From Baltimore."

"How long you goin' to stay?"

"As long as I can stand it. Please, please, run away now, little man!"

"I 'm a gread big man, an' this is my popper's house, an' I can fight all the little boys what come here—an'—an'—what you doin'?"

"I 'm not doing; I 'm suffering."

"Huh?"

"I 'm not doing anything now, because you won't let me. I was describing the delights of Elixir Springs Hotel for the delusion of the readers of the 'Daily Argus,' in return for a room with one window, and walls like the sides of a packing-box, and three meals a day, compounded of grease and soda."

"What you doin' that for?"

"Because I don't know what else to do. Go away now, like a nice little boy. I 've answered all your questions, and I 'm busy."

"What you busy for?"

"Oh, because I am, child. Why don't you go and play with the pigs?"

"I 'm goin' to play on the organ."

Standing on the pedals, he elicited deep, raucous groans for a while, to his own intense delight. But, on looking around for the added zest of dissuasion, he found the young lady gone; and the pleasure of the performance speedily waned.

It was not long, however, before the tide of life turned again to the piazza. The ladies began to fill the rocking-chairs and the men to straggle in and perch themselves on the piazza railing while they waited for supper.

Some of the men whittled sticks beautifully while they talked to the ladies, and every now and then spit tobacco juice over their shoulders in a way that commanded Thomas Jefferson's highest admiration. According to his custom, he was hanging about these accomplished persons, when, in a gentleman sitting toward the end of the piazza, somewhat away from other people, he recognized a guest whom he had not yet interviewed. He strolled toward him without loss of time.

"What yo' name?" he inquired, with his usual nonchalance. The gentleman was reading a newspaper, and did not hear.

"What yo' name?" Thomas Jefferson said, this time with a tinge of sternness.

The gentleman lowered his paper.

"I beg your pardon, little boy?"

"What yo' name?"

"James Francis Carrington."

"How old are you?"

The gentleman laughed.

"Thirty-two," he said.

"How many chillun you got?"

"Not any."

"When did you come?"

"Two days ago."

"Where 'd you come from?"

"From Richmond."

"How long you goin' to stay?"

"As long as the fish bite."

"They sha'n't bite *me*. I 'm a gread big man, an' I goin' to get a gread big gun, an' I goin' to shoot all the feeshes that try to bite *me*, an'—an'—an' I shoot *you* if you don't look out."

"Oh. I 'll look out. What 's *your* name, little fellow?"

"Thomas Jefferson Tunbury, an'—an'—this is *my* popper's house, an' I can fight all the little boys what come here, an'—an'—"

But the gentleman was not listening. He was rising to give his seat to a lady who appeared just then from the end door—the young lady who had been writing in the parlor. She seemed not to want to take it at first; but the gentleman went away a little way off and sat on the railing, and she sat in the chair, and nobody said anything, which Thomas Jefferson vaguely thought was wrong. He looked from one to the other, and an interesting coincidence struck him—a coincidence which seemed to him worthy of mention.

"Yo' face is red, and her hair is red," he remarked. "And her face is red, too," he added, not without surprise.

The gentleman's face grew redder still, and he began to say something which struck Thomas Jefferson as quite irrelevant, and which he dismissed with the inattention which it deserved.

"What makes yo' face so red?" he demanded.

"I have been out on the river, fishing," the gentleman said, "and my face is n't used to the sun."

"Why ain't yo' face used to the sun?"

"Because nearly all the year I have to stay shut up in an office."

"Why do you have to stay shut up in an office?"

"Because I am a lawyer, and that is what lawyers have to do."

"What is what lawyers have to do?"

"Oh, you are too hard for me! What did you say *your* name was, little fellow?"

"Thomas Jefferson Tunbury, an' this is my popper's house, an' my popper's river, an'—an' I 'm a gread big man—an'—"

"How old are you?"

"Five goin' on seesty."

"Have you got any—"

"I ain' got no chillun now, but I goin' to have twenty hunderd chillun; an' I ain' goin' to let 'em love *you*!"

"Fish-hooks?" the gentleman concluded hastily. "Just see this one with a little frog on it. Don't you want it? I will tie this nice long string to it, and you can go right out there and fish. And I will come and show you how. Come along."

THOMAS JEFFERSON did not really mean to catch in Miss Gordon's hair the hook that was on the little frog as Miss Gordon was coming out from breakfast the next morning; but it was fun, of course, especially as she tried in vain to disentangle it.

"I 've caught a feesh!" he called out joyously to his other acquaintance of the day before, seeing him passing at a little distance. He was honestly surprised at the disturbance of manner which the latter manifested as he rescued Miss Gordon from her predicament, and equally so at his marked disapproval of himself—disapproval for some mysterious reason entirely unexhilarating. With difficulty repressing infantile and disgraceful tears, Thomas Jefferson gave vent to his wounded feelings in a vigorous kick at the offender's long legs. And the lady with the red hair and the man with the red face most unaccountably laughed.

The lady with the red hair often sat in that seat somewhat away from the rest; and the man with the red face was apt to be near. But very soon he was not the man with the red face any longer, his face had become the color of the other men's faces. Somehow, these two interested Thomas Jefferson more than most of the guests, though the gentleman displayed no dazzling accomplishments in the way of whittling and spitting tobacco juice, and the lady did not laugh and talk as

much as the other young ladies did, or wear pretty light-colored dresses like theirs.

Thomas Jefferson had wondered more than once why she always wore black dresses, which his taste unqualifiedly condemned. One day a conclusion suddenly presented itself to his mind. The two were in their accustomed places on the piazza, talking together about the beautiful sunset and the lovely view, and Thomas Jefferson, with a partly denuded fried chicken leg in one hand, and trailing from the other the limp and dusty remains of a large rattlesnake, his most cherished plaything, was standing near, looking at them and listening to what they said. He liked to look at them, particularly at the young lady. He could not in the least have said why, though he was dimly aware that it had something to do with the color of her hair, the deeper color of her eyes, and the whiteness of her face and hands.

"I know why you always wear a black dress," he said. The reason had just come to him.

Nobody asked him why; and so he said it over again, coming a little closer.

"I know why you always wear a black dress."

Then the lady said "Why?" differently, somehow, from the way she usually talked.

"Cause you could n't keep no other kind clean," he said triumphantly.

The lady and the gentleman laughed just a little, but still looked so sober that Thomas Jefferson wondered. But the mysteries of adult conduct were too much for him, and he fell to practising standing on his head.

They were not laughing at all when he resumed attention.

"I have a few miscellaneous cousins, I believe, scattered about at various distant points," the young lady was saying, "and a half great-uncle in Louisiana; so, you see, I am not as utterly and absolutely destitute of kith and kin as I seem. And I have n't a great deal of time to be lonely."

Thomas Jefferson had again drawn near.

"Why have n't you got a great deal of time to be lonely?" he said.

"Because now I teach a public school."

"Why do you teach a public school now?"

"Oh—somebody has to teach it."

"Why has somebody got to teach it?"

"Do you know what you are, Thomas Jefferson?" she said. "You are just a little parrot. Now, I *would n't* be a parrot."

"Why would n't you be a parrot?"

"Because it is n't pretty to be a parrot."

"*'T* is pretty to be a parrot. You *ain't* pretty!"

"Come here, Thomas Jefferson," the gentleman said, "and let me look at your eyes."

"What for?"

"There 's something wrong with them, evidently."

"Something *ain't* wrong with my eyes."

The young lady smiled. She smiled oftener than she laughed.

"No, Thomas Jefferson, they are all right. Come on and let 's see what those little children are doing over there under that tree."

SHE did not ask Thomas Jefferson to go with her the next morning when she tied a big black hat on and went with her writing things to a shady knoll overlooking the river. But he did not let that circumstance deprive her of the pleasure of his company; and, as she wrote, he lightened the tedium of her task by a slow, persistent fire of questions.

"There 's yo' man," he remarked at length, not without eagerness. Miss Gordon was not proving as entertaining as she might have been, and he welcomed the prospect of a conversational recruit. The person in question was coming up the road which ran between them and the river, and he had not seen them.

Miss Gordon went on writing.

"You must n't call him my man, Thomas Jefferson," she said. "Call him Mr. Carrington. I have n't any man."

Thomas Jefferson paid scant heed to her remonstrance.

"Here 's Mees Gordon," he called out, emerging from behind the two or three small, obscuring trees.

"Miss Gordon's man"—what other convenient designation was there for him? He was no longer the red-faced man, and his name had not happened to lodge in

Thomas Jefferson's memory. "Miss Gordon's man" stopped, smiled, and came up to where they were, as Thomas Jefferson had expected he would.

"I am afraid you are troubling Miss Gordon, Thomas Jefferson," he said. He was leaning against a tree, fanning himself with his straw hat, and she had stopped writing.

"Why?" Thomas Jefferson said.

"She is busy."

"No; I am through now."

"What she busy 'bout?" Thomas Jefferson demanded. But Mr. Carrington was not attending.

"Then may I stay, too?" he asked.

"What she busy 'bout?"

"Why, of course," she answered; and he sat down on a mossy rock.

"What she busy 'bout?"

"The same thing, Thomas Jefferson," she said: "Writing to tell people what a nice place this is."

"I goin' to know how to write letters," he said; "and I goin' to write a whole heap o' great l-o-o-o-oong letters—mo' 'n a mile long; an' I ain' goin' to write *you* any."

"Poor me!" she said. "But if you are going to find it as hard as I do to scrape together anything to say, I shall have to excuse you."

"I did n't know you wrote those letters, I will read them hereafter," said Mr. Carrington.

"Oh, please, please don't! They are unutterably stupid and poor and horrid—just lame attempts to chronicle the conventional summer resort small beer in the conventional way."

"Might n't it be easier to be unconventional?"

"Oh, if I might be unconventional! But they do want so much to have the usual things written about the place."

"I wonder," he said, after a little while, "if it would n't do as well to blazon abroad its true glory. It is a real fisherman's paradise. If it would—"

"Oh, the heart of our good host is wholly set on a reputation for fashion and frivolity," she said. "But my imagination aches."

"Well, mine is suffering for exercise," he answered. "Let me write your next letter. I have a stock of genuine and healthy enthusiasm for the place which I should like to work off in print. I mean

it, really; it is n't a joke." I really want to try my hand, and see what I can make of a summer-resort letter—of the good, sound old-established kind. It should n't disgrace you."

"You are very kind," she said,—*"that is really a magnificently magnanimous offer,—but of course you could n't."*

"No doubt my presumption is properly rebuked; but perhaps, after all, you don't know what I could do—for you."

"I am afraid, with the best intentions in the world," she said, "you could n't transform yourself into a society correspondent. But I thank you for your intentions."

"I am afraid that statement is open to doubt."

"I don't see—oh, you know a society correspondent's statement can't always be taken for strictly sterling. Thomas Jefferson, what are you killing those poor little ants for? You ought n't to do that."

"They are mean old ants, an' I *am* goin' to kill 'em."

"I can testify that there is one society correspondent at least who is inflexibly sincere and the utter foe of flattering illusions."

"But you have n't read my letters," she said. "If you had, I should be quite mortified at such a reflection upon my professional character."

"I did n't know they were yours," he reminded her.

"And now that you do, you are not to read them if you—"

"Love me," he finished for her as she stopped. "I wish you had chosen a less binding adjuration."

"I really don't want you to read them," she said; "and yet in a way they reflect credit upon me. I don't think anybody would suspect for a moment that our most dazzling function is a Virginia reel, with Thomas Jefferson asleep in the middle of the floor, and our wildest excitement the dragging of Thomas Jefferson twice a day from under the wheels of the cars."

"I goin' to have a great long train o' cars," Thomas Jefferson put in, "an' a' engine with a whole lot o' smoke comin' out o' it. An' I ain' goin' to let *you* ride, an' I ain' goin' to let *you* ride. I ain' goin' to let nobody ride but me."

"What makes you follow Miss Gordon around if you don't love her, Thomas Jefferson?" the gentleman said.

"What makes *you* follow Miss Gordon around if you don't love her?"

"Hush, Thomas Jefferson!"

"Ah, but I do," he answered, "and she knows I do; but she does n't want me to say so. Ask her if that is n't so, Thomas Jefferson."

"Mees Gordon, yo' man says—"

"This is Mr. Carrington, Thomas Jefferson," she said. "Why can't you learn his name? And now I must go and copy this precious production, and send it off."

"WHERE you goin'?" Thomas Jefferson inquired. He had followed Miss Gordon's man to the brink of the river. For convenient distinction, he was still Miss Gordon's man to Thomas Jefferson, though, as a matter of fact, the appositeness of the designation was decreasingly apparent.

"Where you goin'?" Thomas Jefferson said.

"I 'm going out to those rocks in the middle of the river."

"I goin' ev'ywhere you goin'."

"But you can't, little fellow. You will get drowned if you try to follow me. I will have to take great long steps from one rock to another, and your little legs are too short."

"Ev'ywhere you goin', I goin'."

"But you can't."

"Yaas, I ken—if you tote me."

"But I 'm not going to tote you, that 's one thing certain. Look here, Thomas Jefferson, don't you see I 've got to hold my minnow bucket in one hand and my fishing-rod in the other? Run home like a good little boy. I will stand here and watch you."

"You could let me ride on yo' back."

"But I don't want you to ride on my back."

"Why don't you want me to ride on yo' back?"

"Because that is n't what my back is for. Run on to the house, and I 'll catch you a great big live fish."

"I don't want a gread big live feesh. I want a gread big live rattlesnake—an' I 'll make him bite *you*. An' I goin' to make the blin' tiger get you—an'—an'—"

Miss Gordon's man laughed.

"The blind tiger? Have you ever seen the blind tiger, Thomas Jefferson?"

"Naw, but I seen the little house he

lives in up the creek; an'—an'—he sha'n't get *me*. 'I goin' to get a gread big gun, an'—an'—shoot him in his eye—an'—an'—knock his teef out, an'—an'—I goin' to make him eat *you* up, an'—an'—I goin' to tell Mees Gordon on you. Mees Gordon, Mees Gordon!"

He had just at that moment descried her passing on the road above to her favorite writing-place on the little hill. In his enjoyment of her surprise, he forgot his original intention.

"Mees Gordon," he called, "*here 's me an' yo' man!*"

"Hush, Thomas Jefferson!" the gentleman said in a low tone. Then he and Miss Gordon said something about the beautiful morning, and she seemed to be about to go on. But Thomas Jefferson had remembered his grievance.

"Mees Gordon," he said, "*can't I ride on yo' man's back?*"

They both laughed, and they both turned rather red. It struck Thomas Jefferson as curious.

"Certainly, Thomas Jefferson," she said—"when you find him."

"I done found him," he said; "an'—an'—an' he des as mean as he can be. An'—an'—Mees Gordon, *make* him tote me on his back over to the rocks 'way out there, an' lemme ketch a gread big feesh an' a whole lot o' little feeshes."

"Why don't *you* make him?"

"I *am* makin' him; but he won't do it. An' he 's a mean old man. An' I goin' to grow an' grow an' grow, an' get tall 'n a house, an' I ain' goin' to let *his* little boys ride on *my* back."

"Young man," he said, "you don't seem to be aware that the Constitution prohibits cruel and unusual punishments."

"Huh?"

"Oh, nothing. How would you like to get in that boat right there, and let me row you 'way, 'way down the river?"

"I 'd like it."

"Well, I will—if you can get Miss Gordon to go, too."

"But he can't, thank you," she said.

"I would n't countenance such an imposition for the world. Come on, Thomas Jefferson; let me show you where there are lots of minnows in a lovely little pool right under a nice shady tree. You can catch them, and give them to Mr. Car-

rington to fish with; and he will love you dearly, and want you to go with him everywhere he goes."

"Are you goin' to ketch him some minnows?"

"I'm going to let you catch him some."

"Why don't you ketch him some minnows?"

"Oh, he does n't want so many. He has some in that bucket already; and with what you catch him—"

"She does n't want to do anything to make me like her, Thomas Jefferson," he said; "and she does n't want to go where I go."

"Why don't she want to go where you go?"

"Because she does n't like me enough."

"Because she does n't want to spoil sport, Thomas Jefferson," she said; "and neither must you. Come on now, and let Mr. Carrington go on with his fishing."

The man deliberately emptied his minnow bucket into the river.

"There are better things in life than fishing," he said—"and I have n't any bait now—not even the promise of a minnow from Thomas Jefferson. Won't you come, really?"

"I am not sure that it is altogether safe to trust myself to your care in so reckless a mood," she said. "To think of your wasting all those valuable minnows after the patience and diplomacy it required to get them caught for you! I feel like a heathen goddess."

"Not an obdurate one, I hope."

"Oh, no; one quite overcome by the sacrifice of her—her—"

"Worshiper," he suggested.

She did not seem to hear.

"Are you going to be good, Thomas Jefferson," she said, "if Mr. Carrington takes us out in the boat?"

"Naw," he said promptly; "I'm goin' to be bad."

"Oh, well, come along. I ought n't to have asked such a silly question."

"How beautiful, how beautiful it all is!" she said, as they were moving on over the clear green water. "Have I ever said anything against this place? I take it all back. It is enchanting. Sit down, Thomas Jefferson."

"I ain' goin' to set down."

"Only Thomas Jefferson is vile," he murmured.

"You must, Thomas Jefferson," she said. "I don't want to have you drowned before my very eyes."

"Why don't you want to have me drowned before yo' very eyes?"

"I have n't any really solid and substantial reason; but somehow I don't. Please, please, sit down like the dear, sweet, good little boy you—are n't."

"I don't want to set down. I want to stan' up."

"But you want to see what I have in this little book," the man said; "and you can't do that unless you sit down."

"Why can't I do that unless I set down?"

"Because you can't, and that 's the end of it. I will wait for you just one minute, and then I will put it back in my pocket. Well, lying down will do, but don't put your feet on Miss Gordon's dress. See, this little book is full of beautiful flies."

"They *ain't* flies."

"They don't pretend to be the kind about which you are so competent to speak with authority, Thomas Jefferson," he said. "These are the flies that you catch fish with."

"I want to ketch some feeshes with 'em right now."

"Oh, no; this is n't the time for catching fish. This is the time for looking at the beautiful river and the beautiful mountains, and—everything beautiful, and just being happy."

"I want to feesh."

"Why do you want to catch the nice little fishes that are having a good time down there in the water and not doing anything to you?"

"*You* ketch feeshes."

"Astute Thomas Jefferson!" she laughed.

"I am not practising on his innocence. Just now it seems incredible that anybody should be willing to hurt anything."

"*You* ketch feeshes," Thomas Jefferson was saying. "An' they *ain't* nice little feeshes. They are mean old feeshes. An' I goin' to ketch 'em, an'—an' beat 'em with a stick; an'—an'—you *got* to fix me a funny hook with feathers on it, on a long string, an' a pole with a little wheel what will turn round—"

"Perhaps there might be room for you and such an equipment on an

ocean steamer, Thomas Jefferson," he said, "but there certainly is n't in this boat."

"Huh?"

"You can't fish now. Just sit still and be a good boy."

"I don't want to set still an' be a good boy. I want to feesh. Mees Gordon, make him lemme feesh."

"I can't make Mr. Carrington do anything, Thomas Jefferson," she said. "He is an independent citizen."

"Huh?"

"He does n't belong to me."

"Why don't he belong to you?"

"A pertinent question, Thomas Jefferson!" he said.

"Why don't he belong to you?"

"Why does n't he belong to you?" said Mr. Carrington.

"Oh, because—I—he—because he does n't!"

"Because she does n't want me, Thomas Jefferson," interpolated Mr. Carrington.

"Why don't she want you?"

"Because I 'm not worth having, I suppose. You 'd better ask her."

"Why don't you want him?"

"Why don't you want him?" echoed the man.

"Why don't you want him?" repeated the boy.

"Thomas Jefferson, you ask too many questions."

"Why don't you want him?"

"Never mind, Thomas Jefferson," he said; "we must n't worry Miss Gordon."

"Why don't you want him?"

"Oh, because—because I don't seem to want anything, Thomas Jefferson," she said. "Though I don't know why I

should n't want—everything. But starving people, they say, are not always hungry. And yet—to-day—"

"I got a piece o' bread with 'lasses on it in this pocket," Thomas Jefferson said, "an' I got a piece o' bread with 'lasses on it in *this* pocket; an' I ain' goin' to give *you* any."

"You are different from me, Thomas Jefferson," he said. "I only wish I might give her—everything."

"Well, then—"

Neither the remark nor the answer struck Thomas Jefferson as interesting.

"I want to feesh," he said.

"I want to feesh."

"I want to feesh."

"I want to feesh."

"I want to feesh."

"I wan'—I wan'—I—"

It was dawning upon Thomas Jefferson that there was something unusual in the air, and he lapsed for a moment into staring silence.

"Mees Gordon," he broke out, "he is your man."

And Miss Gordon did a very strange thing: she put her arm around Thomas Jefferson's neck and kissed him.

WHEN they both went away a few days later, Thomas Jefferson, standing in front of the hotel guests, received their adieus with manful indifference. But all at once, looking up at her at the open car-window, he melted into emotion.

"Good-by, Mees Gordon!" he shouted fervently. "Come again, and bring yo' man, and bring all yo' little boys, an'—an'—an'—an' lemme fight 'em!"

Then the train moved on.



WORKING-MEN'S GARDENS IN FRANCE

BY WILLIAM H. TOLMAN

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

"THE great value of my little garden to me has not been the fine vegetables it has yielded all summer, and the good time the children have had in the open air, but the glasses of beer and absinthe my husband has n't taken," observed the mother of a French working-man's rather numerous family to an investigator last autumn.

"Quite right, mother," echoed a man near-by; "you will never know the evil we men don't do while we are busy in our little gardens."

This conversation took place in France, on one of the working-men's gardens, a movement for self-help which is growing each year. A similar movement was started in Detroit in 1894, under the name of the Potato Patch Farms; later carried out successfully in New York and other cities in the Vacant Lot Farms, while to-day Philadelphia is beginning her eighth year of successful effort.

Mme. Hervieu, a charitable woman in Sedan, tired of aiding the poor by gifts of money, attempted to rouse them to self-help by an offer of doubling any sum of money which they should deposit in the local savings-bank. She rented a small tract of land, and said to the poor people, "Now, go to work."

They did, and, as they worked, the taste for it grew; they kept steadily at it, especially as they knew that the fruits of their labor would belong to them, that the vegetables they raised could be taken to their homes or sold.

Such was the humble beginning, in 1889, of a little movement, but one so simple and practical that it grew until, last October, in Paris, there was held a Congress of Working-men's Gardens, attended by

700 delegates, under the presidency of M. Aynard of France. The organizer of the congress was M. l'Abbé Lemire, and the secretary, M. Louis Rivière, a collaborator of the American Institute of Social Service.

WHAT ONE MAN DID

IN St. Etienne, at the College of St. Michel, there lived a Jesuit well known among the poor of the community, thirty-five years of age, simple-minded, generous, and loyally devoted to his poor. Father Volpette, in the opinion of his colleagues, was the last man in the world to stray out of the beaten paths, to attempt a new idea calling for personal initiative. But Father Volpette realized that the \$500 a year which he could spend in charity among the poor in St. Etienne did not go very far toward alleviating the misery and poverty which were so insistent. He heard of the Working-men's Gardens, the knowledge of which came to him like a ray of light in a dark place.

In 1894 he rented two lots, dividing them into little gardens; the owner of a stone quarry gave him a third, making in all about twelve acres, which he rented for \$70. He divided this among 98 families, comprising 608 persons. Fencing, tools; seeds, fertilizers, water, and incidentals brought the total cost up to \$700, representing money aid to each family of about \$7. In spite of a very dry summer, the yield of potatoes and vegetables amounted to \$1200, or \$12 a family. In reality it was more, as the initial cost of the gardens was heavy for the first year and represented assets that could be carried forward each season.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE HOMELESS ARTISAN AND THE HAPPY ONE



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE HOME-MAKER AND HIS FAMILY

In 1895 and 1896 three new tracts were added to his other holdings. The expenses were \$406, with sales from the crops amounting to \$2085, while it was estimated that each family had consumed \$20 worth of vegetables. In 1896 and 1897 more fields were added, the harvest yielding \$3600 for that season.

Filled with joy at the success of the gardens, Father Volpette rented an entire farm of about fourteen acres, accepted gifts of others for the season, rented more small tracts, thus aiding 375 families in all. He did not stop there, but made it possible for the occupiers of the gardens to build dwellings. He started a brick yard and a rural bank. Last year he had 600 little gardens.

In the autumn of 1903 there were 6453 gardens in 294 groups, comprising 665 acres. Based on the statistics, 46,144 persons had been reached by these self-help workshops.

A movement like this of the working-men's gardens, which is now organized in at least 134 cities of France and directed by the foremost men and women, is deserving of earnest consideration. First, it will be necessary to examine details of organization, the conditions under which the workman may obtain a little garden, and its tenure.

TENURE

I FIND that, among the 134 groups, there are varying kinds of tenure, but those of St. Etienne have often been copied. They are very simple, the cultivator pledging himself to work faithfully, not to labor on Sunday or on the stated fête days, not to sublet his plot without express permission, and to do nothing that will bring ill-repute on the movement.

It is not enough to say to the cultivators, "Here is the land; you do the rest," for they lack initiative. They frequently have no knowledge of the use of tools, the proper preparation of the ground, or the times and seasons for planting. In several instances it was found that the free use of the gardens was unwise, so a small rental was charged, thus developing greater interest at once. At Rheims the cultivator who pays his rental becomes a kind of shareholder.

In general, the cultivation of small

vegetables in preference to potatoes and cabbages is encouraged, with an attempt to forestall the cultivation for a commercial object. At Fourmies, if more than one quarter of the plot is cultivated in potatoes, the farmer loses one point in the annual contest. In assigning the gardens, preference is given the fathers of large families. Where there are four children at least, an extra amount of land is given; at Amiens, a deduction in the rental is made where the children exceed seven; and at Rheims a family of thirteen children received the largest garden.

RENTALS

THE conditions of rental are a varying quantity, depending on the nearness of the tracts to the city and on other facts determining its value. The average rental for the working-man is \$2.50 for a plot of 478 square yards. Many of the committees have rented the lots for from nine to twelve years, thus having time to secure the capital necessary for the purchase of the land, which, in turn, can be sold to the little cultivators, who then can begin the construction of a little home on their own land.

To the rental of the land must be added expense of a water-supply, enclosing the tract with fences, and making the divisional lines between the plots. Frequently the city water-supply can be used; one committee sank an artesian well. Other concessions are made in the shape of manure from stables and other fertilizers; seed is often given, and, in one instance, a carpenter gave his services in building a gateway for the gardens.

SUPERINTENDENCE

IF any person organizes a series of gardens, the control is vested in him; in charitable societies a committee guides the work. The ideal control is direction by the farmers themselves. In the case of Father Volpette, at St. Etienne, the cultivators chose a council on the basis of one member to each group of five families; this special council decides on the expenses, fixes the rules and regulations for admission, and is the permanent committee. The work, as a whole, is regulated by the general council, composed of



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A WORKING-MAN'S HOME FESTIVAL IN FRANCE

representatives. At Beaune, the committee consists of the first four prize-winners and their wives; at Versailles, an outside committee designates one of its members to visit each week the gardens, and to confer with the cultivators on the spot, thus tending to the greatest contentment; while at Moulins, an instructor from the free school has a garden which serves as a working model for purposes of practical teaching. Experience shows that one man can superintend thirty gardens. The qualifications are common sense and tact, by means of which the sympathy of the working-man must be won over; for it is a mistake to suppose that the use of a little garden for the summer implies the surrender of one's personality.

Every group has a visiting committee, which is largely made up of women, who can render a large social service to their less favored sisters; in fact, they thus recognize the opening up of a new career of usefulness.

HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL KNOWLEDGE

THE material results of the gardens vary according to the nature of the soil and the knowledge of the individual cultivator, the nearness to the city, and the season. Based on the returns from all the gardens, the average yield has been from \$9 to \$25 for a plot of $\frac{1}{11}$ th of an acre. In general, the value of the product is from four to ten times the expense of the gardens. Apart from the money return, the horticultural knowledge is a most valuable asset. The inspector of one group has laid out the work on the basis of a rotation of crops every three years; at Carcassonne an horticultural expert visits each garden three times a month, giving individual hints and advice. On the basis of what he has found he prepares a summarized digest of the work, which is given to each cultivator.

The Horticultural Society at Rheims has a model garden, as an object lesson, with placards changed each month, so that the cultivators may know just what to do; in addition, one of the teaching staff of the society visits the gardens on the last day of the month for personal explanation and teaching. Many of the groups furnish courses of instruction; at

Tours the planting of fruit-trees and small fruits increases the revenue from the other crops, while the enclosures of the plots at Châteauroux have served as arbors for grape-vines. Bee-hives, chicken-coops, rabbit-hutches, and even pig-pens show the possibilities of the work.

"The finest flower is a beautiful vegetable," said one of the cultivators at Tours. But the women are not so material and prosaic, for we see that they set aside a little corner for the cultivation of the "inutilities," which, however, rejoice the eyes and delight the soul; but even here the practical asserts itself, for often these flowers belong to the simples which occupy a cherished place in the household pharmacopœia. M. l'Abbé Labeau always reserves a little place for the traditional flowers of Flanders, thus keeping alive a spirit of patriotism.

As the farm work goes on, better acquaintance results, until the germ of co-operation appears: for the produce of seeds, one group makes a levy of 15 cents on each person; at Tours the committee has proposed the wholesale purchase of potatoes, as well as of seed. The annual contests, with prizes, promote interest. In 1900, at Beauvais, 100 prizes were awarded; 114 in 1902; and 169 in 1903. The prizes are in money or garden tools, seed, etc., though at Beauvais the prize takes the form of a pass-book in which is inscribed a credit in the National Funds for Savings.

These material results of self-help through an earning capacity, of an awakened and stimulated agricultural knowledge and skill of the by-products of the farm, and of practical coöperation, fully justify the efforts of those who are in charge of the 139 groups. But to my mind the indirect results are what will continue in an increasing ratio, strengthening the moral fiber of the parents, and thus the children, so that society at large becomes stronger and purer by means of the reabsorption of these individuals who have renewed their civic and domestic virtue through contact with the soil.

"The best way that I can show my appreciation for what the gardens have done for me," said a working-man of Rheims, "is to help any one else who is in need, according to the resources which I have at

that time." Frequently the plots of those who were taken sick were cultivated by their neighbors. A blind man applied to the group at Puy, but they hesitated to give him a garden. "We will help him," said the neighbors. For three years the blind man had a garden, which was one of the best.

DESIRE FOR ONE'S OWN HOME

WORKING on the soil tends to a desire for a permanent settlement, for home-building. A gardener in Amiens, a mason by trade, bought a little piece of ground and the materials by means of those "little economies" so dear to the French, and built a home. Three houses have been built at Brive on ground which is being paid for in instalments. Father Volpette, at St. Etienne, has helped forward the construction of forty-five houses. Communal houses, or, rather, social centers, are appearing. M. Vellot has built one at Grenoble, containing a room for storing the tools, a dining-room, and a lecture-hall. Every two weeks one of the professors from the university gives a practical talk on the care of children, hygiene, alcoholism, and tuberculosis. "I am compelled," said the organizer of this group, "to make a kind of popular institute out of this building, because, after helping the people to get their daily bread through work on the soil, I feel that I must also help them to get intellectual food."

A group of the cultivators at Nîmes have built a temperance villa, equipped with a library, a lecture-room, and a gymnasium.

SALOON SUBSTITUTE

As a saloon substitute, the working-men's gardens are in the front rank. "On my little plot," said a father of four children, "I have paid for my rent twice; once with the crop I have raised, and a second time with what I have saved in not going to the saloon."

The garden is a kind of safety-valve, where the man can work off his extra steam. If by chance he lives in one room, he can go to his little plot instead of seeking the distraction which he finds in the saloon. The rapid growth of tuberculo-

sis, a city disease, is made easier by the unhealthy homes where so often the working-man must live; in the open air he can overcome that dread disease, if its ravages have not gone too far.

COMMUNAL NEEDS MET

UNDER the skilful guidance of Father Volpette, a dispensary, a bureau of legal advice, and a labor-bureau are in successful operation. Not content with these foundations, he has so extended the original plan that to-day forty-five houses, varying in price from \$400 to \$3000, have been built by those to whom a little garden was given because they were so poor that they had lost all hope of doing anything alone. The committee in charge of the farms builds the house according to a plan drawn by its architect and accepted by the cultivator; the Fund for Savings pays for the land and the building of the house. These expenses are paid off in from ten to twenty-five annual payments, which include interest and life insurance. The working-man may prefer to build his own house, but he has no bricks or money. Foreseeing this contingency, Father Volpette has opened a brick-yard with a capacity of 5000 bricks a day, made by fifteen workmen who happen to be unemployed.

A rural savings-bank on the Raiffeisen-Durand system advances two thirds of the cost, if the workman can put up the other third. Regular payments are made against this advance, which has been secured by a mortgage on the house. A rural-savings fund and a coöperative society started in the gardens at Rheims now include the entire workingmen's quarter of the city, but they are distinct from the gardens. At Orleans, a society for building low-priced dwellings has been added to the garden group. Seven homes have been built.

EXTENSION OF THE IDEA

IN these days of rapid communication, when the cities of the world are fairly elbowing each other, a practical effort finds ready imitators, who may profit by the failures no less than by the successes.

The French industrialists are beginning to make special provisions for little

gardens in connection with the working-men's dwellings. Notably is this the case with MM. Didot at Mesnil, Menier at Noisel, Bouillon at Lariyère, and by the companies of Mulhouse, Guebwiller, Niederbronn, the mines of Anzin, Lens, and Creusot. Concessions of gardens without houses have just been granted by MM. Mulat et LeGrand at Fourmies, and by Poullot at Rheims. At some of the factories, the company organizes visits to the gardens by the directors, who can thus see for themselves what their men are doing, and then award prizes based on their own observations. At the mines of Lens it has been found that the miners took great delight in working in their gardens, using their free time in this way. Their agricultural ignorance of the right time to plant and the best selections of crops have proved such a heavy handicap that it is now purposed to start a series of practical talks and lectures on these matters.

In almost every country, a little vegetable patch appears alongside the stations, freight-houses, and the track. These little gardens have been given to the agents, the trainmen, and other laborers. Within the last few years, the concession of these little gardens to the railway men has made rapid strides. For example, the Northern Railway (Nord) has gardens of from 358 to 598 square yards each for 3000 of its men; the Eastern (l'Est) places gardens at the use of 2800 of its trainmen and 820 station-agents; on the Southern (Midi) some 2600 shelters are built, each having attached a little plot of 598 square yards, while 650 station-agents and clerks have allotments of from 717 to 837 square yards each. Altogether, this one line sets aside 448 acres. The Orleans Railway not only provides 6062 of its staff with little gardens, but contributes to this movement at Tours, where 30 gardens are placed at the disposal of the families of the men employed in the stations.

GARDENS OF THE ADMINISTRATION

THE custom-house officials at Havre cultivate 50 gardens, which are given to them, based on length of service and merit. The same general facts are true of Dunkirk. In fact, Dr. Langry has

made a special study of what may be called "Gardens of the Administration." The Administration in some parts of France bestows the use of the little gardens on the gendarmes and the keepers along the canals. It would seem unfair to omit the soldiers, so we find that in some of the garrisons agricultural conferences have been organized, so that the soldiers may know something of the art of sustaining life instead of studying all the time the art of taking it. Captain Hardy of the 120th Regiment organized a military garden at Peronne, which is considered a model of its kind. These gardens are very common in the garrisons of Algiers and Tunis. The 4th Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, in the latter city, have added a pleasure-garden to their kitchen garden. The standard of utilities is always rising, because each new commandant wishes to add something to what his predecessor has established.

SCHOOL GARDENS

Of course there are school gardens, where the little ones may learn the simple principles of agriculture and floriculture. Twenty-two little gardens for apprentices and forty for school children are set aside at Douai. M. Giot has three series of gardens, one in connection with the school, and two others in the working-men's plots, where he works with his pupils, for the sake of showing them by example as well as by precept. In addition to all this, he has a model farm on marshy land, in order that he may demonstrate to that neighborhood what it is possible to extract from land of little value, by means of chemical fertilizers. Here and there a church garden is appearing, thus enabling the priest to raise his own food-stuffs, while helping the peasants, the artisans, and other working-men of his parish to supplement their earnings, to say nothing of the greater hold he obtains over his parishioners, due to his practical interest in their welfare.

The working-men find the gardens of great advantage in the case of non-employment. An example is cited of one industrialist who placed several acres at the disposal of his workmen during a period of depression. Along the seaports, the little gardens are being taken up by the fisher-

men, who frequently spend more than half the week on the land. If this new movement had become established in Brittany, the suffering caused by the failure of the sardine-fisheries would have been greatly alleviated. In any event, it will always be possible for the women to cultivate a little corner of ground,

while their men folk are on their fishing trips.

The congress of those interested in the plan of the working-men's gardens, held in Paris toward the end of 1903, aroused so much enthusiasm that it was decided to hold an international conference at Paris in 1905.



THE OLD HOUSE DREAMS

BY EMMA BELL MILES

RINGED with my crumbling fences, gaunt, forsaken,
 Far from the busy ways,
 Wrapped in a tangled web of briars and braken,
 I dream away the days.
 Stripped to the sunlight, bare from sill to rafter,
 Only a shell I seem,
 Home but for lizards, void of song or laughter;
 And yet I hold my dream.

Where are my darlings who were born and played here?
 Alas! they all are flown!
 Age had not claimed me if but one had stayed here—
 I had held fast my own.
 You bonny lads, you daughters sweet and comely,
 Led by your dreams to roam,
 Ye give no thought now to the rambling, homely,
 Dun house ye once called home.

Yet when between the sodden, broken timbers
 Drips the moon's radiance thin,
 My little dream-child wanders through the chambers,
 Playing awhile unseen.
 A while I yet may feel his light feet leaving
 Soft impress on my stair,
 Deep in the night's heart I may hear his breathing,
 And know that he is there.

Till the great chimney, naked to the weather,
 Alone points to the sky,
 We shall go down these last long years together,
 The little child and I.
 Of all my loves the passing years bereft me,
 Sundered them from my side,
 This one alone I keep,—the babe that 's left me,—
 The little boy that died.



WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE sadly thumbed copy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" that I studied in childhood I still possess, saved,—who knows by what magic?—from that limbo into which so much of childhood's stuff disappears. Its title-page is gorgeous with an arabesque of interwoven vignettes illustrating the tales that follow, done, it is true, by some Englishman of the early Victorian period, and leaving, therefore, something to be desired as to correctness of local color, but convincing, nevertheless. One picture in particular stood, and still stands, in my eyes as the very embodiment of the spirit and scene of the tales. In vivid sunlight gorgeously habited people are sauntering idly over paved walks, shadow-flecked by great trees, while behind them rises a vast horse-shoe-arched gateway within which the outer day is changed, instantly and without warning, into moonlit night, a thin but preternaturally large crescent dimly illuminating a fairyland of mysterious black shadows and plashing fountains, where djinns and peris, though invisible, must certainly be present.

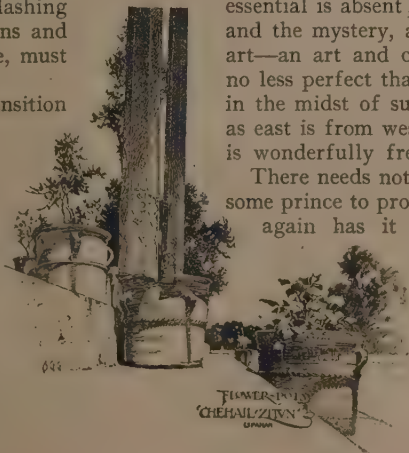
If so sudden a transition from day to night seems over-magical, believe me, it is no more so than that which occurs, when, after riding for many weary hours over the moistureless stones and sand of the desert, one comes to a small rectangle of green, surrounded by high mud walls, the whole

a space of not more than a few hundred feet in each direction, perhaps, set in the pitiless glare of unbroken leagues of sand, whereon the little lizards cast violet shadows as distinct as themselves; knocks with one's quirt on the ramshackle, low, and utterly unassuming door; and after a moment finds oneself in a veritable paradise, wherein great cypresses and plane-trees cast their motionless shadows over cool walks, paved with ancient marble, gorgeous intricacies of colored tile, and square tanks of silent but invariably crystal-clear water.

To be sure, no "cypress-slender minister of wine" comes bringing that wherewith to quench one's thirst,—at least not if one happens to be a "faranghee" dog like myself;—nor, to tell the truth, is the wine she does n't bring, but which may once in a great while, and for a price, be obtained,—the far-famed wine of Shiraz,—one half as precious as the tea that is everywhere immediately yours for the asking. No; much that we of the West have learned to look upon as essential is absent; but the poetry is here, and the mystery, and, above all else, the art—an art and craft of garden-making no less perfect than that of Italy, but set in the midst of surroundings as different as east is from west. Such an experience is wonderfully frequent.

There needs not the private Xanadu of some prince to produce it. Over and over again has it come to me at little

rest-houses (*Chaparkhanehs*),—even at such a poor little place as Takht-i-Bahram, where the garden is a trifle ruinous, it is true, but from the terrace of which one may



gaze over miles of shimmering desert and the spectral waters of the great salt lake from the shores of which rise, like an unsubstantial mirage, the gleaming, golden walls, domes, and minarets of the holy but inhospitable city of Kum. It is a view that much more than compensates the traveler for a little shabbiness as to his immediate surroundings.

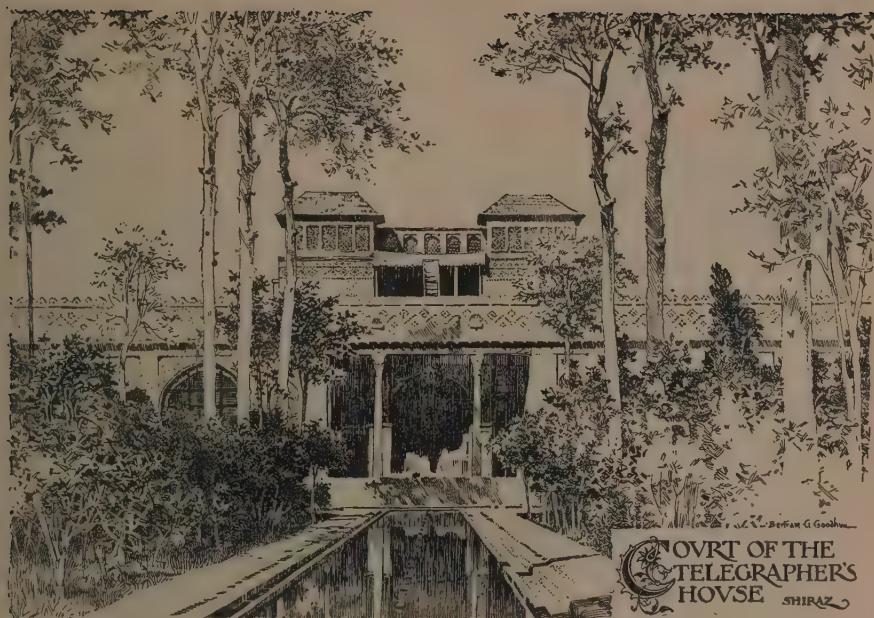
My traveling companion and I had seen many of the most famous gardens of Italy on our way to Persia so that we

sparkle and makes musical every leafy alley. Nothing like that is to be found anywhere in Persia except possibly in the Shimran, the summer suburb of the modern capital of Teheran. In Italy the pools are deep, dark, and full of mysterious movement; in Persia they are shallow, lucent, and motionless; but by an exquisite, if artificial, device, the difference is charmingly accentuated. No pool can be much more than eighteen inches in depth, but each is lined with



were enabled to make a very close comparison between the horticultural art of the Renaissance and the Persian art while our memory was fresh. The best work in both lands is virtually contemporaneous, the old garden at Kashan, if one may judge by its tile-work, being of about the period of the Villa Lante. Allowing for necessary differences of component features and setting, the esthetic impulse is also surprisingly like. The chief difference lies in the treatment of water, which, while almost too abundant in many an Italian garden, as in that of the royal villa of Caserta, in Persia is a rare and precious thing, to be carefully cherished and used, it may be, over and over again. At Tivoli and Frascati, the Anio, tumbling and rushing through its rocky gorges, fills every fountain with

tiles whose dull-glazed surface of pale, very slightly greenish-blue serves perfectly to suggest to the mind the presence of an unclouded sky. Such tanks are rarely fed by actual fountains, as we understand the term, the nearest approach being a small pyramidal structure rising only a foot or two above the surface of the water, almost invariably constructed in three stories, the lowest square, the next octagonal, and the top circular in plan, and resembling nothing so much as a squat rifle bullet. It is not an ungraceful form. At the apex a microscopic orifice emits a gurgling thread of water, which breaks immediately upon reaching outer air, only to fall noiselessly in a thin, glistening surface over the stone to the pool below, causing not even the tiniest ripple in its progress.

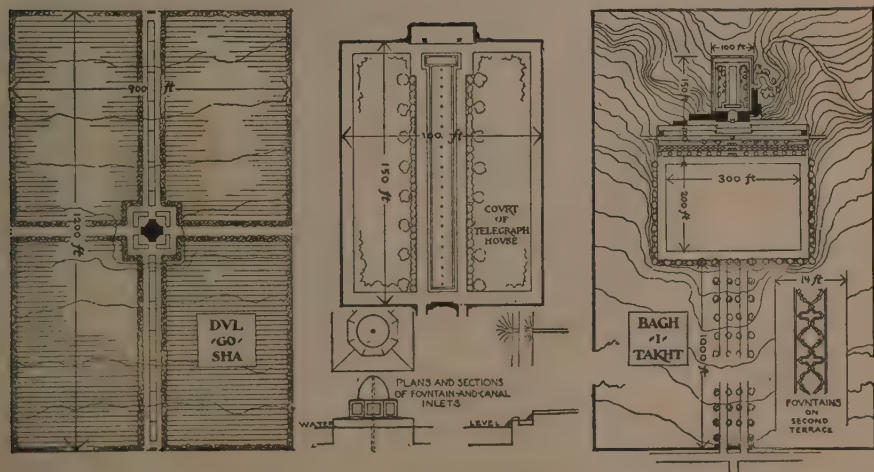


COVRT OF THE
TELEGRAPHERS
HOVSE SHIRAZ

The more usual form of inlet, however, is a very small channel sunk in the surface of the stone or tile of some pathway. Never greater than an inch or so either in width or in depth, these interfere in no way with the progress of the passer-by. Everything is formal, and almost everything is rectangular. Pools, walks, and terraces are far more restful

and satisfactory in effect than the tortured sinuosities of late Italian work.

The trees and flowers are strangely few in variety. The trees are mainly cypresses, which grow almost more wonderfully straight and tall than in Italy, since this is their original home; and *chenars*, or Oriental plane-trees. Usually pollarded these are thin, poplar-like,



THREE TYPICAL GARDEN PLANS FROM SHIRAZ

and beautiful after their own fashion, but scarcely to be matched against the lordly cypress. The flowers seemed in no way remarkable or unusual-looking even to us, and the roses were almost a disappointment, though it is only fair to

existence of many towns and gardens seem utterly miraculous, the desert actually blossoming like the rose. After a few days' observation from the saddle, however, this miracle was explained; for in crossing the desert we frequently no-



CENTRAL AVENUE OF CYPRESS
AND CHENARS 'AFIABAD' SHIRAZ

state that we were unfortunate in beginning our pilgrimage just as the native yellow roses—the true Persian roses—had ceased to bloom. I, being an architect, and therefore, I trust, something of an artist, was content with what I saw in the way of trees and flowers.

The scarcity of water has been everywhere met not only by such ingenuities in its display as I have described, but by even more surprising ones in its conduct over such great distances as to make the

ticed lines of little mounds of earth separated by intervals of a hundred feet or so, and learned that these marked the course of some *kanat*, or subterranean canal, often very many miles in length, each leading its stream from some cool mountain gorge, to make glad the little city at its end. These *kanats* are all ancient, none, so we are assured, being later in date than the "golden prime," not of the good Harunal-Rashid, but of the apparently even



GARDEN OF NAIB-I-SULTAN IN THE SHIMRAN



CHEHAIL-ZITUN, AT ISPAHAN

better Shah Abbas, who lived over two centuries ago.

Your modern Persian, though he is certainly possessed of many more good qualities than our newspaper correspondents, missionaries, and Burton himself would have us believe, can scarcely be said to have much energy or initiative in practical matters, and is content to rely upon, and patch up from time to time, the *kanats* bequeathed to him by his forefathers. Some places, of course, like the great cities, possess more unfailing sources of supply. Teheran has every need met by the melting snows of the neighboring Elbruz mountains; but little villages far out on the plains are too poor to be able to rely on anything but a form of the *sakkia*, or primitive bull-driven engine of the well so familiar to us all in Bible pictures. The *kanat*, however, remains the commonest, as it is certainly the most ingenious, method of providing water for town, village, or garden. On the other hand, and strangely enough in a land so thirsty, we found places where, by some unaccountable perversity, water enough to irrigate large tracts is literally

allowed to run to waste. At one village, a geyser-like spring gushes suddenly from the dry rocks above the town, for all the world as though Moses had touched the spot with his rod, only to fall back into a crystal-clear pool,—in which waving green cresses brought a sudden pang of nostalgia to me, bending toward them from my saddle,—and then seeps quietly back into the ground whence it came. At Shiraz, even the Ruknabad, stream beloved of poets from Saadi and Hafiz to Moore and Richard Le Gallienne, its duty done, of being chief among the many delights of the delightful city through which it courses, a few miles below the immediate suburbs grows more and more shallow, broadening at last until all its loveliness is lost, and it becomes merely a little salt lake, pitiful, worthless, even inimical to the very verdure it so lately fostered.

Persian gardens are, roughly speaking, of only three types, though these three are of course broken up into many subdivisions. The first is the invariably small and rigidly formal arrangement to be found in the courtyard of nearly every city house above a certain size. The

second, and most typically Persian type, is that of the Dulgosha at Shiraz,—the Chehail-Zitum at Ispahan and the Afiahad at Shiraz being more ambitious, but scarcely as successful, variants. Such an arrangement demands an almost level site of considerable extent, which is divided into four equal portions by two intersecting axial avenues, both tree-bordered and of a stately character, though one is somewhat the more important, being broader and slightly elevated, to accommodate the canal that courses through its center. At intervals in the masonry margin of this canal are small apertures, which are closed with clay. These are readily opened by the turn of a spade, permitting the escape of sufficient water to fill the trenches that run at right angles to the central canal, when they are again closed. What arrangement could be simpler, more efficacious, and, considering the stringent laws governing the use of water, more economical? Yet it can hardly be called artistic, being precisely the method in use in every pig-iron foundry in Pittsburg.

The artistic embellishment is as simple

as the rest, and as perfect, being no greater matter than the placing of a garden-house at the intersection of the two tree-lined avenues. As plain or as ornate as the owner's whim may direct or his purse permit, though usually simple structures, square or cruciform in plan and surmounted by a dome, these little buildings are almost invariably beautiful both within and without. That of the Dulgosha contains nothing but an octagonal pool in the floor immediately beneath the dome, with only a very slight amount of decoration on the inner walls and none at all on the outer. Four L-shaped tanks are arranged in moat-like fashion close to the wall on the outside. All, as you see, is as simple as may be, yet quite incapable of improvement. No engineer could devise a more efficient method of irrigation; no husbandman, however hard-headed, could suggest an arrangement permitting more space for cultivation, the only features that could possibly be called luxuries being the little garden-house, set four-square in the center, and the secondary transverse avenue. Even these may be of practical



AN OLD GARDEN AT KASHAN



use, the building for the storage of tools and the secondary avenue as a means of access for carts. Such is the Dulgosha, little more than a mere utilitarian orange orchard, and yet, for its loveliness, famed throughout the length and breadth of the land of Fars. Fancy what might be done if stupid, effete Persians, instead of bright, "hustling" Americans happened to make up the population of, say, Phoenix, Arizona!

The third and last type is more pretentious, and demands for its proper effectiveness not only a longer purse, but also a less easily found site—an acclivity considerably higher at one end than at the other

and preferably with a background of mountains. It is, in fact, the Persian parallel to such gardens as the Villa d'Este or Villa Mondragone, and fol-

lows them closely in essential arrangement; for upon the highest eminence stands the garden-house or casino, as a rule, much larger than those of the second type. In front of this is a wide space from which a series of terraces in no way resembling one another in anything but general dimensions leads to the level space below, where is often to be found a pool of considerable size. To this last type belongs the Kasr-Kajar, near Teheran, an estate of the reigning dynasty;



THE SEVEN TERRACES OF THE BAGH-I-TAKHT —SHIRAZ—



the garden of the Naib-i-Sultan, in the Shimran; and the Bagh-i-Takht, overlooking Shiraz. It was our good fortune to call the last our home for the greater part of our stay in Shiraz, a good fortune brought to pass by a little compounding with the venal verger. Bagh-i-Takht means the Garden of the Throne, and is actually crown property; nevertheless, it is in so ruinous a condition, and so rarely visited by the young prince-governor of the province, that the attendant in charge needed but little persuasion, in the shape of silver coin of the realm, to allow us to quarter ourselves in a couple of rooms in the less ruinous portion of the palace, while our servant disappeared with the horses into the purlieus of the city.

Situated on a spur of the mountains, which at this point are scarcely more than a mile from the bazaar, between the house and its background is a small walled court, shaded by century-old cypresses and plane-trees, and containing a few tile-lined tanks. Though its only means of access from the plain below is an extremely steep road, this is the forecourt, as we would say. The palace is in two parts, one quite frankly ruinous, the other in somewhat more liv-

able shape, thanks to some recent penurious attempts at restoration. The two portions, now quite distinct, were doubtless once connected by one of the high, three-bayed loggias that are a favorite feature in Persian houses, and which bear



THE GRAVE OF HAFIZ

many evidences, like the capitals of the columns, of being a survival from the Persepolitan period. Through the midst now runs a small water-course that breaks in a sort of rigidly confined and box-like cascade over the highest terrace, appearing and reappearing in various fashions on most of the seven terraces that lead to the great lake-like pool at the base of the eminence. These terraces, though equal in height and width, differ widely both in design and sentiment. One is no more than a long row of twenty-eight fountains, real jets this time, each falling into its own little arabesque basin, connected with those on each side by a channel in the coping scarcely larger in section than a lead-pencil. Another is only a rather elaborate arrangement of staircase, with one central jet; another contains no architectural feature whatever, only the glory of one magnificent rose-bush. The pool at the bottom of this flight of terraces is about two by three hundred feet in area,—too large to possess the customary lining of blue tile,—and is surrounded by what was once a row of majestic cypresses, of which only a few hoary members are left. From this

point a double avenue leads across a level space a thousand feet or more to the gate-house. Yet the carefully calculated focus of the whole design is not this gate-house, but, crowning perfection of all, the greenish-golden dome of the principal mosque, far away in the heart of the city.

This description is, after all, only a bare catalogue of various features, and without a hint of the manifold charms of the place. For the Bagh-i-Takht is one of the great gardens of the world. Its decay only heightens its resemblance to the Villa d'Este, and the same mournful atmosphere seems to pervade both. It was pleasant to lie on the upper terrace in the evening and listen to the nightingales while we pondered the past of the storied city spread out before us; pleasant indeed, but mysteriously saddening as well, to watch the great "honey-coloured-moon" rise suddenly through the warm haze of the desert, casting a deeper gloom beneath the groves where Hafiz and Saadi sleep, tipping with silver light each dome and minaret of the ancient city, its full splendor at last reflected in the quiet mirror at our feet.



FLOWER-DEATH

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THE flowers—how many years I've seen them die!
 Their little hour of splendor being done,
 They fold their listless petals from the sun,
 And breathe into the air their passing sigh.
 Dear were they ever,—when, beneath the eye
 Of Morning, their sweet service was begun;
 And, when their hour of beauty was outrun,
 Dear were they, in their mystic passing-by.
 Dear yet; but now, a subtle pain has won
 A path into my heart—ah, tell me why?
 Is it because, as human seasons fly,
 Their lovely peers, that in life's garden shone,
 Have bent their looks forever from the sky? . . .
 The flowers—how many years I've seen them die!

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

XXIII

MICHEL REVAÏLLOU'S FÜHRBUCH

THE book, indeed, was of far more interest to her than the portrait of any mountaineer. It had a romance, a glamour of its own. It was just a little note-book, with blue-lined pages and an old dark-red, soiled leather cover, which could fit in the breast pocket and never be noticed there: but it went back to the early days of mountaineering, when even the passes were not all discovered, and many of them were still uncrossed; when mythical peaks were still gravely allotted their positions and approximate heights in maps; and when the easy expedition of the young lady of to-day was the difficult achievement of the explorer. It was to the early part of the book to which she turned. Here she found first ascents of which she had read with her heart in her mouth—ascents since made famous, simply recorded in the handwriting of the men who had accomplished them—the dates, the hours of starting and returning, a word or two perhaps about the condition of the snow, a warm tribute to Michel Revailloud, and the signatures. The same names recurred year after year, and often the same hand recorded year after year attempts on one particular pinnacle until at the last, perhaps after fifteen or sixteen failures, weather and snow and the determination of the climbers conspired together, and the top was reached.

"Those were the grand days," cried Sylvia. "Michel, you must be proud of this book."

"I value it very much, madame," he said, smiling at her enthusiasm. Michel

was a very human person, and to have a young girl with a lovely face looking at him out of her great eyes in admiration, and speaking almost in a voice of awe, was flattery of a soothing kind. "Yes, many have offered to buy it from me at a great price,—Americans and others,—but I would not part with it. It is me. And when I am inclined to grumble, as old people will, and to complain that my bones ache too sorely, I have only to turn over the pages of that book to understand that I have no excuse to grumble. For I have the proof there that my life has been very good to live. No, I would not part with that little book."

Sylvia turned over the pages slowly, naming now this mountain, now that, and putting a question from time to time as to some point in a climb which she remembered to have read, and concerning which the narrative had not been clear. And then a cry of surprise burst from her lips.

Chayne had just assured himself that there was no portrait of Gabriel Strood among those spread out upon the table.

"What is it, madame?" asked Michel.

Sylvia did not answer, but stared in bewilderment at the open page. Chayne saw the book which she was reading, and knew that his care lest she should come across her father's portrait was of no avail. He crossed round behind her chair and looked over her shoulder. There on the page, in her father's handwriting, was the signature "Gabriel Strood."

Sylvia raised her face to Hilary's, and before she could put her question, he answered it quietly, with a nod of the head.

"Yes, that is so," he said.

"You knew?"

"I have known for a long time," he replied.

Sylvia was lost in wonder. Yet there was no doubt in her mind. Gabriel Strood, of whom she had made a hero, whose exploits she knew almost by heart, had suffered from a physical disability which well might have kept the most eager mountaineer to the level. It was because of his mastery over his disability that she had set him so high in her esteem. Well, there had been a day when her father had tramped across the downs to Dorchester, and had come back lame, and, in spite of his lameness, had left his companions behind. Other trifles recurred to her memory. She had found him reading "The Alps in 1864," and, yes, he had tried to hide from her the title of the book. On their first meeting he had understood at once when she had spoken to him of the emotion which her first mountain-peak had waked in her. And before that, yes, her guide had cried aloud to her, "You remind me of Gabriel Strood." She owed it to him that she had turned to the Alps as to her heritage and that she had brought to them an instinctive knowledge. Her first feeling was one of sheer pride in her father. Then the doubts began to thicken: he called himself Garratt Skinner.

"Why? But why?" she cried impulsively, and Chayne, still leaning on her chair, pressed her arm with his hand and warned her to be silent.

"I will tell you afterward," he said quietly, and then he suddenly drew himself upright. The movement was abrupt, like the movement of a man thoroughly startled—more startled even than she had been by the unexpected sight of her father's handwriting. She looked up into his face. He was staring at the open page of Michel's book. She turned back to it herself, and saw nothing which should so trouble him. Over Gabriel Strood's signature there were just these words, written in his hand, and nothing more:

"Mont Blanc by the Brenva route. July, 1868."

Yet it was just that sentence which had so startled Hilary. Gabriel Strood *had*,

then, climbed Mont Blanc from the Italian side—up from the glacier to the top of the great rock-buttress, then along the world-famous ice-*arête*, as thin as a knife-edge, and to right and left as precipitous as a wall, and on the far side above the ice-ridge up the hanging-glaciers and the ice-cliffs to the summit of the Corridor. From the Italian side of the range of Mont Blanc! And the day before yesterday, Gabriel Strood had crossed with Walter Hine to Italy, bound upon some expedition which would take five days—five days at the least.

It was to the Brenva ascent of Mont Blanc that Garratt Skinner was leading Walter Hine! The thought flashed upon Chayne as swift as an inspiration, and as convincing. Chayne was sure. The Brenva route! It was to this climb Garratt Skinner's thoughts had perpetually recurred during that one summer afternoon in the garden in Dorsetshire when he had forgotten his secrecy and spoken even with his enemy of the one passion they had in common. Chayne worked out the dates, and they fitted in with his belief. Two days ago Garratt Skinner started to cross the Col du Géant. He would very likely sleep in the hut on the col, and go down the next morning to Courmayeur and make his arrangements for the Brenva climb. On the third day—to-day—he would set out with Walter Hine and sleep at the *gîte* on the rocks in the bay to the right of the great ice-fall of the Brenva glacier. To-morrow he would ascend the buttress, traverse the ice-ridge with Walter Hine—perhaps—yes, only perhaps. At that thought Chayne's heart stood still. And even if he did, there were the hanging ice-cliffs above, and yet another day would pass before any alarm at his absence would be felt. Surely, it would be the Brenva route.

Garratt Skinner himself would run great risk upon this hazardous expedition—that was true. But Chayne knew enough of the man to be assured that he would not hesitate on that account. The very audacity of the exploit marked it out as Gabriel Strood's. Moreover, there would be no other party on the Brenva ridge to spy upon his actions. There was just one fact, so far as Chayne could judge, to discredit his inspiration—the inconvenient presence of a guide.

"Do you know a guide—Delouvain, Michel?"

"Indeed, yes. A good name, monsieur, and borne by a man worthy of it."

"So I thought," said Chayne—"Pierre Delouvain."

Michel laughed scornfully, and waved the name away.

"Pierre! No, indeed!" he cried. "Monsieur, never engage Pierre Delouvain for your guide. I speak solemnly. Joseph, yes, and whenever you can secure him. I thought you spoke of him. But Pierre he is a cousin who lives upon Joseph's name, a worthless fellow, a drunkard. Monsieur, never trust yourself or any one whom you hold dear with Pierre Delouvain!"

Chayne's last doubt was dispelled. Garratt Skinner had laid his plans for the Brenva route. Somewhere on that long and difficult climb the accident was to take place. The very choice of a guide was in itself a confirmation of Chayne's fears. It was a piece of subtlety altogether in keeping with Garratt Skinner. He had taken a bad and untrustworthy guide on one of the most difficult expeditions in the range of Mont Blanc. Why, he would be asked? And the answer was ready: he had confused Pierre Delouvain with Joseph his cousin, as no doubt many another man had done before. Did not Pierre live on that very confusion? The answer was not capable of refutation.

Chayne was in despair. Garratt Skinner had started two days before from Chamonix, was already, now, at this moment, asleep with his unconscious victim at his side, high up on the rocks of the upper Brenva glacier. There was no way to hinder him—no way unless God helped. He asked abruptly of Michel: "Have you climbed this season, Michel?"

Michel laughed grimly.

"Indeed, yes—to the Montanvert, monsieur. And beyond—yes, beyond, to the Jardin."

Chayne broke in upon his bitter humor.

"I want the best guide in Chamonix. I want him at once. I must start by daylight."

Michel glanced up in surprise; but what he saw in Chayne's face stopped all remonstrance.

"For what ascent, monsieur?" he asked.

"The Brenva route."

"Madame will not go!"

"No, I go alone. I must go quickly. There is very much at stake. I beg you to help me."

In answer, Michel took his hat from a peg, and while he did so Chayne turned quickly to his wife. She had risen from her chair, but she had not interrupted him, she had asked no questions, she had uttered no prayer. She stood now, waiting upon him with a quiet and beautiful confidence which deeply stirred his heart.

"Thank you, sweetheart," he said quietly. "You can trust. I thank you." And he added gravely: "Whatever happens, you and I—there is no altering that."

Michel opened the door.

"I will walk with you into Chamonix, and I will bring the best guides I can find to your hotel."

They passed out, and crossed the fields quickly to Chamonix.

"Do you go to your hotel, monsieur," said Revailoud, "and leave the choice to me. I must go about it quietly. If you were to come with me, we should have to choose the first two guides upon the *rota*, and that would not do for the Brenva climb."

He left them at the door of the hotel, and went off upon his errand. Sylvia turned at once to Hilary; her face was very pale, her voice shook.

"You will tell me everything now. Something terrible has happened. No doubt you feared it. You came to Chamonix because you feared it, and now you know that it has happened."

"Yes," said Chayne; "I hid it from you even as you spared me your bad news all this last year."

"Tell me now, please. If it is to be 'you and I,' as you said just now, you will tell me."

Chayne led the way into the garden, and drawing a couple of chairs apart from the other visitors, told her all that he knew and she did not know. He explained the episode of the lighted window, solved for her the riddle of her father's friendship for Walter Hine, and showed her the reason for this expedition to the summit of Mont Blanc.

She uttered one low cry of horror. "Murder!" she whispered.

"To think that we are two days behind, that even now they are sleeping on the rocks, *he* and Walter Hine—sleeping quite peacefully and quietly. "Oh, it's horrible!" he cried, beating his hands upon his forehead in despair. And then he broke off. He saw that Sylvia was sitting with her hands covering her face, while every now and then a shudder shook her and set her trembling.

"I am so sorry, Sylvia," he cried. "Oh, my dear, I had so hoped we should be in time! I would have spared you this knowledge if I could. Who knows? We may be still in time." And as he spoke, Michel entered the garden with one other man, and came toward him.

"Henri Simond," said Michel, presenting his companion. "You will know that name. Simond has just come down from the Grépon, monsieur. He will start with you at daylight."

Chayne looked at Simond. He was of no more than the middle height, but broad of shoulder, deep of chest, and long of arm. His strength was well known in Chamonix—as well known as his audacity.

"I am very glad that you can come, Simond," said Chayne. "You are the very man." And then he turned to Michel. But we should have another guide. I need two men."

"Yes," said Michel; "three men are needed for that climb." And Chayne left him to believe that it was merely for the climb that he needed another guide. "But there is André Droz already at Courmayeur," he continued. "His patron was to leave him there to-day. A telegram can be sent to him to-morrow, bidding him wait. If he has started, we shall meet him to-morrow on the Col du Géant. And Droz, monsieur, is the man for you. He is quick—as quick as you and Simond. The three of you together will go well. As for to-morrow, you will need no one else. But if you do, monsieur, I will go with you."

"There is no need, Michel," said Chayne, gratefully, and thereupon Sylvia plucked him by the sleeve.

"I must go with you to-morrow, Hilary," she pleaded wistfully. "Oh, you won't leave me here. Let me come with

you as far as possible. Let me cross to Italy. I will go quickly. If I get tired, you shall not know."

"It will be a long day, Sylvia."

"It cannot be so long as the day I should pass waiting here."

She wrung her hands as she spoke. The light from a lamp fixed in the hotel wall fell upon her upturned face. It was white, her lips trembled, and in her eyes Chayne saw again the look of terror which, he had hoped, was gone for ever. "Oh, please!" she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, and turned again to Simond. "At two o'clock, then. My wife will go; so bring a mule. We can leave it at the Montanvert."

The guides tramped from the garden. Chayne led his wife toward the hotel, slipping his arm through hers.

"You must get some sleep, Sylvia."

"Oh, Hilary," she cried, "I shall bring shame on you! We should never have married." Her voice broke in a sob.

"Hush!" he replied. "Never say that, my dear; never think it! Sleep! You will want your strength to-morrow."

But Sylvia slept little, and before the time she was ready with her ice-ax in her hand. At two o'clock they came out from the hotel in the twilight of the morning. There were two men there.

"Ah, you have come to see us off, Michel," said Chayne.

"No, monsieur. I bring my mule," said Revailloud with a smile, and he helped Sylvia to mount it. "To lead mules to the Montanvert, is not that my business? Simond has a rope," he added, as he saw Chayne sling a coil across his shoulder.

"We may need an extra one," said Chayne; and the party moved off upon its long march. At the Montanvert hotel, on the edge of the Mer de Glace, Sylvia descended from her mule, and at once the party went down on to the ice.

"Au revoir!" shouted Michel, from above, and he stood and watched them until they passed out of his sight. Sylvia turned and waved her hand to him; but he made no answering sign, for his eyes were no longer good.

"He is very kind," said Sylvia. "He understood that there was some trouble, and while he led the mule, he sought to comfort me." Then, between a laugh

and a sob, she added: "You will never guess how. He offered to give me his little book with all the signatures—the little book which means so much to him."

It was the one thing which he had to offer her, as Sylvia understood, and always thereafter she remembered him with a particular tenderness. He had been a good friend to her, asking nothing, and giving what he had. She saw him often in the times which were to come, but when she thought of him, she pictured him as on that early morning standing on the bluff of cliff by the Montanvert, with the reins of his mule thrown across his arm, and straining his old eyes to hold his friends in view.

Later, during that day, among the séracs of the Col du Géant, Simond uttered a shout, and a party of guides returning to Chamonix changed their course toward him. Droz was among the number, and, consenting at once to the expedition which was proposed to him, he tied himself on to the rope.

"Do you know the Brenva ascent?" Chayne asked of him.

"Yes, monsieur. I have crossed Mont Blanc once that way. I shall be very glad to go again. We shall be the first to cross for two years. If only the weather holds!"

"Do you doubt that?" asked Chayne, anxiously. The morning had broken clear, the day was sunny and cloudless.

"I think there may be wind to-morrow," he replied, raising his face, and judging by signs unappreciable to other than the trained eyes of a guide. "But we will try, eh, monsieur?" he replied, recovering his spirits. "We will try. We will be the first on the Brenva ridge for two years."

But there Chayne knew him to be wrong. There was another party somewhere on the great ridge at this moment. "Had it happened?" he asked himself. "How was it to happen?" What kind of accident was it to be which could take place with a guide however worthless, and which would leave no suspicion resting on Garratt Skinner? There would be no cutting of the rope, of that he felt sure. That method might do very well for a melodrama, but actually, no. Garratt Skinner would have a better plan than that. And, indeed, he had a bet-

ter plan and a simpler one—a plan which not merely would give to any uttered suspicion the complexion of malignancy, but must even bring Mr. Garratt Skinner honor and great praise. But no idea of the plan occurred either to Sylvia or to Chayne, as all through that long, hot day they toiled up the ice-fall of the Col du Géant, and over the passes. It was evening before they came to the pastures, night before they reached Courmayeur.

There Chayne found full confirmation of his fears. In spite of efforts to dissuade them, Garratt Skinner, Walter Hine, and Pierre Delouvain had started yesterday for the Brenva climb. They had taken porters with them as far as the sleeping-place upon the glacier rocks. The porters had returned. Chayne sent for them.

"Yes," they said, "at half-past two this morning, the climbing party descended from the rocks on to the ice-fall of the glacier. They should be at the hut at the Grands Mulets now, on the other side of the mountain, if not already in Chamonix. Perhaps monsieur would wish for porters to-morrow."

"No," said Chayne; "we mean to try the passage in one day." He turned to his guides. "I wish to start at midnight. It is important. We shall reach the glacier by five. Will you be ready?"

At midnight, accordingly, he set out by the light of a lantern. Sylvia stood outside the hotel and watched the flame diminish to a star, dance for a little while and then go out. For her, as for all women, the bad hour had struck when there was nothing to do but to sit, and watch, and wait. Perhaps her husband, after all, was wrong, she said to herself, and repeated the phrase, hoping that repetition would carry conviction to her heart.

But early on that morning Chayne had sure evidence that he was right. For as he, Simond, and André Droz were marching in single file through the thin forest behind the chalets of La Brenva, a shepherd lad came running down toward them. He was so excited that he could hardly tell the story with which he was hurrying to Courmayeur. Only an hour before he had seen high up on the Brenva ridge a man waving a signal of distress. Both Simond and Droz

discredited the story. The distance was too great; the sharpest eyes could not have seen so far. But Chayne believed, and his heart sank within him. The puppet and Garratt Skinner—what did they matter? But he turned his eyes down toward Courmayeur. It was Sylvia upon whom the blow would fall.

"The story cannot be true," cried Simond.

But Chayne bethought him of another day long ago when a lad had burst into the hotel at Zermatt and told, with no more acceptance for his story, of an avalanche which he had seen fall from the very summit of the Matterhorn. Chayne looked at his watch. It was just four o'clock.

"There has been an accident," he said. "We must hurry."

XXIV

THE BRENVIA RIDGE

THE peasant was right. He *had* seen a man waving a signal of distress on the slopes of Mont Blanc above the great buttress. And this is how the signal came to be waved.

An hour before Chayne and Sylvia set out from Chamonix to cross the Col du Géant, and while it was yet quite dark, a spark glowed suddenly on an island of rocks set in the great white waste of the Brenva Glacier. The spark was a fire lighted by Pierre Delouvain; for Garratt Skinner's party had camped upon those rocks. The morning was cold, and one by one the porters, Garratt Skinner, and Walter Hine gathered about the blaze. Overhead the stars glittered in a clear, dark sky. It was very still; no sound was heard at all but the movement of the camp; even on the glacier, a thousand feet below, where all night long the avalanches had thundered, in the frost of the early morning there was silence.

Garratt Skinner looked upward.

"We shall have a good day," he said; and then he looked quickly toward Walter Hine. "How did you sleep, Wallie?"

"Very little. The avalanches kept me awake. Besides, I slipped and fell a hundred times at the corner of the path," he said with a shiver. "A hundred times I felt emptiness beneath my feet."

He referred to a mishap of the day be-

fore. On the way to the gîte, after the chalets and the wood are left behind, a little path leads along the rocks of the Mont de la Brenva high above the glacier. There are one or two awkward corners to pass, where rough footsteps have been hewn in the rock. At one of these corners Walter Hine had slipped. His side struck the step. He would have dropped to the glacier; but Garratt Skinner had suddenly reached out a hand and saved him.

Garratt Skinner's face changed.

"You are not afraid," he said.

"You think we can do it?" asked Hine, nervously, and Garratt Skinner laughed.

"Ask Pierre Delouvain," he said, and himself put the question. Pierre laughed in his turn.

"Bah! I snap my fingers at the Brenva climb," said he. "We shall be in Chamonix to-night." Garratt Skinner translated the words to Walter Hine.

Breakfast was prepared and eaten. Walter Hine was silent through the meal. He had not the courage to say that he was afraid, and Garratt Skinner played upon his vanity.

"We shall be in Chamonix to-night. It will be a fine feather in your cap, Wallie. One of the historic climbs!"

Walter Hine drew a deep breath. If only the day were over, and the party safe on the rough path through the woods on the other side of the mountain! But he held his tongue. Moreover, he had great faith in his idol and master, Garratt Skinner.

"You saved my life yesterday," he said; and upon Garratt Skinner's face there came a curious smile. He looked steadily into the blaze of the fire, and spoke almost as though he made an apology to himself.

"I saw a man falling. I saw that I could save him. I did not think. My hand had already caught him." He looked up with a start. In the east the day was breaking, pale and desolate; the lower glacier glimmered into view beneath them; the gigantic amphitheater of hills which girt them in on three sides loomed out of the mists from aerial heights and took solidity and shape; westward the black and rugged Peuteret ridge, eastward the cliffs of Mont Maudit, and northward, sweeping around the head

of the glacier, the great ice wall of Mont Blanc, with its ruined terraces and inaccessible cliffs.

"Time, Wallie!" said Garratt Skinner, and he rose to his feet and called to Pierre Delouvain. "There are only three of us. We shall have to go quickly. We do not want to carry more food than we shall need. The rest we can send back with our blankets by the porters."

Pierre Delouvain justified at once the ill words which had been spoken of him by Michel Revaillood. He thought only of the burden which through this long day he would have to carry on his back.

"Yes, that is right," he said. "We will take what we need for the day. To-night we shall be in Chamonix."

And thus the party set off with no provision against that most probable of all mishaps—the chance that sunset might find them still upon the mountain-side. Pierre Delouvain, being lazy and a worthless fellow, as Revaillood had said, agreed. But the suggestion had been made by Garratt Skinner. And Garratt Skinner was Gabriel Strood, who knew—none better—the folly of such light traveling.

The rope was put on; Pierre Delouvain led the way, Walter Hine, as the weakest of the party, was placed in the middle; Garratt Skinner came last. The three men mounted by a snow slope and a gully to the top of the rocks which supported the upper Brenva Glacier.

"That 's our road, Wallie," said Garratt Skinner. He pointed to a great buttress of rock overlaid here and there with fields of snow, which jutted out from the ice-wall of the mountain, descended steeply, bent to the west in a curve, and then pushed far out into the glacier as some great promontory pushes out into the sea. "Do you see a hump above the buttress, on the crest of the ridge and a little to the right? And, to the right of the hump, a depression in the ridge? That 's what they call the Corridor. Once we are there, our troubles are over."

But between the party and the buttress stretched the great ice-fall of the upper Brenva Glacier. Crevassed, broken, a wilderness of towering séracs, it had the look of a sea in a gale, the breakers of which had been frozen in the very act of overtopping.

"Come," said Pierre.

"Keep the rope stretched tight, Wallie," said Garratt Skinner; and they descended into the furrows of that wild and frozen sea. The day's work had begun in earnest, and almost at once they began to lose time.

Now it was a perilous strip of ice between unfathomable blue depths along which they must pass, as bridge-builders along their girders, yet without the bridge-builders' knowledge that at the end of the passage there was a farther way. Now it was some crevasse into which they must descend, cutting their steps down a steep rib of ice; now it was a wall up which the leader must be hoisted on the shoulders of his companions, and even so, as likely as not, his fingers could not reach the top, but hand-holds and foot-holds must be hewn with the ax till a ladder was formed. Now it was some crevasse gaping across their path, and they must search this way and that for a firm snow-bridge by which to overpass it. It was difficult, as Pierre Delouvain discovered, to find a path through that tangled labyrinth without some knowledge of the glacier. For only at rare times, when he stood high on a sérac, could he see his way for more than a few yards ahead. Pierre aimed straight for the foot of the buttress, working thus due north. And he was wrong. Garratt Skinner knew it, but said not a word. He stood upon insecure ledges, and supported Delouvain upon his shoulders, and pushed him up with his ice ax into positions which involved the party only in further difficulties. He took his life in his hands, and risked it, knowing the better way. Yet all the while the light broadened, the great violet shadows crept down the slopes and huddled at the bases of the peaks. Then the peaks took fire, and suddenly along the dull-white slopes of ice in front of them the fingers of the morning flashed in gold. Over the eastern rocks the sun had leaped into the sky. For a little while longer they advanced deeper into the entanglement, and when they were about half-way across the glacier they came to a stop. They were on a tongue of ice which narrowed to a point; the point abutted against a perpendicular ice-wall thirty feet high. Nowhere was there any break in that wall,

and at each side of the tongue the ice gaped in chasms.

"We must go back," said Pierre. "I have forgotten the way."

He had never known it. Seduced by a treble fee, he had assumed an experience which he did not possess. Garratt Skinner looked at his watch, and turning about, led the party back for a little while. Then he turned to his right, and said:

"I think it might go in this direction," and lo! making steadily across some difficult ground, no longer in a straight line northward to Mont Blanc, but westward toward the cliffs of the Peuteret ridge, under Garratt Skinner's lead, they saw a broad causeway of ice open before them. The causeway led them to steep slopes of snow, up which it was just possible to kick steps, and then working back again to the east, they reached the foot of the great buttress on its western side, just where it forms a right angle with the face of the mountain. Garratt Skinner once more looked at his watch. It had been half-past two when they had put on the rope, it was now close upon half-past six. They had taken four hours to traverse the ice-fall, and they should have taken only two and a half. Garratt Skinner, however, expressed no anxiety. On the contrary, one might have thought that he wished to lose time.

"There 's one of the difficulties disposed of," he said cheerily. "You did very well, Wallie—very well. It was not altogether nice, was it? But you won't have to go back."

Walter Hine had, indeed, crossed the glacier without complaint. There had been times when he had shivered, times when his heart within him had swelled with a longing to cry out, "Let us go back!" but he had not dared. He had been steadied across the narrow bridges with the rope, hauled up the ice-walls, and let down again on the other side; but he had come through. He took some pride in the exploit as he gazed back from the top of the snow-slope across the tumult of ice to the rocks on which he had slept. He had come through safely, and he was encouraged to go on.

"We won't stop here, I think," said Garratt Skinner. They had already halted upon the glacier for a second

breakfast. The sun was getting hot upon the slopes above, and small showers of snow and crusts of ice were beginning to shoot down the gullies of the buttress at the base of which they stood. "We will have a third breakfast when we are out of range." He called to Delouvain, who was examining the face of the rock-buttress up which they must ascend to its crest, and said: "It looks as if we should do well to work out to the right, I think."

The rocks were difficult, but their difficulty was not fully appreciated by Walter Hine. Nor did he understand the danger. There were gullies in which new snow lay in a thin crust over hard ice. He noticed that in those gullies the steps were cut deep into the ice below, that Garratt Skinner bade him not loiter, and that Pierre Delouvain, in front, made himself fast and drew in the rope with a particular care when it came to his turn to move. But he did not know that all that surface snow might peel off in a moment, and swish down the cliffs, sweeping the party from their feet. There were rounded rocks and slabs with no hold for hand or foot but roughnesses in the surface and here and there a wrinkle. But the guide went first, as often as not pushed up by Garratt Skinner, and Walter Hine, like many another inefficient man before him, came up, like a bundle, on the rope afterward. Thus they climbed for three hours more. Walter Hine, nursed by gradually lengthening expeditions, was not yet tired. Moreover, the exhilaration of the air, and excitement, helped to keep fatigue aloof. They rested just below the crest of the ridge, and took another meal.

"Eat often and little. That 's the golden rule," said Garratt Skinner. "No brandy, Wallie. Keep that in your flask!"

Pierre Delouvain, however, followed a practise not unknown among Chamonix guides.

"Absinthe is good on the mountains," said he.

When they rose, the order of going was changed. Pierre Delouvain, who had led all the morning, now went last, and Garratt Skinner led. He led quickly, and with great judgment or knowledge,—Pierre Delouvain, at the end of the rope, wondered whether it was judgment or

knowledge,—and suddenly Walter Hine found himself standing on the crest of the buttress with Garratt Skinner, and looking down the other side upon a glacier far below, which flows from the Mur de la Côte, on the summit ridge of Mont Blanc, into the Brenva Glacier.

"That 's famous," cried Garratt Skinner, looking once more at his watch. He did not say that they had lost yet another hour upon the face of the buttress. It was now half-past nine in the morning. "We are twelve thousand feet up, Wallie." He swung to his left, and led the party up the ridge of the buttress.

As they went along this ridge, Wallie Hine's courage rose. It was narrow, but not too steep, nor was it ice. It was either rock, or snow in which steps could be kicked. He stepped out with a greater confidence. If this were all, the Brenva climb was a fraud, he exclaimed to himself, in the vanity of his heart. Ahead of them a tall black tower stood up, hiding what lay beyond, and up toward this tower Garratt Skinner led quickly. He no longer spoke to his companions. He went forward, assured and inspiring assurance; he reached the tower, passed it, and began to cut steps. His ax rang as it fell. It was ice into which he was cutting.

This was the first warning which Walter Hine received; but he paid no heed to it. He was intent upon setting his feet in the steps; he found the rope awkward to handle and keep tight; his attention was absorbed in observing his proper distance. Moreover, in front of him the stalwart figure of Garratt Skinner blocked his vision. He went forward. The snow on which he walked became hard ice, and instead of sloping upward, ran ahead almost in a horizontal line. Suddenly, however, it narrowed; Hine became aware of appalling depths on each side of him. It narrowed with extraordinary rapidity; half a dozen paces behind he had been walking a broad, smooth path; now he walked on the width of the top of a garden wall. His knees began to shake; he halted; he reached out vainly into emptiness for some support on which his shaking hands might clutch. And then in front of him he saw Garratt Skinner sit down and bestride the wall. Over Garratt Skinner's

head, he now saw the path by which he needs must go. He was on the famous ice-ridge; and nothing so formidable, so terrifying, had even entered into his dreams during his sleep upon the rocks where he had bivouacked. It thinned to a mere sharp edge, a line, without breadth, of cold blue ice, and it stretched away through the air for a great distance until it melted suddenly into the face of the mountain. On the left hand an almost vertical slope of ice dropped to depths which Hine did not dare to fathom with his eyes; on the right there was no slope at all: a wall of crumbling snow descended from the edge straight as a weighted line. On neither side could the point of the ax be driven in to preserve the balance. Walter Hine uttered a whimpering cry.

"I shall fall! I shall fall!"

Garratt Skinner, astride of the ridge, looked over his shoulder.

"Sit down!" he cried sharply. But Walter Hine dared not. He stood, all his courage gone, tottering on the narrow top of the wall, afraid to stoop, lest his knees should fail him altogether and his feet slip from beneath him. To bend down until his hands could rest upon the ice and meanwhile to keep his feet, no, he could not do it. He stood trembling, his face distorted with fear, and his body swaying a little from side to side. Garratt Skinner called sharply to Pierre Delouvain.

"Quick, Pierre!"

There was no time for Garratt Skinner to return; but he gathered himself together on the ridge, ready for a spring. Had Walter Hine toppled over, and swung down the length of the rope, as at any moment he might have done, Garratt Skinner was prepared. He would have jumped down the opposite side of the ice-arête; though how either he or Walter Hine could have regained the ridge, he could not tell. Would any one of the party live to return to Courmayeur and tell the tale? But Garratt Skinner knew the risk he took, had counted it up long before ever he brought Walter Hine to Chamonix, and thought it worth while. He did not falter now. All through the morning, indeed, he had been taking risks—risks of which Walter Hine did not dream, with so firm and yet so delicate

a step he had moved from crack to crack, from ice-step up to ice-step, with so obedient a response of his muscles he had drawn himself up over the rounded rocks from ledge to ledge. He shouted again to Pierre Delouvain, and at the same moment began carefully to work backward along the ice-arête. Pierre, however, hurried; Walter Hine heard the guide's voice behind him, felt himself steadied by his hands. He stooped slowly, knelt upon the wall, then bestrode it.

"Now forward!" cried Skinner, and he pulled up the rope. "Forward! We cannot go back."

Hine clung to the ridge; behind him Pierre Delouvain sat down, and held him about the waist. Slowly they worked themselves forward, while Garratt Skinner gathered in the rope in front. The wall narrowed as they advanced, became the merest edge, which cut their hands as they clasped it. Hine closed his eyes; his head whirled; he was giddy; he felt sick. He stopped gripping the slope on both sides with his knees, clutching the sharp edge with the palms of his hands.

"I can't go on! I can't!" he cried, and he reeled like a novice on the back of a horse.

Garratt Skinner worked back to him.

"Put your arms about my waist, Wallie! Keep your eyes shut! You sha'n't fall."

Walter Hine clung to him convulsively, Pierre Delouvain steadied him from behind, and thus they went slowly forward for a long while. Garratt Skinner gripped the edge with the palms of his hands; so narrow was the ridge that the fingers of one hand pointed down one slope, the fingers of the other down the opposite wall. Their legs dangled.

At last Walter Hine felt Garratt Skinner loosening his clasped fingers from about his waist. Garratt Skinner stood up, uncoiled the rope, chipped a step or two in the ice, and went boldly forward. For a yard or two farther Walter Hine straddled on, and then Garratt Skinner cried to him:

"Look up, Wallie. It's all over."

Hine looked, and saw Garratt Skinner standing upon a level space of snow in the side of the mountain. A moment later he himself was lying in the sun upon the level space. The famous ice-

arête was behind them. Walter Hine looked back along it and shuddered. The thin edge of ice, curving slightly downward, stretched away to the black rock-tower, in the bright sunlight a thing most beautiful, but most menacing and terrible. He seemed cut off by it from the world. They had a meal upon that level space, and while Hine rested, Pierre Delouvain cast off the rope and went ahead. He came back in a little while with a serious face.

"Will it go?" asked Garratt Skinner.

"It must," said Delouvain. "For we can never go back."

Suddenly alarmed lest the way should be barred in front as well as behind, Walter Hine turned and looked above him. His nerves were already shaken; at the sight of what lay ahead of him he uttered a cry of despair.

"It's no use," he cried; "we can never get up," and he flung himself upon the snow and buried his face in his arms. Garratt Skinner stood over him.

"We must," he said. "Come! Look!"

Walter Hine looked up, and saw his companion dangling the face of his watch before his eyes.

"We are late. It is now twelve o'clock. We should have left this spot two hours ago and more," he said very gravely; and Pierre Delouvain exclaimed excitedly:

"Certainly, monsieur, we must go on. It will not do to loiter now." And, stooping down, he dragged rather than helped Walter Hine to his feet. The quiet gravity of Garratt Skinner and the excitement of Delouvain frightened Walter Hine equally. Some sense of his own insufficiency broke in at last upon him. His vanity peeled off him just at the moment when it would most have been of use. He had a glimpse of what he was—a poor, weak, inefficient thing.

Above them the slopes stretched upward to a great line of towering ice-cliffs. Through and up those ice-cliffs a way had to be found. And, at any moment, loosened by the sun, huge blocks and pinnacles might break from those cliffs and come thundering down. As it was, upon their right hand, where the snow-fields fell steeply in a huge ice gully, between a line of rocks and the cliffs of Mont Maudit, the avalanches plunged and reverberated down to the

Brenva Glacier. Pierre Delouvain took the lead again, and, keeping by the line of rocks, the party ascended the steep snow-slopes straight toward the wall of cliffs. But in a while the snow thinned, and the ax was brought into play again. Through the thin crust of snow steps had to be cut into the ice beneath, and since there were still many hundreds of feet to be ascended, the steps were cut wide apart. With the sun burning upon his face, and his feet freezing in the ice-steps, Walter Hine stood and moved, and stood again, all through that afternoon. Fatigue gained upon him, and fear did not let him go. "If only I get off this mountain," he said to himself with heartfelt longing—"never again!" When near the cliffs, Pierre Delouvain stopped. In front of him the wall was plainly inaccessible. Far away to the left there was a depression up which possibly a way might be forced.

"I think, monsieur, that must be the way," said Pierre.

"But you should *know*," said Garratt Skinner.

"It is some time since I was here. I have forgotten." Pierre began to traverse the ice-slope to the left. Garratt Skinner descended without a word. But he knew that when he had ascended Mont Blanc by the Brenva route, twenty-three years before, he had kept to the right along the rocks to a point where that ice-wall was crevassed, and through that crevasse had found his path. They passed quickly beneath an overhanging rib of ice which jutted out from the wall, and reached the angle there formed at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Our last difficulty, Wallie," said Garratt Skinner, as he cut a large step in which Hine might stand. "Once up that wall, our troubles are over."

Walter Hine looked at the wall. It was not smooth ice, it was true; blocks had broken loose from it, and had left it bulging out here, hollowed there, and in places fissured. But it stood at an angle of sixty-five degrees. It seemed impossible that any one could ascend it. He looked down the slope up which they had climbed; it seemed equally impossible that any one could return. Moreover, the sun was already in the west, and the ice promontory under which they

stood shut its warmth from them. Walter Hine was in the shadow, and he shivered with cold as much as with fear. For half an hour Pierre Delouvain tried desperately to work his way up that ice wall, and failed.

"It is too late," he said. "We shall not get up to-night."

Garratt Skinner nodded his head.

"No, nor get down," he added gravely. "I am sorry, Wallie. We must go back and find a place where we can pass the night."

Walter Hine was in despair. He was tired, he was desperately cold, his gloves were frozen, his fingers and his feet benumbed.

"Oh, let 's stop here!" he cried.

"We can't," said Garratt Skinner, and he turned as he spoke and led the way down quickly. There was need for hurry. Every now and then he stopped to cut an intervening step where those already cut were too far apart, and at times to give Hine a hand, while Delouvain let him down with the help of the rope from behind.

Slowly they descended, and while they descended the sun disappeared, the mists gathered about the precipices below, the thunder of the avalanches was heard at rare intervals, the ice cliffs above them glimmered faintly and still more faintly. The dusk came. They descended in a ghostly twilight. At times the mists would part, and below them, miles away, they saw the ice-fields of the Brenva Glacier. The light was failing altogether when Garratt Skinner turned to his left and began to traverse the slopes to a small patch of rocks.

"Here," he said as he reached them. "We must sit here until the morning comes."

XXV

A NIGHT ON AN ICE-SLOPE

AT the base of the rocks there was a narrow ledge on which, huddled together, the three men could sit side by side. Garratt Skinner began to clear the snow from the ledge with his ice-ax; but Walter Hine sank down at once, and Pierre Delouvain, who might have showed a better spirit, promptly followed his example.

"What is the use?" he whimpered. "We shall all die to-night—I have a wife and family—Let us eat what there is to eat, and then die." Drowsily repeating his words, he fell asleep.

Garratt Skinner, however, roused him, and drowsily he helped to clear the ledge. Then Walter Hine was placed in the middle, that he might get what warmth and shelter was to be had, the rope was hitched over a spike of rock behind, so that if any one fell asleep he might not fall off, and Delouvain and Skinner took their places. By this time darkness had come. They sat upon the narrow ledge with their backs to the rock, and the steep snow slopes falling away at their feet. Far down a light or two glimmered in the chalets of La Brenva.

Garratt Skinner emptied the ruck-sack on his knees.

"Let us see what food we have," he said. "We made a mistake in not bringing more; but Pierre was so certain that we should reach Chamonix to-night."

"We shall die to-night," said Pierre.

"Nonsense!" said Garratt Skinner.

"We are not the first party which has been caught by the night."

Their stock of food was certainly low. It consisted of a little bread, a tin of sardines, a small pot of jam, some cold bacon, a bag of acid-drops, a couple of cakes of chocolate, and a few biscuits.

"We must keep some for the morning," he said. "Don't fall asleep, Wallie! You had better take off your boots and muffle your feet in the ruck-sack. It will keep them warmer, and save you from frost-bite. You might as well squeeze the water out of your stockings, too."

Garratt Skinner waked Hine from his drowsiness, and insisted that his advice should be followed. It would be advisable that it should be known afterward in Courmayeur that he had taken every precaution to preserve his companion's life. He took off his own stockings, squeezed the water out, replaced them, and laced on his boots. For to him, too, the night would bring some risk. Then the three men ate their supper. A very little wine was left in the gourd which Garratt Skinner had carried on his back, and he filled it up with snow, and thrust it inside his shirt that it might melt the sooner.

"You have your brandy-flask, Wallie, but be sparing of it. Brandy will warm you for the moment, but it leaves you more sensitive to the cold than you were before. That 's a known fact. And don't drink too much of this snow-water. It may make you burn inside. At least so I have been told," he added.

Hine drank, and passed the bottle to Pierre, who took it with his reiterated moan: "What 's the use? We shall all die to-night. Why should a poor guide with a wife and family be tempted to ascend mountains?—I will tell you something, monsieur," he cried suddenly across Walter Hine. "I am not fond of the mountains. No, I am not fond of them." He leaned back and fell asleep.

"Better not follow his example, Wallie. Keep awake. Slap your limbs."

Above the three men the stars came out very clear and bright; the tiny lights in the chalets far below disappeared one by one; the cold became intense. At times Garratt Skinner roused his companions, and holding one another by the arm, they rose simultaneously to their feet, and stamped upon the ledge. But after a while Walter Hine would not.

"Leave me alone," he said. "To move, tortures me."

Garratt Skinner had his pipe and some tobacco. He lighted it, shading the match with his coat; and then he looked at his watch.

"What time is it? Is it near morning?" asked Hine in a voice which was very feeble.

"A little longer to wait," said Garratt Skinner, cheerfully.

The hands marked a quarter to ten.

Afterward they grew very silent except for the noise which they made in shivering. Their teeth chattered with the chill; they shook in fits, which lasted for minutes; Walter Hine moaned feebly. All about them the world was bound in frost; the cold stars glittered overhead; the mountains took their toll of pain that night. Yet there was one among those three perched high on a narrow ledge of rock, on the desolate heights, who did not regret. Just for a night like this Garratt Skinner had hoped. Walter Hine, weak of frame and with little stamina, was exposed to the rigors of a long Alpine night, 13,000 feet above the level

of the sea, with hardly any food, and no hope of rescue for yet another day and yet another night. There could be only one end to it. Not until to-morrow would any alarm at their disappearance be awakened either at Chamonix or at Courmayeur. It would need a second night before help reached them—so Garratt Skinner had planned it out. There could be but one end to it: Walter Hine would die. There was a risk that he himself might suffer the same fate—he was not blind to it. He had taken the risk knowingly, and with a certain indifference. It was the best plan, since, if he escaped alive, suspicion could not fall on him. Thus he argued, as he smoked his pipe with his back to the rock, and waited for the morning.

At one o'clock Walter Hine began to ramble. He took Garratt Skinner and Pierre Delouvain for Captain Barstow and Archie Parminster, and complained that it was ridiculous to sit up playing poker on so cold a night; and while in his delirium he rambled and moaned, the morning began to break. But with the morning came a wind from the north, whirling the snow like smoke about the mountain-tops, and bitingly cold. Garratt Skinner stood up, slapped his thighs, stamped his feet, and then looked for a long while at his victim, without remorse, without satisfaction. He stooped, and sought to lift him. But Hine was too stiff and numbed with the cold to be able to move. In a little while, Pierre Delouvain, who had fallen asleep, waked up. The day was upon them now, cold and lowering.

"We must wait for the sun," said Garratt Skinner. "Until that has risen and thawed us, it will not be safe to move."

Pierre Delouvain looked about him.

"There will be little sun to-day," he said. "We shall all die here."

Garratt Skinner sat down again and waited. The sun rose over the rocks of Mont Maudit, but weak, and as yellow as a guinea. Garratt Skinner then tied his coat to his ice-ax, and standing out upon a rock, waved it this way and that.

"No one will see it," whimpered Pierre; and, indeed, Garratt Skinner would never have waved that signal had he not thought the same.

"Perhaps; one never knows," he said.

"We must take all precautions, for the day looks bad."

The sunlight, indeed, only stayed upon the mountain-side long enough to tantalize them with vain hopes of warmth. Gray clouds swept up low over the crest of Mont Blanc and blotted it out. The wind moaned wildly along the slopes. The day frowned upon them sullen and cold, with a sky full of snow.

"We will wait a little longer," said Garratt Skinner, "then we must move."

He looked at the sky. It seemed to him now very probable that he would lose the desperate game which he had been playing. He had staked his life upon it. Let the snow come and the mists, he would surely lose his stake. Nevertheless, he set himself to the task of rousing Walter Hine.

"Leave me alone!" moaned Walter Hine, and he struck feebly at his companions as they lifted him on to his feet.

"Stamp your feet, Wallie!" said Garratt Skinner. "You will feel better in a few moments."

They held him up, but he repeated his cry: "Leave me alone!" And the moment they let him go, he sank down again upon the ledge. He was overcome with drowsiness; the slightest movement tortured him.

Garratt Skinner looked up at the leaden sky.

"We must wait till help comes," he said.

Delouvain shook his head.

"It will not come to-day. We shall all die here. It was wrong, monsieur, to try the Brenva ridge. Yes, we shall die here." He fell to blubbing like a child.

"Could you go down alone?" Garratt Skinner asked.

"There is the glacier to cross, monsieur."

"I know. That is the risk. But it is cold, and there is no sun. The snow-bridges may hold."

Pierre Delouvain hesitated. Here it seemed to him was certain death; but if he climbed down the ice-arête, the snow-slopes, and the rocks below, if the snow-bridges held upon the glacier, there would be life for one of the three. Pierre Delouvain had little in common with that loyal race of Alpine guides who hold it as their most sacred tradition not to return home without their patrons.

"Yes, it is our one hope," he said; and untying himself from the rope, and coiling the spare rope about his shoulders, he went down the slope. During the night the steps had frozen, and in many places it was necessary to recut them. He, too, was stiff with the long vigil. He moved slowly, with numbed and frozen limbs. But as his ax rose and fell, the blood began to flow within his veins; he went more and more firmly. For a long way Garratt Skinner held him in sight. Then he turned back to Walter Hine upon the ledge, and sat beside him. Garratt Skinner's strength had stood him in good stead. He filled his pipe and lighted it, and watched beside his victim. The day wore slowly on. At times Garratt Skinner rubbed Hine's limbs and stamped about the ledge to keep some warmth within himself. Walter Hine grew weaker and weaker. At times he was delirious; at times he came to his senses.

"You leave me," he whispered once. "You have been a good friend to me. You can do no more. Just leave me here, and save yourself."

Garratt Skinner made no answer. He just looked at Hine curiously, that was all. It was a curious thing to him that Hine should display an unexpected manliness, almost a heroism. It could not be pleasant even to contemplate being left alone upon these windy and sunless heights to die. But actually to wish it!

"How did you come by so much fortitude?" he asked. And, to his astonishment, Walter Hine replied:

"I learnt it from you, old man."

"From me?"

"Yes."

Garratt Skinner gave him some of the brandy and listened to a portrait of himself, described in broken words, which he was at some pains to recognize. Walter Hine had been seeking to model himself upon an imaginary Garratt Skinner, and thus, strangely enough, had arrived at an actual heroism. Thus would Garratt Skinner have bidden his friends leave him, only in tones less tremulous, and very likely with a laugh, turning back, as it were to snap his fingers, as he stepped out of the world. Thus, therefore, Walter Hine sought to bear himself.

"Curious," said Garratt Skinner, with

interest, but with no stronger feeling at all: "Are you in pain, Wallie?"

"Dreadful pain."

"We must wait. Perhaps help will come."

The day wore on, but what the time was Garratt Skinner could not tell. His watch and Hine's had both stopped with the cold, and the dull, clouded sky gave him no clue. The last of the food was eaten, the last drop of the brandy drunk. It was bitterly cold. If only the snow would hold off till morning! Garratt Skinner had only to wait. The night would come, and during the night Walter Hine would die. Even while the thought was in his mind he heard voices. To his amazement, to his alarm, he heard voices! Then he laughed: He was growing light-headed: Exhaustion, cold, and hunger were telling their tale upon him. He was not so young as he had been twenty years before. But, to make sure, he rose to his knees and peered down the slope. He had been mistaken. The steep snow-slopes stretched downward, wild and empty. Here and there black rocks jutted from them; a long way down four black stones were spaced; there was no living thing in that solitude. He sank back relieved. No living thing except himself and perhaps his companion. He looked at Hine closely, shook him, and Hine groaned. Yes, he still lived; for a little time he still would live. Garratt Skinner gathered in his numbed palm the last pipeful of tobacco in his pouch, and, spilling half of it,—his hands so shook with cold, his fingers were so clumsy,—he pressed it into his pipe, and lighted it. Perhaps before it was all smoked out—he thought. And then his hallucination returned to him. Again he heard voices, very faint, and distant, in a lull of the wind.

It was weakness, of course, but he started up again, this time to his feet; and as he stood up, his head and shoulders showed clear against the white snow behind him. He heard a shout; yes, an undoubted shout. He stared down the slope, and then he saw. The four black stones had moved, were nearer to him: they were four men ascending. Garratt Skinner turned swiftly toward Walter Hine, reached for his ice-ax, grasped it and raised it. Walter Hine looked at him

with staring, stupid eyes, but lifted no hand, made no movement. He too was conscious of an hallucination. It seemed to him that his friend stood over him with a convulsed and murderous face, in which rage strove with bitter disappointment, that he held his ax by the end, with the adze-head swung back above his head to give greater force to the blow, and that while he poised it, there came a cry from the confines of the world, and that upon that cry his friend dropped the ax, and stooping down to him, murmured, "There 's help quite close, Wallie."

Certainly those words were spoken; that, at all events, was no hallucination. Walter Hine understood it clearly. For Garratt Skinner suddenly stripped off his coat, passed it round Hine's shoulders, and then baring his own breast, clasped Hine to it, that he might impart to him some of the warmth from his own body.

Thus they were found by the rescue-party; and the story of Garratt Skinner's great self-sacrifice was long remembered in Courmayeur.

Garratt Skinner watched the men mounting, and wondered who they were. He recognized his own guide, Pierre Delouvain, but who were the others? How did they come there on a morning so forbidding? Who was the tall man who walked last but one? And as the party drew nearer, he saw and understood. But he did not change from his attitude. He waited until they were close. Then he and Hilary Chayne exchanged a look.

"You?" said Garratt Skinner.

"Yes," Chayne paused. "Yes, Mr. Strood," he said.

And in those words all was said. Garratt Skinner knew that his plan was not merely foiled, but also understood. He stood up and looked about him, and even to Chayne's eyes there was a dignity in his quiet manner, his patience under defeat. For Garratt Skinner, rogue though he was, the mountains had their message. All through that long night, while he sat by the side of his victim, they had been whispering it. Whether bound in frost beneath the stars, or sparkling to the sun, or gray under a sky of clouds, or buried deep in flakes of whirling snow, they spoke to him always of the grandeur of their indifference. They might be traversed and scaled, but they were uncon-

quered always, because they were indifferent. The climber might lie in wait, through the bad weather, at the base of the peak, seize upon his chance, and stand upon the summit with a cry of triumph and derision. The mountains were indifferent. As they endured success, so they inflicted defeat—with a sublime indifference, lifting their foreheads to the stars as though wrapt in some high communion. Something of their patience had entered into Garratt Skinner. He did not deny his name, he asked no question, he accepted failure, and he looked anxiously to the sky.

"It will snow, I think."

Gradually Hine regained a little strength. His numbed limbs began to come painfully to life. He began to move slowly of his own accord, supported by his rescuers. They reached the ice-ridge. It had no terrors now for Walter Hine.

He had better be tied close between Pierre and me," said Garratt Skinner. "We came up that way."

"Between Simond and Droz," said Chayne, quietly.

"As you will," said Garratt Skinner, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Along the ice-ridge the party moved slowly and safely, carrying Hine between them. As they passed behind the great rock tower, at the lower end, the threatened snow began to fall in light flakes.

"Quickly," said Chayne. "We must reach the chalets to-night."

They raced along the snow-slopes on the crest of the buttress, and turned to the right down the gullies and the ledges on the face of the rock. In desperate haste they descended; lowering Walter Hine from man to man, they crawled down the slabs, dropped from shelf to shelf, wound themselves down the gullies of ice. Somehow without injury the snow-slopes at the foot of the rocks were reached. The snow still held off; only now and then a few flakes fell. But over the mountain the wind was rising; it swept down in fierce, swift eddies, and drew back with a roar like the sea upon shingle.

"We must get off the glacier before night comes," cried Chayne, and, led by Simond, the rescue-party went down into the ice-fall. They stopped at the first

glacier pool, and made Hine wash his hands and feet in the water, to save himself from frost-bite; and thereafter for a little time they rested. They went on again; but they were tired men, and before the rocks were reached upon which, two nights before, Garratt Skinner had bivouacked, darkness had come. Then Simond justified the praise of Michel Revailloud. With the help of a folding-lantern which Chayne had carried in his pocket, he led the way through that bewildering labyrinth with unerring judgment. Great séracs loomed up through the darkness, magnified in size and distorted in shape. Simond went over and round them and under them steadily, and the rescue-party followed. Now he disappeared over the edge of a cliff into space, and in a few seconds his voice rang upward cheerily:

"Follow! It is safe."

And his ice-ax rang with no less cheeriness. He led them boldly to the brink of abysses which were merely channels in the ice, and amid towering pinnacles which, seen close at hand, were mere blocks shoulder-high. And at last the guide at the tail of the rope heard, from far away ahead, Simond's voice raised in a triumphant shout:

"The rocks! The rocks!"

With one accord they flung themselves, tired and panting, on the sheltered level of the bivouac. Some sticks were found, a fire was lighted, tea was once more made. Walter Hine began to take heart; and as the flames blazed up, the six men gathered about it, crouching, kneeling, sitting, and the rocks resounded with their laughter.

"Only a little farther, Wallie!" said Garratt Skinner, still true to his part.

They descended from the rocks, crossed a level field of ice, and struck the rock path along the slope of the Mont de la Brenva.

"Keep on the rope," said Garratt Skinner. "Hine slipped at a corner as we came up."

Chayne glanced quickly at him. There were one or two awkward corners above the lower glacier where rough footsteps had been hewn. On one of these Walter Hine had slipped, and Garratt Skinner had saved him—had undoubtedly saved him. At the very beginning of the climb,

the object for which it was undertaken was almost fulfilled, and would have been fulfilled but that instinct overpowered Garratt Skinner. Since the accident was unexpected, before he had had time to think, he had reached out his hand and saved the life which he intended to destroy.

Along that path Hine was carefully brought to the chalets of La Brenva. The peasants made him as comfortable as they could.

"He will recover," said Simond. "Oh, yes, he will recover. Two of us will stay with him."

"No need for that," replied Garratt Skinner. "Thank you very much; but that is my duty, since Hine is my friend."

"I think not," said Chayne, standing quietly in front of Garratt Skinner. "Walter Hine will be safe enough in Simond's hands. I want you to return with me to Courmayeur. My wife is there, and anxious."

"Your wife?"

"Yes; Sylvia."

Garratt Skinner nodded his head.

"I see," he said slowly. "Yes."

He looked round the hut. Simond was going to watch by Hine's side. He was defeated utterly, and recognized it. Then he looked at Chayne, and smiled grimly.

"On the whole, I am not sorry that you have married my daughter," he said. "I will come down to Courmayeur. It will be pleasant to sleep in a bed."

And together they walked down to Courmayeur, which they reached soon after midnight.

XXVI

RUNNING WATER

IN two days' time Walter Hine was sufficiently recovered to be carried down to Courmayeur. He had been very near to death upon the Brenva ridge; certainly the second night upon which Garratt Skinner had counted would have ended his life; he was frost-bitten; and for a long while the shock and the exposure left him weak. But he gained strength with each day, and Chayne had opportunities to admire the audacity and the subtle skill with which Garratt Skinner had sought his end. For Walter Hine was loud in his praises of his friend's self-sacrifice. Skinner had denied himself his

own share of food, had bared his breast to the wind that he might give the warmth of his own body to keep his friend alive—these instances lost nothing in the telling. And they were true. Chayne could not deny to Garratt Skinner a certain criminal grandeur. He had placed Hine in no peril which he had not shared himself; he had taken him, a man fitted by neither experience nor health, on an expedition where inexperience or weakness on the part of one was likely to prove fatal to all. There was, moreover, one incident not contemplated by Garratt Skinner in his plan, which made his position absolutely secure. He had actually saved Walter Hine's life on the rocky path of the Mont de la Brenva. There was no doubt of it. He had reached out his hand and saved him. Chayne made much of this incident to his wife.

"I was wrong, you see, Sylvia," he argued; "for your father could have let him fall, and did not. I have been unjust to him and to you. For you have been troubled."

But Sylvia shook her head.

"You were not wrong," she answered. "It is only because you are very kind that you want me to believe it. But I see the truth quite clearly," and she smiled at him. "If you wanted me to believe, you should never have told me of the law, a year ago, in the Chalet de Lognan. My father obeyed the law—that was all. You know it as well as I. He had no time to think; he acted upon the instinct of the moment; he could not do otherwise. Had there been time to think, would he have reached out his hand? We both know that he would not. But he obeyed the law. What he knew, that he did, obeying the law upon the moment. He could save, and, knowing it, he *did* save, even against his will."

Chayne did not argue the point. Sylvia saw the truth too clearly. He turned to another subject.

"Walter Hine is getting well," he said. "Your father is still at another hotel in Courmayeur. There's the future to be considered."

"Yes," she said, and she waited.

"I have asked your father to come over to-night, after dinner," said Chayne.

And into their private sitting-room

Garratt Skinner entered at eight o'clock that evening. It was the first time that Sylvia had seen him since she had learned the whole truth, and she found the occasion one of trial. But Garratt Skinner carried it off.

There was nothing of the penitent in his manner; but, on the other hand, he no longer affected the manner of a pained and loving parent. He greeted her from the door, and congratulated her quietly and simply upon her marriage. Then he turned to Chayne.

"You wished to speak to me? I am at your service."

"Yes," replied Chayne. "We—and I speak for Sylvia—we wish to suggest to you that your acquaintanceship with Walter Hine should end altogether—that it should already have ended."

"Really!" said Garratt Skinner, with an air of surprise. "Captain Chayne, the laws of England, revolutionary as they no doubt appear to old-fashioned people like myself, have not yet placed fathers under the guardianship of their sons-in-law. I cannot accept your suggestion."

"We insist upon its acceptance," said Chayne, quietly.

Garratt Skinner smiled.

"Insist, perhaps; but how enforce it, my friend? That's another matter."

"I think we have the means to do that," said Chayne. "We can point out to Walter Hine, for instance, that your ascent from the Brenva Glacier was an attempt to murder him."

"An ugly word, Captain Chayne. You would find it difficult of proof."

"The story is fairly complete," returned Chayne. "There is first of all a telegram from Mr. Jarvice couched in curious language."

Garratt Skinner's face lost its smile of amusement.

"Indeed?" he said. He was plainly disconcerted.

"Yes." Chayne produced the telegram from his letter-case, read it aloud, with his eyes upon Garratt Skinner, and replaced it. "'What are you waiting for? Hurry up! Jarvice.' There is no need, at all events, to ask Mr. Jarvice what he was waiting for, is there? He wanted to lay his hands upon the money for which Hine's life was insured."

Garratt Skinner leaned back in his

chair. His eyes never left Chayne's face; his face grew set and stern. He had a dangerous look—the look of a desperate man at bay.

"Then there is a certain incident to be considered which took place in the house near Weymouth. You must at times have been puzzled by it—perhaps a little alarmed, too. Do you remember one evening when a whistle from the shadows on the road and a yokel's shout drove you out of Walter Hine's room, sent you creeping out of it as stealthily as you had entered it—nay, did more than that? For that whistle and that shout drove you out of Dorsetshire. Ah! I see you remember."

Garratt Skinner, indeed, had often enough been troubled by the recollection of that night. The shout, the whistle ringing out so suddenly and abruptly from the darkness and the silence, had struck upon his imagination, and alarmed him by their mystery. Who was the man who had seen? And what had he seen? Garratt Skinner had never felt quite safe since that evening. There was some one, a stranger, going about the world with the key to his secret, even if he had not guessed the secret.

"It was I who whistled. I who shouted."

"You!" cried Garratt Skinner. "You!"

"Yes. Sylvia was with me. You thought to do that night what you thought to do a few days ago above the Brenva ridge. Both times, together, we were able to hinder you. But once Sylvia hindered you alone. There is the affair of the cocaine."

Chayne looked toward his wife with a look of great pride for the bravery which she had shown. She was sitting aloof in the embrasure of the window, with her face averted and a hand pressed over her eyes and forehead. Chayne looked back to Garratt Skinner, and there was more anger in his face than he had ever shown.

"I will never forgive you the distress you have caused to Sylvia," he said.

But Garratt Skinner's eyes were upon Sylvia, and in his face, too, there was a look of humorous pride. She had courage. He remembered how she had confronted him when Walter Hine lay sick. He said no word to her, however, and again he turned to Chayne, who went on:

"There is also your past career to add weight to the argument, Mr.—Strood."

Point by point Chayne set out in detail the case for the prosecution. Garratt Skinner listened without interruption; but he knew that he was beaten. The evidence against him was too strong. It might not be enough legally to secure his conviction at a public trial, though even upon that question there would be the gravest doubt, but it would be enough to carry certitude to every ear which listened and to every eye which read.

"The game is played out," Chayne continued. "We have Walter Hine, and we shall not let him slip back into your hands. How much of the story we shall tell him, we are not yet sure; but all, if it be necessary. And, if it be necessary, to others beside."

There was a definite threat in the last words. But Garratt Skinner had already made up his mind. Since the game was played out, since defeat had come, he took it without anger or excuse.

"Very well," he said. "Peace in the family circle is, after all, very desirable—eh, Sylvia? I agree with the deepest regret to part from my young friend, Walter Hine. I leave him in your hands." He was speaking with a humorous magnanimity. But his eyes wandered back to Sylvia, with her face still in her hands; and his voice changed.

"Sylvia," he said gently, "come here."

Sylvia rose and walked over to the table.

The waiting, the knowledge which had come to her during the last few days, had told their tale. She had the look which Chayne too well remembered—the dark shadows beneath her eyes, the languor in her walk, the pallor in her cheeks, the distress and shame in her expression.

"Sit down," he said; and she obeyed him reluctantly, seating herself over against him. She gazed at the tablecloth with that mutinous look upon her face which took away from her her womanhood, and gave to her the aspect of a pretty but resentful child. Garratt Skinner, for the life of him, could not but smile at her.

"Well, Sylvia, you have beaten me. You fought your fight well, and I bear you no malice," he said lightly. "But,"

and his voice became serious again, "you sit in judgment on me."

Sylvia raised her eyes quickly.

"No!" she cried.

"I think so," he persisted. "I don't blame you. Only I should like you to bear this in mind; that you have in your own life a reason to go gently in your judgments of other people."

Chayne stepped forward as though he would interfere, but Sylvia laid her hand upon his arm and checked him.

"I don't think you understand, Hilary," she said quickly. She turned to her father and looked straight at him with an eager interest.

"I wonder whether we are both thinking of the same thing," she said curiously.

"Perhaps," replied her father. "All your life you have dreamed of running water."

And Sylvia nodded her head.

"Yes, yes," she said, with a peculiar intonement.

"The dream is part of you, part of your life. For all you know, it may have modified your character."

"Yes," said Sylvia.

"It is a part of you of which you could not rid yourself if you tried. When you are asleep, this dream comes to you. It is as much a part of you as a limb."

And again Sylvia answered, "Yes."

"Well, you are not responsible for it."

Sylvia leaned forward. "Ah!" she said. She had been wondering whether it was to this point that he was coming.

"You know now why you hear it, why it's part of you. You were born to the sound of running water in that old house in Dorsetshire. Before you were born, in the daytime and in the stillness of the night your mother heard it week after week. Perhaps even when she was asleep the sound rippled through her dreams. Thus you came by it. It was born in you."

"Yes," she answered, following his argument step by step very carefully, but without a sign of the perplexity which was evident in Hilary Chayne. Chayne stood a little aloof, looking from Sylvia's face to the face of her father, in doubt whither the talk was leading. Sylvia, on the other hand, recognized each sentence which her father spoke as the embodiment

of a thought with which she herself was familiar.

"Well, then here's a definite thing, an influence most likely, a characteristic most certainly, and not of your making. One out of how many influences, characteristics, which are part of you, but not of your making. But we can lay our fingers on it. Well, it is a pleasant and a pretty quality—this dream of yours, Sylvia—yes, a very pleasant one to be born with. But suppose that instead of that dream you had been born with a vice, an instinct of crime, of sin, would you have been any the more responsible for it? If you are not responsible for the good thing, are you responsible for the bad? An awkward question. Sylvia—awkward enough to teach you to go warily in your judgments."

"Yes," said Sylvia. I was among the fortunate. I don't deny it."

"But that's not all," and, as Chayne moved restively, Garratt Skinner waved an indulgent hand.

"I don't expect you, Captain Chayne, to take an interest in these problems. For a military man, discipline and the penal code are the obvious unalterable solutions. But it is possible that I may never see my daughter again, and—I am speaking to her," and he went back to the old vexed question.

"It's not only that you are born with qualities, definite characteristics, definite cravings, for which you are no more responsible than the man in the moon, and which are a part of you. But there's something else. How much of your character, how much of all your life to come is decided for you during the first ten or fifteen years of your life—decided for you, mind, not by you? Upon my soul, I think the whole of it. You don't agree? Well, it's an open question. I believe that at the age of fifteen the lines along which you will move are already drawn, your character formed, your conduct for the future a settled thing."

To that Sylvia gave no assent. But she did not disagree. She only looked at her father with a questioning and a troubled face. If it were so, she asked, why had she hated from the first the circle in which her mother and herself had moved? And the answer—or, at all events, an answer came as she put the

question to herself: she had lived among her dreams. She was in doubt.

"Well, hear something of my boyhood, Sylvia," cried her father, and for the first time his voice became embittered. "I was brought up by a respectable father. Yes, respectable," he said with a sneer. "Everything about us was respectable. We lived in a respectable house in a respectable neighborhood, and twice every Sunday we went to church and listened to a respectable clergyman. But—well, here 's a chapter out of the inside. I would go to bed and read in bed by a candle. Not a very heinous offense, but contrary to the rule of the house. Sooner or later I would hear a faint scuffling sound in the passage. That was my father stealing secretly along to listen at my door and see what I was doing. I covered the light of the candle with my hand, or perhaps blew it out, but not so quickly but that he would see the streak of light beneath the door. Then the play would begin. 'You are not reading in bed, are you?' he would say. 'Certainly not,' I would reply. 'You are sure?' he would insist. 'Of course, father,' I would answer. Then back he would go, but only for a little way, and I would hear him come stealthily scuffling back again. Perhaps the candle would be lighted again already, or, at all events, uncovered. Would he say anything? Oh, no; he had found out I was lying. He felt that he had scored a point, and he would save it up. So we would meet the next morning at breakfast, he knowing that I was a liar, I knowing that he knew that I was a liar, and both pretending that we were all in all to each other. A small thing, Sylvia; but crowd your life with such small things! Spying, and deceit, and a game of catch-as-catch-can played by the father and son! My letters were read—I used to know, for roundabout questions would be put leading up to the elucidation of a sentence which to any one but myself would be obscure! Do you think any child could grow up straight, if his boyhood passed in that atmosphere of trickery? I don't know. Only I think that before I was fifteen, my way of life was a sure and settled thing. It was certain that I should develop upon the lines on which I was trained."

Garratt Skinner rose from his seat.

"There, I have done," he said. He looked at his daughter for a little while, his eyes dwelling upon her beauty with a certain pleasure, and even a certain wistfulness. He looked at her now much as she had been wont to look at him in the early days of the house in Dorsetshire. It was very plain that they were father and daughter.

"You are too good for your military man, my dear," he said, with a smile—"too pretty and too good. Don't you let him forget it." And suddenly he cried out with a burst of passion: "I wish to God you had never come near me!" And Sylvia, hearing the cry, remembered that on the Sunday evening when she had come first to the house in Hobart Place, her father had shown a particular hesitation, had felt some of that remorse of which she heard the full expression now, in welcoming her to his house and adapting her to his ends. She raised her downcast eyes, and with outstretched hands took a step forward.

"Father!" she said. But her father was already gone. She heard his step upon the stairs.

Chayne, however, followed her father from the room and caught him as he was leaving the hotel.

"I want to say," he began, with some difficulty, "that if you are pressed at all for money—"

Garratt Skinner stopped him. He pulled some sovereigns out of one pocket and some bank-notes out of another.

"You see, I have enough to go on with. In fact—" and he looked northward toward the mountains. Dimly they could be seen under the sickle of a new moon—"in fact, I propose to-morrow to take your friend Simond and cross on the high level to Zermatt."

"But afterward?" asked Chayne.

Garratt Skinner laughed, and laughed like a boy. There was a rich anticipation of enjoyment in the sound.

"Afterward? I shall have a great time. I shall squeeze Mr. Jarvice. It's what they call in America a cinch."

And with a cheery good-night Garratt Skinner betook himself down the road to his hotel.

IN AN OLD GARDEN

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE garden beds are prim and square
Box-bordered, scenting all the air,
And fruit-trees on espaliers crawl
Around the high, old-fashioned wall.

Some little Mistress, long ago,
Set out each straightly ordered row;
She watched the spicy pinks unfold,
The hollyhocks and marigold;

And standing in the poppy bed
Is the old dial, where she read:
Life is a Shadowe; soon 't is Night
Looke thou to God, thy Sun of Light."

Ah me! how many, many years
Since Death dried all her mourners' tears,
And mourners' mourners, one by one,
Passed from the "shadowe" to the Sun!

But here her flowers portray her yet,
Demure and sweet as mignonette,
Tripping, beneath the arch of limes,
To tend her posy bed betimes.

And where the sunlight lingers most,
Musing, I sometimes think her ghost
Breathes through the quiet paths, and dwells
A moment by the foxglove bells.

A dainty, gentle ghost, that treads
Light as the air around the beds—
Light as the fragrant breath that blows
The falling petals of a rose.

And when, although there is no breeze,
A little whisper fills the trees
And poppies bend their heads and stir—
I think they know and welcome her.



"POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM"

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE half-tone reduction opposite is that of a new and masterly etching by Mr. C. F. W. Mielatz, whose distinction in his chosen field of art has recently won for him an associate membership in the National Academy of Design. The picture recalls the fact that years ago a wood-engraving, after a drawing by L. C. Vogt, served to illustrate for the CENTURY MAGAZINE the late John Henry Boner's lyric on "Poe's Cottage at Fordham." Mr. Vogt gave a really attractive presentment of the structure which has been sketched and photographed by countless enthusiasts, and usually from the most unpromising point of view—that which makes insistent the prosaic, almost squalid, frontage of a commonplace little frame dwelling. But not until now has an artist so chosen his site, and so seriously striven after the requisite tone, as to convey a high imaginative quality—the quality of Poe's own mood and utterance—in his rendering of the scene.

The same effort, however, with a similarly felicitous result, is so manifest in Boner's poem, that I am asked to make some mention of the incident which inspired the North Carolinian, now buried in his native Moravian settlement, to compose the stanzas which best preserve his name. I had known him quite intimately from the beginning of his life in New York, and we had talks and walks together. More than once he challenged me to go with him on a visit to what, in his Southern thoughts, was emphatically a shrine—to the Poe cottage, which, strangely enough, I had never seen. Perhaps not so strangely, after all, for more than one legendary road has been so mistrodden as somewhat to weaken its prerogative as a *via sacra*.

It was in late October, 1888, when we

finally made our little pilgrimage to the Poe cottage, which then stood not quite so near as now to the edge of Fordham Hill, and with only the ancient cherry-tree to shield it from the Kingsbridge road. The day was somber and chill, no otherwise than must have been that day, forty years ago, "in the lonesome October" of Poe's "most immemorial year," upon which he conceived his "Ulalume," most weird of lyrical laments:

"The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisp'd and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere."

Through half an afternoon we lingered in and about the cottage, by grace of the one man then tenancing it, who apparently superimposed upon an inheritance of the bereaved poet's loneliness, like Jaques, a melancholy of his own. Westward, across the road, gloomed what seemed to us the "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." On the village side, stretching north, ran the valley over which, in less peopled days, evening mists rose and spread until it became a "dank tarn of Auber." Not so long ago, living on a height farther up that same interval, I have seen the bare tree-tops lifting spectrally above that autumnal fog surface. Within the cottage itself the main room, the narrow chamber to the left,—as stripped and sordid as when poor Virginia lay a-dying,—and the two rooms under the roof, all conformed to the oft-recounted traditions.

My companion, deeply impressed, renewed all the passion of his youth for the most renowned of Southern writers. As we finally left the plateau, he exclaimed: "You must write a poem about this visit!" I replied that several poems, rather well



From an etching by Charles F. W. Mielatz

THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, NEW YORK CITY, ON A LATE AFTERNOON
IN NOVEMBER, 1898

done, had been addressed to the manes of Poe, and no end of verse underdone or overdone; that I would much sooner pledge myself to carry out a wish to edit the poet's works after a different method from that previously applied to them. "But look here," I added, "do you see a poem in this?"

"Indeed, I do," he replied with emphasis.

"Then," I said, "go straight home, and write it while you feel it—that is the one recipe for making the best lyric."

Boner was, in fact, a natural lyricist, and a few of his lightwood songs had much charm. But when he brought to me, after a few days, his first draft of "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," I saw at once that he had written "better than he could," or than any one else could, or need hereafter, write upon the same theme. Several stanzas seemed to both of us still unfinished, but the poem was captured, and he laid it by and worked over it at intervals until it reached the perfection to which so conjuring a rune was entitled. In the spring, accordingly, I read it to the editor of "THE CENTURY," who was instantly impressed by it and, though unaware of its authorship, declared that it must appear in the magazine with a special picture of the cottage.

He was equally surprised and pleased to learn that it was composed by a proof-reader on the Century Dictionary, whose delicacy would move him to offer it for publication almost anywhere else than in the establishment where he was employed. The new contributor had full reason to be content with the editorial welcome given to his lyric, and still more so with the praise which it received from readers of every class when it appeared in the magazine for November, 1889.

After the test of time, it seems to have taken its place as a little classic, and is one of the finest American lyrics in point of melody, form, and impassioned conveyance of a haunting impression. The Fordham relic, like "the soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd," may pass, but its semblance will survive in Mr. Mielatz's intensely poetic etching, and in stanzas such as this of Boner's, with its reawakening of the prophetic voices heard by Kubla Khan:

"Here, with brow bared to heaven,

In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven

Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours

He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood."





THE ANTI-FOSTER-PET ASSOCIATION

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

WITH PICTURES BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

MRS. FOSTER was a large, calm, opulent person, with a smooth, blonde exterior, a commanding manner, a quiet husband, a century-plant, and three valuable but unprepossessing household pets. All Mrs. Foster's belongings were valuable and unprepossessing.

From June to November of each year this lady dwelt in Bancroft. From November to June she traveled, leaving her other possessions behind, but taking her mildly unwilling husband to Egypt, to Portugal or to Mexico. All winter long, post-cards with queer foreign stamps floated back to Bancroft.

But these cards, interesting as they were, did not reconcile Bancroft to Mrs. Foster's repeated absences. It was not because the Bancrofters missed the large, commanding lady or her small, commanded husband; but rather because they were *not* permitted to miss the century-plant and the three unlovely house-

hold pets that seemed to occupy so large a place in Mrs. Foster's affections; for, whenever this good woman went abroad, it was her custom to dismiss her servants, close her big, roomy house, and distribute her most cherished possessions among her neighbors.

"I see by the paper," said Mrs. Colby, the evening of the Petercraft concert, "that the Fosters are starting for Brazil."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Blake; "they go next week."

"And which do *you* get," queried Mrs. Colby, astutely, "the parrot or the dog?"

"The century-plant," groaned Mrs. Blake.

"And poor mother," interrupted lively Helen Blake, leaning forward eagerly, "still bears scars from her last winter's sojourn with that outrageous plant. Its leaves are built on the plan of a cross-cut saw, and each one ends in a long, murderous sharp thorn. Really, it seems as if

the thing were bewitched, for although it 's exactly four feet in diameter, you can't make a cautious, six-foot circuit around it without having it lunge out to jab you."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Colby, "Mrs. Foster uses it to impale burglars."

"No," returned matter-of-fact Mrs. Blake, soberly, "she paid a huge sum for it at the close of some exposition, and has grown attached to it."

"Fancy becoming attached to a thing like that!" shuddered Helen. "But it 's just like Mrs. Foster to place her affections on an object that no other woman could tolerate. Oh, sit here by us, Mrs. Adams. Yes, there 's room for Mrs. Herrick, too. We were just discussing Mrs. Foster's belongings."

"Dear me!" mourned Mrs. Adams, her cheerful countenance suddenly sobering as she took the proffered seat, "I 'm to have her dog."

"You have my heartfelt sympathy," said Mrs. Herrick, earnestly. "I had him last winter; and he 's *so* peculiar! His name is Agamemnon, and he won't come unless you say every bit of it. Then he

is n't built right—his legs are *much* too long for him. And his appetite—well! If I had n't known that the Fosters paid four hundred dollars for him, I 'd certainly have managed to lose him instead of staying up nights to hold his paw when he had toothache."

"But," asserted Mrs. Adams, hopefully, "he *can't* be as bad as Annabel Lee, their perfectly outrageous Angora cat. I had *her* last winter, and really that cat just about ruined Mr. Adams's disposition. She shed enough fur on his trousers to make a camel's-hair shawl."

"Mrs. Williams gets her this time," returned Mrs. Herrick. "I 'm to have the parrot. I understand that it uses unprintable language at five every morning, and was the direct cause of Jane Rossiter's nervous prostration three winters ago; so I intend to keep it in the attic—or else live there myself, and give the bird the rest of the house."

All winter long, care-free Mrs. Foster traveled from one sunny clime to another. All winter long, the vicious century-plant scratched or stabbed the elbows of the unwary Blakes. Agamemnon, the un-



"'IT 'S TOO MUCH,' SPUTTERED FASTIDIOUS GRACE"

gainly dog, demanded savory stews and untimely sympathy from Mrs. Adams. Mr. Williams went about in a state of indignation because he was continually coated with the long, white hairs shed by Annabel Lee, and Mr. Herrick's daily language, at five A.M., was only a shade milder, so Mrs. Herrick asserted, than that of the profane parrot.

Then, in addition to possessing unpleasant characteristics of their own, the cat, the dog, the parrot, and the century-plant weighed heavily on the minds of their guardians. Mrs. Blake, for instance, lived in a fever of apprehension lest the century-plant should die from the effects of coal-gas, too much or too little water, too high or too low a temperature. On such nights as Agamemnon was free from toothache, solicitous Mrs. Adams could not sleep for wondering what antidotes to use in case the dog should be accidentally poisoned. In spite of Mrs. Herrick's constant watchfulness, the wily and expensive parrot managed, several times during the winter, to escape and mislay himself in inaccessible places; and, by losing three of her lives in courageous encounters with strange dogs, Annabel Lee made nervous Mrs. Williams fairly sick abed on three separate occasions. Altogether, it was no light responsibility to keep Mrs. Foster's four treasures intact, alive, and undamaged for eight months at a stretch; and it told on the care-takers.

Indeed, long before spring, so thoroughly unhappy were the four households that a protesting body called the "Anti-Foster-Pet Association" was formed among the younger members of the four families. These younger members were

Helen Blake, Grace Adams, Sabina Herrick, and Eleanor Williams.

"It's too much to ask of anybody," sputtered fastidious Grace, who was stewing turnips for Agamemnon, "and nobody but a supremely selfish person like Mrs. Foster would do it. Oh, she pays Agamemnon's butcher's bill, but our cook left yesterday because she had to cater for that outrageous dog,—he won't touch ordinary dog food, and—oh, get down, Agamemnon! Those beastly turnips won't be done for an hour."

"Look at that scratch," said Helen Blake, baring a disfigured arm. "That's what that spiteful century-plant did to me last night when I was feeling round in the dark for matches. It just reached out and clawed me. And the postal that we got this morning from Mrs. Foster states that *she's* having a heavenly time."

"This," said Sabina, holding up a bandaged finger, "is merely my latest bite from that blood-curdling parrot. Somebody just misses losing a nose or an ear every time that unspeakable bird is fed."

"We have n't had any cream in our coffee since we became the property of the beautiful, hair-

shedding Annabel Lee," asserted Eleanor. "She turns up her nose at plain milk, and of course one can't let a fifty-dollar cat go hungry. I move that we all strike. It is n't fair, just because we're Mrs. Foster's nearest neighbors, that we should be compelled to lead such lives. Let's encourage our mothers to sign a declaration of independence from all cats, century-plants, parrots, and dogs."

"Let's!" cried Helen, eagerly. "Next fall, when Mrs. Foster descends upon us with plants and pets, let's pledge our-



"MR. FOSTER"

selves to have our respective mothers all primed to say 'NO.'"

It needed little persuasion at that time to induce the four women to promise to decline all proffered pets the following autumn. Indeed, they seemed *more* than willing to promise, for their grievances were still in a state of activity.

June brought Mrs. Foster, with her large, gracious presence, her unimportant husband, and a handsome gift for each of the guardians of her pets. The gifts, to be sure, were of a nature to appeal to Mrs. Foster rather than to her less eccentric neighbors: perhaps no one but Mrs. Foster would have thought of giving in-artistic Mrs. Adams a large statue of Mercury, or plain Mrs. Williams a magnificent coral necklace from Capri; yet the proper spirit lurked behind these inappropriate gifts, and the neighborhood was large-minded enough to realize it.

Throughout the summer, bland, blonde Mrs. Foster distributed the flowers and fruits of her garden among her less favored neighbors, invited the four families to luncheons and teas, and was neighborly in other large, open-handed, if sometimes rather imperious, ways. At close range it seemed impossible to accuse Mrs. Foster of selfishness, for she gave with a lavishness that no other person in Bancroft could have equaled. It was not a matter of money, but of temperament. Her generosity made her neighbors vaguely uncomfortable; for all summer long these women, from tall Mrs. Williams down to short Mrs. Herrick, were guiltily aware of the promises they had made to the Anti-Foster-Pet Association.

"I declare," said Mrs. Blake, rolling moth-balls in the hideous but expensive tapestry that Mrs. Foster had brought her from Spain, "I feel mean all the way through every time I see this thing; but I *can't* live another eight months with that century-plant on my mind. And dear me! I can just see how surprised and hurt Mrs. Foster will look when I refuse to take it. It never would occur to her that anybody *could* refuse."

The other neighbors voiced similar sentiments, but not to Mrs. Foster.

October came. The hard-hearted young members of the A. F. P. A. roused themselves to fresh activity, and succeeded in extracting fresh promises and pledges

from the former harborers of unprepossessing pets.

"Remember, mother," admonished Helen Blake, "you must be firm."

"Whatever happens," warned Grace Adams, "just remember that it's 'No, thank you' to Agamemnon."

Eleanor and Sabina, too, forewarned and forearmed Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Herrick. It seemed reasonably certain that the four would make a firm stand against afflicting pets.

Then Mrs. Foster paid her usual round of farewell visits. With unruffled confidence in tone and manner, she asked Mrs. Williams to take her turn at housing the century-plant, Mrs. Blake to soothe and comfort Agamemnon, Mrs. Herrick to harbor Annabel Lee, and Mrs. Adams to board and lodge the early-rising parrot.

Her confidence was not misplaced. In spite of pledges and promises, each woman went meekly down before the expectation in those calm, commanding blue eyes. Each woman helplessly accepted an unwelcome dog, cat, bird, or plant. It is altogether probable that each woman knew in advance that the crucial moment would find her weak.

Shortly before midnight of that same day, a shingle mill north of Bancroft caught fire. A stiff November gale was blowing, and by two o'clock the flames had swept a broad pathway through the town. Among others, the Blake, Herrick, Adams, and Williams families lost everything except their lives and a few hastily-gathered treasures. The Foster house, protected by its ampler grounds, surrounding trees, and a stout slate roof, was saved.

Early that morning, while the fire still burned, Mrs. Foster made another farewell visit to her favorite neighbors, whom she found sitting forlornly on the remnants of their belongings.

"You're to move into my house this minute," said she, in her usual large, commanding manner. "Yes, all four of you, families and all. I'm going away tomorrow just the same, but you're welcome to stay there all winter, if you want to, for the house is big enough for every one of you. All I ask of you is to look after Agamemnon—"

"I'll make him a turnip stew every day," promised Grace, heartily.



"YOU 'RE TO MOVE INTO MY HOUSE THIS MINUTE'"

"I've just got to tell *somebody*," whispered Mrs. Herrick, edging closer to Mrs. Adams, as the little procession followed Mrs. Foster down the flame-lighted street, "that I'm perfectly ashamed of the mean, little, narrow-minded thoughts I've had concerning that parrot."

"I know exactly how you feel," sobbed Mrs. Adams, hysterical from the mingled emotions of the night. "Big as that blessed woman is, there is n't room in Mrs. Foster for anything so despicable as the grudging feeling I've had over doing the only thing she ever asked of me."

"And when we thought her selfish," quavered Mrs. Williams, joining in, "she has merely been too noble and large-minded to be able to put herself in the places of such miserable, grudg-

ing, unworthy neighbors as we've been."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blake; "nobody but a big-souled woman like Mrs. Foster would have expected us to love those atrocious pets; and nobody but Mrs. Foster would have taken us in in this generous, whole-hearted way. I guess the rest of us 'll have to do some growing before we fit *her* house."

"By the way," said Mrs. Foster, turning suddenly, "you won't need to buy coal; the bins are full."

"Coals of fire," sobbed Mrs. Adams. The others laughed softly.

"Here's Agamemnon!" cried Mrs. Foster. "He knows his friends."

"It's to be hoped," whispered Mrs. Blake, "that he n't know them as they know themselves."

"GOD IS NOT MOCKED"

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

BUT if I plan a little sin,
So small no eye can enter in?

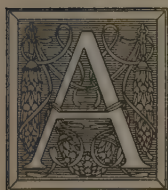
Thou fool! if thine own soul can see,
What need for God to look at thee?

JAY COOKE, AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

THE OPENING OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Author of "Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier," "Abraham Lincoln," etc.



At the close of the Civil War, Jay Cooke had gained a high reputation for patriotism and financial skill; he was also a wealthy man, and that fact gave rise to many derogatory allegations by partizan editors and politicians. The financier who devotes his talents to his country, from Robert Morris's time onward, has not had that incontestable claim upon his contemporaries, or even upon the attention of historians, which less important service insures to the man who with sword in hand goes forth to battle. Financial processes are seemingly less comprehensible, as they are less blood-stirring, and for the performance of the greatest feats in this field, if it lead to personal appreciation of any kind, there will be thorns among the laurel.

From a study of the records it is clear that Jay Cooke profited comparatively little in direct money returns from the five-twenty and seven-thirty loans. The commissions were moderate, and the methods of sale called for lavish expenditures. The subscription agent had no thought of saving or profiting; every consideration of this kind was subordinated to the great public object—the quick sale of large quantities of bonds to meet the Government's needs. Nevertheless, the gains of Jay Cooke & Co. in this period assumed considerable proportions, if not in commissions on the loans, still by subsidiary operations carried on in the daring spirit which characterized the head of the firm. He purchased large

lots of bonds outright, and had excellent means of knowing how, when, and where to sell them. Secretary McCulloch's decision to receive quartermasters' vouchers in payment of subscriptions to the seven-thirty loan opened opportunities of importance in that field. Balances remaining in the agent's hands were of undoubted pecuniary advantage to him, and the wide advertisement which a government connection gave him attracted private business of much value.

COOKE'S PROFITS

THE record of the profits of Jay Cooke & Co.'s Philadelphia and Washington houses during the war is unfortunately not at hand, but in 1865, the last year of the war, they were immense. The Washington street railroad and omnibus lines were very profitable while the firm owned them, as was the First National Bank in that city. In March, 1866, Jay Cooke opened his New York house at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, Harris C. Fahnestock having been transferred from Washington to take charge of it, in association with Mr. Cooke's brother Pitt and Edward Dodge, one of Cooke's old employers when, as a boy, he came to Philadelphia to serve the firm of E. W. Clark & Co. In the first ten months of its career this new house declared net profits of \$520,000, of which \$500,000 was distributed to the partners, Mr. Cooke receiving \$135,000 as his share. From the opening in 1866 to August, 1869, the profits of the New York house in the government bond business alone were \$1,638,000.

SIMPLICITY OF HIS TASTES

ALTHOUGH money came to him in large amounts, it can be truthfully said of Jay Cooke that he did not care for riches on his own account. His tastes were of the simplest. In travel, dress, horses, yachts, fine foods, or social display, he had no personal interest. His own delight was to betake himself to some of nature's open spaces, where he might cast aside convention, don a pair of cowhide boots, an old suit of clothes, and shoot or fish from dawn until sunset. What was showy in his life was in answer to no selfish need of his own, but a natural impulse, which he indulged as his prosperity increased, to dispense good, simple, honest, human cheer.

GIBRALTAR AND OGONTZ

To gratify his desire for making others happy, in 1864 Mr. Cooke purchased an island in Lake Erie. From boyhood he had visited these waters with gun and fishing-line. He chose Gibraltar, about seven acres of jutting rock, out of the crevices of which great trees spring picturesquely. It lies near a larger island, and the pocket forms a harbor called Put-in-Bay, where Commodore Perry put in (whence its name) just before the battle of Lake Erie in 1813.

Upon this island Mr. Cooke found much peace and comfort. He visited the home regularly in June and October, and it was always ready to receive him or his guests. Before the day of pound-nets these waters swarmed with bass and other fish. Here Chase, General Sherman, John Sherman, Treasurer of the United States Spinner, Anson Burlingame, and a host of public characters came at his invitation, while in the summer months—in the time between his visits—the home was made over to clergymen. They must be evangelical—not High Churchmen or Unitarians; they must be poor servants in the worldly vineyard. Gibraltar, he said, was not "for the fat and well-provided-for clergy." They must leave their families behind them. In his home they were to forget all their cares and be boys again. The guests remained for ten days or two weeks at Mr. Cooke's expense, and when they forwarded their accounts, they

were reimbursed for their investment in going to and returning from this happy vacation ground.

Late in 1865, the banker turned his attention to a large country home in his favorite Cheltenham Hills, near Philadelphia. The Cedars was too small a place to satisfy his growing needs as an entertainer. He had accumulated a tract of some 200 acres, and on an eminence in the midst of a wood he prepared a site for Ogontz. It was his hope to employ in its construction returning Union soldiers, and he wished the palace to be entirely an American product—as far as possible an evidence of the industrial virility of Pennsylvania. Mr. Cooke went abroad only for the carpets. It was at first planned that even the pictures upon the walls should be from the brushes of Read, Rothermel, and other Pennsylvania artists; but this idea was abandoned, and the house soon came to hold one of the finest collections of foreign and American art at the time to be found in any private residence in the country. The banker dined his principal mechanics when the house was finished, opened it with prayer and thanksgiving (a service which was repeated every morning before the breakfast hour in all his homes), and placed in the hands of a committee of clergymen a fund of \$10,000 to be distributed to poor ministers, who may have guessed, but never certainly knew, the name of their benefactor. Mr. Cooke called this palatial county-seat Ogontz after an Indian chief upon whose shoulders he had ridden as a boy in Sandusky.

A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS MAN

His religion, which some may think obtrusive, was, on the contrary, one of the most attractive of all his personal traits. It was no cloak to be put on or off as befitted the occasion. His native enthusiasm extended to the church, and he was sincere and devoted to it and its observances. He would interlard a business letter to the Secretary of the Treasury with severe admonitions, if he had heard that the clerks at Washington were compelled to work on Sunday; he refused to travel upon that day even at critical times in the nation's history, and had



JAY COOKE'S ISLAND GIBRALTAR, IN PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE,—AND THE
EAST FRONT OF GIBRALTAR HOUSE

both Lincoln and Grant under examination for Sabbath desecration.

It was only from the ritualists of his own church, the "Close Communion" Baptists, and the adherents of those sects which seemed to deny the divinity of Christ, that he withheld his sympathy and substantial favors. Against the High Churchmen he waged an unrelenting contest. To him they were "Romanists." He combatted everything which looked like "priestcraft, apostolic-succession dogmas, regeneration dogmas, exclusive dogmas, uncharitable, unchristian, inhospitable dogmas." "How can a Christian man be a High Churchman?" Jay Cooke wrote in a less formal strain in the "Gibraltar Records". after the visit to his island of a ritualist.

THE LORD'S TITHE

VERY early in his business career the banker began the practice of setting aside one tenth of his income for charitable objects, and he often greatly exceeded the Scriptural allowance. He established an account in the books of his houses for "Old Patriarch Jacob." Before he or any partner received the year's portion of profits, a tithe was written off for "O.

P. J.," as the good friend of the poor was generally called, and it stood there as a balance, to be drawn from freely, when hunger and want and societies whose objects appealed to his warm heart presented themselves to his attention. As the profits of Jay Cooke & Co. in these years were large, the sum to be distributed attained considerable proportions. Moreover, Mr. Cooke had his personal "O. P. J." fund, one tenth of his own share of his firm's profits. The "Old Patriarch" gave much to theological seminaries, establishing chairs at Kenyon College in Ohio and at the Episcopal divinity school in West Philadelphia. Mr. Cooke supported scores of young men while they were being educated for the ministry, contributed largely to build and maintain a pretty little ivy-clad church near Ogontz, soon generally known as the "Five-Twenty Church," and another on the Lake Erie islands. He gave liberally to churches in Duluth and on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, where his interests soon led him, and in every neighborhood in which he invested his money in lands, mines, or railroads he had a care for the religious development of the people. From all parts of the country appeals came to him



JAY COOKE'S HOME OGONTZ, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, NOW A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

In the parade of the school-girls, the color-sergeant is a granddaughter of Jay Cooke

for struggling parishes, and to hundreds of congregations he gave bells, silver communion plate, organs, steeples, sums for their building funds, or eked out the stipends of ill-paid preachers.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Cooke had no charitable interests outside the church. He gave to all good causes in a rare way. It was a real pang for him to refuse any suppliant for aid, and many of whose worthiness he could have no pledge received from his hands. He preferred to believe that men were honest and sincere, and in his charity, as in his business relations, he was wont to trust far.

SYMPATHY FOR THE SOUTH

AFTER the war, Jay Cooke, in keeping with his temperament, though firmly opposed to any weakening in the political policy toward the South, as that sentiment was expressed by Andrew Johnson

in 1866 and 1867, Chase in 1868, and Greeley in 1872, exerted a conciliatory influence. Knowledge of his forgiving nature penetrated all parts of the country, and many appeals came to him from the States which had been in rebellion. Southern men, or their wives or daughters for them, wrote to ask for money to reestablish their ruined industries. Jay Cooke had little to invest in the "land of whisky and bowie-knives," as he called it in those Ku-Klux days, but he helped to rebuild more than one church on the line of Sherman's march to the sea, and he had it in his mind to create a Credit of Industry, a kind of *Crédit Mobilier*, to aid the people of the South to regain their position in the world. Robert Dale Owen and William E. Chandler, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and later a senator from New Hampshire, took in hand a bill embodying the financier's ideas which, it was vainly hoped, might receive the favor of a Congress whose interest, so little philanthropic, inclined it to measures designed instead to make the South drink all the bitter lees in its cup of sorrow and defeat.

A PLAN TO EVANGELIZE AMERICA

MR. COOKE, too, went to Phillips Brooks, then in charge of a church in Philadelphia, and proposed a gigantic plan

for the evangelization of America. The preacher was to name his own salary, make up his itinerary, select his assistants, and carry the Gospel from Maine to Texas and from coast to coast. But the pulpit orator declined. "Why have you let this great opportunity pass?" William Wilberforce Newton asked him while he was still aglow with the grandeur of the scheme.

"Because," said Mr. Brooks, promptly, "if our Lord has founded the Christian church, the church must do its work in its own way and not by proprietary methods. And it might mean, after a while, only another sect on earth. Besides, as the movement grew, it would have to be guided, and Mr. Cooke's conception of the faith might differ from my own. And then where should we be?"

A FOE TO REPUDIATORS

AFTER finishing the sale of the last series of seven-thirty notes, the financier's first concern was that no part of the national debt should be dishonored. It was with the purpose of combating the idea that the financial burdens of the war were too great to be borne and should be repudiated, which was followed by the insidious and wide-spread doctrine that it should be paid in greenbacks, that Jay Cooke published his pamphlet, "How Our National Debt may be a National Blessing." He lost no opportunity to attack any and all of these dishonest theories with every weapon at his hand. He had told the buyers of government bonds that the United States would pay its debts in gold, and while he was able to use his voice and wield his pen he had no intention of seeing any promise of this kind unfulfilled. In response to a resolution which made its appearance in the New York State legislature, attacking in the spirit of the time the "patrician class" and the "bloated bondholders," he showed that the debt was not owned by the rich. On the contrary, no less than 2,877,312 bonds, or at least one half of the seven-thirty loan of \$830,000,000, was taken in \$50, \$100, and \$500 denominations. The Government's default, therefore, would chiefly affect widows, orphans, and small investors.

COOKE'S FUNDING SCHEMES

It was Jay Cooke's earnest desire that the national debt should be funded into long bonds, bearing a rate of interest lower than six per cent., and he promised to sell hundreds of millions of the new issue at a great annual saving to the Government. Bills embodying his ideas regarding a consolidated five per cent. debt were repeatedly urged in Congress, but, with that body at cross purposes with President Johnson, nothing came of them. Chase openly antagonized the suggestion. "Of course I stick to my own plans for funding five-twenties or ten-forties. Ask me anything except to murder my own children," said he. These bonds, he thought, were sufficient for the past and the present, and would be for the future.

Moreover, the greenback doctrines were spreading at a dangerous pace in the West. All of Cooke's old Ohio friends in Congress except James A. Garfield left him upon this issue. If they did not pander to the paper-money sentiment, they told him, they would lose their seats. Perhaps they would have done so, but there was still nothing of the politician in Jay Cooke. "When you see Garfield," he wrote to his brother Henry, "shake hands with him for me, and tell him that he is a noble fellow, and that he can well afford to be beaten on such pure principles."

THE DESERTION OF JOHN SHERMAN

AMONG the deserters was John Sherman. He had been leading Jay Cooke's contest in earlier Congresses, but in 1868 he saw new lights. He was advocating a bill which intimated that if the exchange of the old for the new bond was not made promptly, the holder should be paid in paper money. "Sherman will be ruined," Jay Cooke told his brother, "and all will be ruined politically and financially who yield to any such clamor on the part of repudiators. For one, I will have nothing to do with any such foul schemes." The financier wrote a long letter to the "Philadelphia Inquirer," afterward published as a pamphlet, disclaiming all sympathy with Sherman in



Drawn by E. C. Peixotro. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE SO-CALLED "FIVE-TWENTY CHURCH" NEAR OGONTZ, THE COST OF WHICH
WAS LARGELY DEFRAYED BY JAY COOKE

this enterprise. He also defended in print the national banking system which he had done so much to establish, and which now shared the anti-capitalist attacks, and he steadfastly advocated an early return to specie payments. He considered that so long as the Government failed to resume its place among the specie-paying nations it was in a state of bankruptcy, and he had plans, which seemed to him feasible, for raising the country out of this condition of disgrace.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE'S AMBITIONS

IN this period Mr. Cooke was a man almost without a party. A devoted admirer of Chase, the financier was unable to follow his leader in 1868. None could better know of that man's discontent in all situations and his ambition always to be that which he was not. If two or three suggestions which he had made while he was Secretary of the Treasury that he should resign, to join the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., and again to become the president of the Washington Street Railway Company, may be taken to have

been jocular, this cannot truthfully be said of the intimation contained in his letter to Cooke of December 26, 1865. He had been Chief-Justice of the United States less than a year when he wrote to the financier: "How would it do to sell \$20,000 of my bonds in your hands and put the money as capital into your firm? I rather think I should like to be a sleeping partner of yours, now that I am no longer Secretary. I see nothing disagreeable about it except the fact that I can render very little service beyond the small capital contributed, which you don't want."

In reply Mr. Cooke suggested that the Chief-Justice resign his office and go to London to take charge of the house which the banker had for some time desired to establish in that city; but Chase said he had "passed the time for that." He wished to be a "sleeping partner" only. "I have no notion of keeping so wide awake as London would require, or, indeed, of keeping awake at all, except so far as it might be needed to help here [at Washington] and perhaps occasionally elsewhere." He wished to own a home and

be able to pay off his indebtedness to Jay Cooke's Philadelphia and Washington banks, when he thought he would feel as well "as if he had a million or millions."

As Cooke did not approve of such a scheme, Mr. Chase was ready to take the presidency, first of the Union Pacific and then of the Central Pacific railroads, and in due time became a candidate for a high office in the Northern Pacific company. The financier discouraged all these singular aspirations on the part of a Chief-Justice of the United States and even lost his enthusiasm for Chase's ambition to become President of the United States.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1868

IN 1868, Mr. Chase still believed that his Presidential prospects were good. He looked to Jay Cooke to support him for the nomination, and the banker would have done so if General Grant had not appeared upon the scene. There was an irresistible popular movement for a military candidate. The general visited Mr. Cooke in Philadelphia, and was a boon companion of his brother in Washington. The hero of Appomattox often came to the bank on Fifteenth street. He and Henry Cooke were seen driving together at the national capital. As Chase's outlook was hopeless, and as he gradually drifted to a point where he sought a nomination from the hands of the Democratic party, the Cookes deserted their idol, and made no secret of the displeasure they felt regarding the course of their old friend.

But Jay Cooke was in no mind to give blind or unquestioning support even to Grant. This was the first Presidential

campaign in American history in which money was collected in large sums from business men, and the Republican National and State Committees expected much of the Philadelphia financier, although he was not so easy a mark for the politicians as many of them seemed to anticipate. In July he wrote to his brother Henry: "If the Republican party is to turn repudiators, I will desert them. This whole matter must be at once understood before I give any money. The scoundrels deserve hanging for the irreparable injury they are doing to this glorious nation."

Nevertheless, in the end, the banker became a contributor to the extent of many thousands of dollars, the word being carried to him repeatedly, as the campaign advanced, that the danger of Grant's defeat was very great.

ENTERING THE NORTHWEST

AFTER the closing of the last war loan, Mr. Cooke found himself in possession of much financial machinery which was in

danger of going into idleness. The Government for a time continued its system of "secret sales"; that is, of buying and selling bonds and gold with a view to protecting the public credit, and these operations were now, as before, usually intrusted to the Philadelphia banker. He organized, and had chartered by Congress, a life insurance company which was managed in connection with his banking business. But, the funding bills failing, the active minds of Mr. Cooke and his partners, accustomed to the pressure and excitement of war-loan selling, were not well enough employed, and he de-



From a photograph by W. Curtis Taylor

JAY COOKE, ABOUT 1870

cided to return to railroads, in which he had been deeply interested before he began his connection with the Treasury Department. He felt himself strongly drawn to the Northwest. As a boy he had scanned the surfaces of Lake Erie; as a man he

Paul and Duluth. It was a scheme which was likely to warm the heart of such a man as Jay Cooke. The road, 140 miles in length, would join the western end of the chain of Great Lakes and the Mississippi River, thus completing a



From a crayon drawing by Robert Vonnoh. Owned by Jay Cooke's daughter, Mrs. John M. Butler
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

JAY COOKE IN 1896

viewed its currents from his island home, and while sitting in his boat, waiting for the stir of the bass which swam in its cool depths, he pondered the commercial possibilities of this vast internal waterway. The idea of interlake traffic appealed to his imagination. President Banning came to him as early as in 1865 and asked him to sell the bonds of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, now the St.

line of transportation from New York and New England to the Gulf of Mexico.

But while Cooke had enthusiasm, it was never blind. He looked and studied before he embraced, and, as must be obvious to all who have followed his career, he was the wariest of men in pursuing his way among the countless financial shoals which were prepared for capitalists during the years of speculation following the

Civil War.' He sought reliable information in regard to the railroad, and personally visited the head of Lake Superior. The company had sought financial sponsors elsewhere in America and in Europe without finding them, but, the project commending itself to his judgment after full examination, he agreed to sell \$4,000,000 of the company's first-mortgage bonds. Again he hired Samuel Wilkeson to "fire up" the newspapers, and in two or three weeks he had disposed of the entire loan. "Whew! what grand sales!" he wrote to his brother Henry in March, 1869, the boy coming out of him, as it did frequently up to his last days on earth. "We could sell 40 just as well as 4 millions." Indeed, the financier's successes induced a feeling in him and in the public at large that he was well-nigh invincible.



From a photograph by Sarony

PITT COOKE (BROTHER OF JAY COOKE),
OF THE NEW YORK BRANCH OF
JAY COOKE & CO.

HIS INTEREST IN DULUTH

MR. COOKE'S identification with the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad led him to invest largely in real estate in Minnesota. He had come to own thousands of acres of land in the West, principally in Iowa, keeping agents in the field to pick up eligible tracts, and now he pursued the same course around the head of Lake Superior. There he believed a great city would arise, and he gradually possessed himself of building sites, water powers, quarries, mines, and forests.

When, in the summer of 1868, Mr. Cooke sailed up the lake in the *Keweenaw* on his tour of examination, stopping here and there on its southern shore, and coming at length to the western end of the great American shipway, he found there several little towns with ludicrous rivalries, the chief of which were Superior, in Wisconsin, and Duluth, across

the line in Minnesota. Superior had about three hundred inhabitants; at one time before the war it had had twice as many. It had been established in the fifties by several Southern gentlemen who could not take their slaves with them to Saratoga and Newport, and desired this to become a new retreat; but the war left its houses without tenants, and its promises of growth unfulfilled.

Duluth, on its side, contained at this time only seven or eight frame buildings, including a land-office and a school-house. Indians filled the streets, and paddled visitors about in large canoes. In the bay were floating islands, which had sloughed off the shore, to be blown hither and thither by the wind. Mr. Cooke, to his amazement, was landed upon one of these, about five acres in extent, and as he walked among the scrub firs, his feet sank several inches in the soft mold. He decided upon this visit that Duluth would be the chief

city of the Northwest. It was to be the terminus of the railroad to the Mississippi River. It would naturally become the eastern terminus of a transportation route to the Pacific Ocean, and thence to Japan and China, which some one, before many years should pass, would open over the Rocky Mountains. That he would be the man to develop this enterprise he did not yet know, although he was already cogitating the plans to take the franchise so temptingly offered to him by a group of promoters into whose hands it had come.

THE NORTHERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC

THERE were in the view of the time only three transcontinental railway routes. That there could be more than this



DULUTH IN 1871—FROM THE LETTER-HEAD OF A REPRESENTATIVE OF JAY COOKE

number of lines to the Western ocean was not anticipated even at a season when the American fancy was ruled by the most diverse schemes for laying rails over mountains and across deserts. The middle route to San Francisco had been covered by companies which had been generously aided by the Government; the Southern route was not without its advocates in the persons of John C. Frémont, Thomas A. Scott, and several other men; while the Northern route, the favorite of Thomas H. Benton, who had so insistently urged the construction of a railroad to the Western ocean, was

destined to enjoy the valuable favor of Jay Cooke.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was chartered by the Congress of the United States on July 2, 1864. It was to follow a course north of 45 degrees of latitude, being liberally endowed with land,—twenty sections to the mile upon each side of the road in the Territories, and ten to the mile in the States,—patents being issued upon the completion of every twenty-five mile section. This was a subsidy computed to amount altogether to 47,360,000 acres. Although the road had a number of prominent names on the list



DULUTH FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS MADE FROM NEARLY THE SAME POSITION AS THE ABOVE

of its incorporators, the moving spirit was Josiah Perham, a merchant of Maine, who is credited with having originated the idea of cheap railway excursions. The Pacific Ocean was to be reached without a mortgage. It would be a "People's Railroad," stock being taken in small amounts on sentimental grounds. Throughout it was a visionary scheme, doomed to fail completely. Congress at various times had extended the limits of its grant, and the franchise, when it was about to fall into the hands of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, with Perham virtually upon his deathbed, was obtained by a group of Vermont Central Railway men, at whose head stood Governor J. Gregory Smith of Vermont. The road had been offered for sale before Perham's death, and it now went the rounds again, reaching Jay Cooke through his partners in Washington, where a large party of the promoters had congregated to procure legislation favorable to their enterprise. Samuel Wilkeson, who was known to be in Jay Cooke's confidence, was appointed, or had the promise of an appointment, to the secretaryship of the company, and in the course of a year or two—it was a result not rapidly effected—Governor Smith and his associates achieved their design, at least to the extent of persuading the financier to say that he would send out commissioners to inspect the line of the road, when, if it were found to be as it was represented, he would become its fiscal agent. A provisional agreement was entered into, the interest of the War Department was enlisted, and exploring parties were sent out under the protection of United States troops stationed at the posts which dotted the Northwest to regulate the movements of the Indians. Two separate parties were organized, one to proceed to the Pacific coast to work its way east by the Columbia River to Montana; the other to go west through the high grass and wild flowers which so prodigally clothed the rich surfaces of Minnesota to the Red River Valley.

THE PRELIMINARY SURVEYS

THE Western expedition reached San Francisco by rail over the new Union and Central Pacific lines, proceeded to Port-

land by stage, and then took the Oregon Steam Navigation Company's boats to Puget Sound. Returning, they "climbed" the Columbia River, disembarking for an overland trip to Walla Walla. They marveled at the harbors, the balmy climate, the growth of vegetation, the valuable forests, the rich pastures, and the salmon fisheries. Mr. Cooke's personal representative was W. Milnor Roberts, an accomplished engineer who had earlier examined and reported upon one or two railroads in Missouri which the banker had been asked to finance. Samuel Wilkeson was also in the party, which altogether numbered six. The engineer was to ascertain whether a railroad by the proposed route was scientifically feasible, and his observations were specially important when they reached Montana, where he must find a crossing over the mountains. The Missouri being too low for a return east by the route, and their work in the mountains being done, they proceeded from Helena by stage three or four hundred miles south to the junction with the Union Pacific Railroad in Utah. The party had been received with open arms by the people of the Northwest. They were escorted from place to place by the white settlers whom they met, and were compelled to make speeches at public meetings, being acclaimed enthusiastically as the harbingers of the much-desired railroad. They established their camps under the open sky, without spreading their tents, in proof of the warmth and dryness of this *terra incognita*, which the people of the East were prone to picture to themselves as a perpetual ice-field inhabited by polar bears and Eskimos.

The west-going party was headed by President J. Gregory Smith, and Mr. Cooke's immediate representatives were Governor William R. Marshall of Minnesota and Philip W. Holmes. This was a pleasure excursion, at least as far as the Red River, having its *chefs*, carpeted tents, spring wagons, and a luxurious *ménage* to accommodate the gentlemen, who, in several instances, were accompanied by their wives or daughters. But from Red River onward, through the Sioux country to the Big Bend of the Missouri, the party was reduced in size, and only the bolder remained. They

were preceded by a detachment of United States cavalry, who scouted in all directions for Indians, and the results were of real utility. This expedition was accompanied by C. C. Coffin, a Boston newspaper writer, who, assisted by Wilkeson farther west, plaited wild grass and buffalo manes into fanciful tapestries to ravish the eyes of bankers and others who should stop to read their reports.

But they were not alone. All the reports were highly favorable, that of Roberts being prepared carefully and conservatively in a room set aside for his use at Ogontz, and Mr. Cooke, after much private reading of Lewis and Clarke, Stevens and the early French explorers, completed his contract with the Northern Pacific men.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC CONTRACT

THE "interests" in the company, which were twelve, were increased to twenty-four, one half being held by the vendors, and one half being transferred to the fiscal agents. The later purchase of an original share by Jay Cooke & Co. from the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad gave the firm $13\frac{3}{24}$, or a majority interest, in the corporation. Of the whole capital stock of \$100,000,000, \$80,001,000 was to go to the twenty-four interests in proportionate shares,—\$93,400 to each at once, and \$40,500 upon the completion of each and every twenty-five mile section of the road, when it would receive the appertaining lands from the Government. The rest of the stock, \$19,999,000, was to be issued to Jay Cooke & Co. as a bonus. The firm, in return for these concessions, agreed to sell \$100,000,000 of thirty-year bonds bearing interest at the rate of $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. in gold. They were to receive them at the net rate of \$88 per \$100, the company agreeing to redeem them at all times in payment for its lands. A further bonus was provided by the organization of a subsidiary company, also divided into twenty-four shares, to exploit town sites and other properties on the line of the road, and to be called the Lake Superior and Puget Sound Land Company.

On its face, this arrangement seemed very favorable to Mr. Cooke, and he at once entered upon his chosen task with

his accustomed enthusiasm. He knew that land-grant railroads were plentiful, and that their stocks and bonds were becoming less and less salable, but he had a plan for organizing a "pool" to lay the tracks to the Red River, while much, if not all, of the rest of the money would be raised in Europe. His margins were large, he could offer handsome bonuses and commissions, and the scheme being feasible on its climatic and engineering sides, as he had established by careful examination, failure was far from his mind.

COOKE'S "POOL"

THE contract was dated January 1, 1870, and Mr. Cooke was ready to move at once. His method was to do what he had to do—when he had studied his project and made up his mind as to its merit—with a whirl. He proposed to capitalists a "ground-floor pool" of \$5,600,000, represented by \$5,000,000 of bonds and \$600,000 of stock, to be paid for at par, and carrying large bonuses of stock in the Northern Pacific Company, the Lake Superior and Puget Sound Land Company, and the Western Land Association, which had important holdings at Duluth, the latter affiliation being established to identify the road with the new city Mr. Cooke had decreed to be the metropolis of the Northwest. These liberal offers brought in large sums of money instantly. The "pool" was eagerly subscribed to in Pittsburg, where General J. Kennedy Moorhead, William Thaw, and many moneyed men entered for generous amounts, as well as in other cities, although New York looked on dubiously, and gave almost no aid to the enterprise. One of the objects of the plan was to obtain money for the immediate prosecution of the work of building the road, while another was to tie influential moneyed, political, and journalistic interests to the undertaking. To propitiate these, Jay Cooke reserved for himself a considerable share in the "pool," dividing it into larger or smaller portions, to be sold for cash, or carried on interest-bearing loans for men occupying high positions, including many newspaper editors.

Already, on January 24, 1870, Mr. Cooke telegraphed Governor Smith that

no more "pool" interests were for sale, and the operation was successfully completed in the financier's characteristic way. On February 15, ground was broken for the road in Minnesota, a pick, a spade, and a wheelbarrow used in moving the first earth being forwarded to Philadelphia as souvenirs of the event, and in a little while a beginning was also made upon the Columbia River, on the section which was to connect Portland with Puget Sound. A bill authorizing the company to secure its bonds by a mortgage upon its large promised land grant, and to construct two lines west of the mountains, one down the Columbia Valley to Portland and the other by a more northerly route direct to Puget Sound, met a hungry lobby at Washington, passed Congress and was signed by President Grant on May 30, 1870. Jaye Cooke and J. Edgar Thomson, then President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, became trustees for the first-mortgage bondholders, while the board of directors included the names of William G. Fargo, William B. Ogden, General George W. Cass, William Windom, James Stinson, B. P. Cheney, Frederick Billings, and Judge R. D. Rice.

THE QUEST FOR FUNDS IN EUROPE

HAVING gone so far successfully, the next task was to place a large number of the bonds in Europe. It was at first believed that this result could be easily effected. Although William G. Moorhead, while abroad in 1869, had made strenuous efforts, at the direction of his partner, to interest the Rothschilds in the railroad, they were vain, and early in 1870 a contract was made with the Budes of Frankfort-on-the-Main. As the expectations formed of this house were disappointing, General George B. Sargent, a brother of Epes Sargent, who had been sent out to superintend bond sales under the Budes, carried the loan to London, where it was about to be brought out by the General Credit and Discount Company. But at the very moment the papers were to be signed, Napoleon III made war upon Prussia, German troops were flung across the border on their way to Paris, and the Exchanges were in a panic. Months were spent in waiting, and then

a useless arrangement was effected with Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt of London. This was followed by negotiations with the Oppenheims of Cologne and with the Darmstadt Bank, and finally with a group of financiers in Vienna, who agreed to advance many millions upon the company's bonds if the commissioners they sent out to inspect the property made a favorable report upon it. In the summer of 1871 these delegates were escorted through Minnesota and into the Puget Sound country, and visited Jay Cooke at Ogontz and Gibraltar, where they enjoyed all the good cheer that those two mansions afforded, only to return with accounts that were too cold and calculating to fire the hearts of their principals, and induce the outpouring of money now sorely needed to carry this great railway to the Western sea.

The incidents in this European negotiation are ludicrous enough to fit out more than one opera bouffe. Nothing came of it all but General Sargent's lavish expenditure of the company's funds, the foreign market for Northern Pacific bonds falling at length into the hands of Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Company, the long-meditated London house established by Mr. Cooke in January, 1871, with Hugh McCulloch, who had left the Treasury in March, 1869, as the principal resident partner, assisted by John H. Puleston and Frank H. Evans, Englishmen, both since knighted by the crown.

ADVERTISING THE ROAD IN AMERICA

BUT it was tolerably plain by this time that if the road was to be built—and no doubt of the result found lodgment in Jay Cooke's mind, or was allowed in his presence to issue from the mouth of a partner without his emphatic protest,—the money must be obtained at home; and with this object in view, Mr. Cooke at once equipped the necessary agencies, planning to sell the Northern Pacific seven-thirties to the American people, as he had sold the Government's seven-thirties. General A. B. Nettleton organized a press bureau from which the journals were freely supplied with information in regard to the Northwest. The loan was advertised widely, and tons of maps, circulars, and pamphlets descriptive of the

much-blessed region to be penetrated by the railroad were scattered among the people of America and Europe. Not only were buyers needed for the bonds, but the land was to be populated from lake to ocean, so that the subsidy from the Government would be made valuable and the road would have goods and passengers to transport across spaces still the roaming ground of the Indian and the buffalo. A number of men were employed to lecture about the Northwest, C. C. Coffin having a discourse called "The Seat of Empire" which was delivered before large and numerous audiences. So compelling was his invitation, it was said, that entire villages in New England packed their utensils and household effects and set off for Minnesota. Most elaborate arrangements were made for starting colonists from Europe, welcoming them in New York, and forwarding them to the line of the road, where at several places reception-houses were built for their temporary comfort until they could select their farms. No detail in this grand scheme escaped Jay Cooke, and more than once did the representatives of foreign sects and societies come to Ogontz, while he told them through interpreters why they should leave their Old-World homes and establish colonies in the Northwest, dilating with intimate knowledge upon the great wheat-fields of Minnesota and Dakota, the rich pastures of Montana and Idaho, the balmy climate west of the Rocky Mountains, the rivers, harbors, and forests of the territory bordering Puget Sound.

JAY COOKE'S "BANANA BELT"

THE praise bestowed upon this region by some of Mr. Cooke's agents was undoubtedly extravagant.

John Russell Young heard that Wilkeson had found monkeys and orange groves in the Northwest. The banker himself weighed his statements carefully. He knew very early just what the resources of the country were, and he abated nothing of his faith under any circumstances. He knew that the chosen route to the Pacific was well watered and that Indians and wild animals thrived there. So would his colonists. The route no

sooner left the valley of one river than it pitched down into another. He advertised it as the "Valley Route," to distinguish it from the parched belt—to this day useless—which was crossed by the central and would be penetrated by the southern line to the Pacific. The skeptical called it Jay Cooke's "Banana Belt," both because it was endowed with a tropical climate by Wilkeson and some of the other Northern Pacific writers, and because the road upon the maps which the company distributed swept over the mountains, with its wide zone of free land, marked in the latitude of Venice and Paris, in the shape of a long fantastic banana.

PROCTOR KNOTT'S FAMOUS SPEECH

THE region received a further advertisement in an unexpected way. In January, 1871, J. Proctor Knott of Kentucky rose in the House of Representatives, putting his colleagues, and a little later the country at large, in a roar of laughter by a satirical attack upon Duluth, set like a spider in its web of concentric circles that located it in reference to New York, London, Paris, and Shanghai. Duluth was the name for which his "soul had panted for years, 'as the hart panteth for the water-brooks.'" It was "a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's sweetest songsters." This speech was cited against the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas" for years, until, by its rapid growth, it had turned the laugh upon Knott and made him appear a very unprophectic man.

MR. COOKE'S VINDICATION

MR. COOKE, like his city at the head of Lake Superior, lived to enjoy his revenge, and it was sweet. As for Minnesota and the Red River Valley, nothing that was said during the Northern Pacific campaign by its most flowery advocate as a wheat-growing region surpassed to-day's realities. Minnesota, which produced 17,660,467 bushels of this cereal in 1869, yielded 95,000,000 bushels in 1900: Dakota, which many believed to be un-

fertile,—General Sherman, by way of caution, telling Jay Cooke that the country was “as bad as God ever made or anybody can scare up this side of Africa,”—and which in 1869 was still unscratched by the point of a plow, in 1900 yielded 102,000,000 bushels of wheat. Not half of the truth was told in 1870, 1871, 1872, and 1873 about the wonderful wheat-lands of the valley of the Red River of the North. It was said that the Yellowstone River region, with its many natural wonders, would attract tourists in increasing numbers. No promise on this point remains unfulfilled. Montana was called “the treasure-box of the West.” In all that was said of this mining region there was barely a suggestion of the wealth that has come out of the gold, silver, and copper mines to conduce to the advantage of the Northern Pacific and its rival railroads. As for the herds which it was foreseen would graze upon the “bunch grass” covering the slopes of the mountains, there was also no hyperbole. The sheep-growing area of this country long ago moved westward from Ohio, where it lingered in the 70's and 80's. By the census of 1900, Montana led all the States of the Union, with over 6,000,000 head, while Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon together supported 17,000,000 head, or nearly one third the entire Amer-

ican flock. Nor was there exaggeration in Jay Cooke's statements in regard to the climate of the Northwest, influenced, as it is, by warm ocean currents. No untruth marked the descriptions of the forests of great trees in Oregon and Washington, which have since proved to be of so much worth as a source of timber supply; or the accounts of the natural beauties of the Columbia Valley or Puget Sound; nor was too high an estimate put upon the value of these water surfaces for the purposes of navigation, and as fishing-grounds. That the salmon crowded the Columbia, and the whaling grounds were tributary, there is no one to deny in the light of later knowledge, and all the world is aware to-day that the Sound is an important terminus for ships bound to and from the Orient. All these facts were only faintly depicted to the people of the United States and Europe in Mr. Cooke's circulars. They make prosy reading to the man who takes them up to-day, and that there were in 1873 those who found such statements unbelievable proves at least two important facts—that Jay Cooke was a student and a prophet, and that the human race learns its lessons in its own time, forgetting, after it has gained its knowledge, that it ever plodded its worldly way in so much benightedness.



ONE OF THE COLONISTS' RECEPTION HOUSES**
BUILT BY THE NORTHERN
PACIFIC

THE PRIZE FARM

BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

"WHAT an odd look, Dick!"
"I 've won a prize, Mary."

"A prize! Well, is that anything to look sober over?"

"No. Only I 'd hoped it would be a cash prize. This is n't."

"What is it?"

"A farm."

"A farm! How lovely! We can raise eggs and cream and butter; they say there 's lots of money in them."

"It may not be an egg-and-butter farm," Bruce said. "The view is all that 's mentioned."

"Oh, but the other things always go with farms," his wife cried optimistically.

"Besides, while I 'm not superstitious, it 's a fact that this prize comes thirteenth on the 'Monthly Magnet's' list, and—"

"Ridiculous, Dick! It just happened. As if you 'd care anything about that!"

"And another thing," Bruce continued: "the twelfth prize is seventy-five dollars in cash. The relative value of the prizes can't descend in regular scale, or else this farm is n't the expensive kind."

He picked up the letter and read aloud:

New York, June 23,—

DEAR SIR: We take pleasure in informing you that your story, "That Lass o' Mine," has been awarded thirteenth prize in our prize-story contest, and a deed of Buena Vista Farm,—situated in Rockville, southern New Hampshire,—will be forwarded in a few days. Thanking you for your story, we remain, dear sir,

Yours very truly,
Publishers of "The Monthly Magnet."

Mr. Richard Frost Bruce,
Chicago, Ill.

"Is n't it splendid to get it now, just as we 're planning to go East!" Mary exclaimed. "If it is in southern New Hampshire, it can't be far from Hillton. Who would ever suppose we 'd own a

farm! Why, it 's like having a country seat! Would n't it be jolly to entertain our friends there! It would be too far for our Chicago friends; but the Hillton people might come. And is n't it nice the view is so fine! Probably the house overlooks green valleys and a river. I should n't wonder if it was the Connecticut. I can picture it all—the beautiful valleys, the silvery river, and the far blue hills—dear old New England hills! Think of sitting on our own piazza, Dick, and looking off on such a view!"

"Yes," said Bruce. "The only thing finer will be getting up in the cupola. We 'll be able to see more there."

"I suppose so," Mary agreed; "but I shall like the piazza better. I hope it 's one of those broad ones, like a room outdoors. I shall do my sewing there, if it is."

"And you can serve tea, too," Bruce suggested. "A tea-table in one corner would look rather pretty. Then some reed rockers and a few rugs would give the veranda a comfortable aspect. And while you are sewing, I can lie in the hammock and smoke, and view the velvet lawn, with its shrubbery and fountains. We 'll give orders to the head gardener, or whoever attends to such matters, to keep the American flag flying while we 're there, just as if we were the President, you know. Then we 'll—"

"Of course we shall, Dick," Mary smiled, unteased. "I suppose you think there is n't any piazza. But you 'll see. I don't believe 'The Monthly Magnet' would give away a farm without one. Of course there won't be a cupola. They don't put them on farm-houses."

"Wise little woman!" Bruce approved. "Well, dear, for your sake I hope there 'll be piazzas twelve feet wide on three sides of the house. You deserve them."

When they reached Hillton, Bruce had the deed in his pocket. Diligent study of time-tables showed that no railroad entered Rockville. When he told Mary, she looked pleased. "All the nicer," she said. "It makes our country seat more exclusive. I 'm glad the smoky old railroad does n't go there."

"I admit railroads are not pretty, but they 're useful," Bruce said. "The absence of one adds to the difficulty of getting dairy products to market, you know."

"Well, we may not want to get them to market. We may need them all ourselves, especially if we have much company."

"That 's so," Bruce answered. "Probably it 's an advantage, then, not having a railroad mussing up things. Have you asked any one to visit us?"

"Not yet. I thought we 'd better see the farm first."

"A good idea. If it 's been vacant long, it may need tidying up a bit."

"You talk as if it were a flat, Dick."

"Do I? Well, if it 's in New Hampshire, I have n't the slightest idea it 's flat. The conveniences of a modern apartment would n't be so bad, though: 'hot and cold water, steam heat, electric lights, janitor service, refrigerators.' We may wish we had them."

"For my part, I shall be glad to get away from them," Mary announced.

Although Rockville was only forty miles from Hillton, they had to travel eighty to reach it, changing cars twice, and waiting two hours at each junction. They reached Hemlock—the nearest station—late in the afternoon, having averaged ten miles an hour.

Bruce inquired of the station agent the best means of getting to Rockville.

"Well, ef I was you, I 'd stay here to-night, and take the stage over in the mornin'," he advised. "The stage goes over after the 'leven o'clock train."

The next morning they boarded a dilapidated stage-coach. Regarding the location of Buena Vista Farm they questioned the driver in vain. "Never heard of it," he said. "But Bill Cummings 'll know; Bill knows about all the farms in this town. He has to."

"'Buena Vista Farm,' " repeated Mr. Cummings, meditatively scratching a stubbly chin, after being introduced.

"No; you 've got me. I never heard of it. Where 'd you say 't was? In the northern part, hey? I wonder if 't ain't the old Stebbins place."

Bruce showed Mr. Cummings the deed.

"Yes, that 's the Stebbins place," he said.

"How far?"—in answer to Bruce's question,—“Why, it 's about four mile—four to four an' a half mile, ain't it, Bill?” he added to the stage-driver.

Bill, having more knowledge of the Stebbins place than of Buena Vista Farm, "calculated 't wa'n't more 'n four."

"Can I find some one who will take us to the Buen—to the Stebbins place?" Bruce asked.

"Well,"—after further reflective scratching of the chin,—“I don't know of any one 'less 't is Bill Brown. But Bill 's gone down to Hemlock, so he could n't. Ef you c'n wait till mornin', I 'll take you up myself. I 'm goin' over to Bill Chandler's in the mornin', an' 't won't be much out the way."

"The Buena Stebbins Farm seems rather inaccessible," Bruce remarked to his wife, when they were by themselves. "We ought to be exclusive enough when we get there." But for once Mary seemed uninterested in the farm. "Do you suppose, Dick," she asked anxiously, "that everybody here is named Bill?"

"Apparently," Bruce answered. "Possibly some of the women are not. We might inquire."

EARLY the next morning Mr. Cummings appeared, and they started on the last stage of their journey. It was still uphill.

"Is n't it down-hill any of the way, Mr. Cummings?" Mary asked plaintively.

"Well, yes—coming back." After which witticism he indulged in a chuckle.

"Is the Connecticut river near here?"

Bruce, asked, not altogether for information.

"'Bout forty miles west—mebbe not more 'n thirty-five."

"I 'm afraid, Mary, we 'll have to get some other river to run through our view. Is there any river near the Stebbins place, Mr. Cummings?"

"Never heard of one. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; I was just wondering. They look rather pretty winding through

the landscape, and I did n't know but one was included in the buena vista of the Stebbins farm. There don't seem to be many green valleys, either. The land up this way is n't much good for anything except grazing, is it?"

"No; an' not much good for that," was Mr. Cummings's reply.

"Do the farmers keep many cattle?" inquired Bruce, cautiously.

"Bemis keeps a cow. He 's the only farmer up this end of town now."

"Does he send much cream and butter to market?"

"Well, not much," said Cummings, dryly.

"Of course he does n't, Dick, if he has only one cow," Mary said reprovingly.

"Probably he gets his chief income out of eggs," ventured the teaser. "Does he keep many hens?"

"Well, no. He had a few, but he said they would n't lay, so he quit. He 's thinkin' of givin' up farmin' and movin' down to Hemlock. He 's cut what little timber there was, an' there 's nothin' much left to do now 'cept move away."

"You say this Mr. Bill Bemis that you mentioned is the only farmer up here now?" Mary asked.

"Bill Bemis," repeated Mr. Cummings. "No; I did n't say *Bill* Bemis. You mean Hen Bemis, don't you?"

"Perhaps; I got the impression it was Bill," Mary answered, not daring to look at her husband.

"Well, now, come to think, his name is Bill," remarked Mr. Cummings, reflectively. "William Henry Bemis is his full name; but he 's been called Hen so long I 'd 'most forgotten."

Mary choked behind her handkerchief, and, to cover up her confusion, Bruce said, "He 's a man of strong individuality, I take it."

"Yes; he 's a queer cuss. You know him?"

"No; I merely judged from what I 've heard of him."

"This 's Bemis's land we 're passin' now," announced Mr. Cummings.

"I don't wonder he 's thinking of giving up farming," Bruce said. "The land does n't seem to yield much except stones."

"Yes, it 's pretty stony. It 's better 'n the Stebbins farm, though."

"I suppose, Mr. Cummings, you know something about values here," Bruce said. "What should you say the Stebbins place was worth?"

"Wuth! it ain't—" The Rockville citizen checked himself, and continued in an altered tone: "Why, I understan' the last time it changed hands it brought fifty cents an acre—sixty dollars fer the parcel. I guess prices hain't gone up none sence," with a shrewd side glance toward Bruce. "I calc'late you 're the man that bought it, ain't ye?"

"He won it as a prize," interjected Mary, proudly. "A New York magazine offered a lot of prizes for stories, and Mr. Bruce's story won the Buena Vista Farm."

"Sho! You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Cummings, with a glance of mingled curiosity and pity at the story-writer.

"Well, 't ain't 's ef you 'd paid anything for it, then," he added sympathetically.

"THE Stebbins land begins here," announced Mr. Cummings, a moment later. "Ef you walk up that lane you c'n see where the house stood."

They thanked Mr. Cummings, and started up the lane.

"Did you notice what he said, Dick?" Mary asked—"we could see where the house stood! Don't you suppose there 's any house here?"

"There must be," Bruce said. "There could n't very well be a piazza without a house."

"I don't care, I think they might have left the house," Mary complained.

"Well, they did n't take the cellar, anyway," he said, when they had mounted to the end of the lane and stood beside the hole littered with broken glass and rotting shingles.

They were waiting at the foot of the lane when Mr. Cummings returned.

"Well," he grinned, "how 's it strike you?"

Bruce was about to answer, "Rocky!" when Mary cried: "Oh, Mr. Cummings, it 's perfectly lovely! I don't believe there 's a finer view anywhere. We 're simply delighted with it."

"Be ye? Well! well!" Mr. Cummings was evidently surprised.

"'T would be a sightly place for a

residence," Bruce said, taking his cue from Mary. "A gray-stone mansion with a tower or two, battlements, and that sort of thing, would fit into the landscape quite artistically. The architecture could be rugged, like the scene. I suppose a macadamized road from the village could be built for a few thousand dollars. With the loose stones dug out, the ground graded, and plenty of good black loam, a fairly decent lawn could be made. A house such as I have in mind would perhaps cost a hundred and fifty thousand. Two hundred thousand would put things in good shape, I presume. If I should carry out this plan, we might like to spend a few weeks a year up here."

Mr. Cummings's eyes snapped, and he showed a new deference as he turned to address the story-teller. "We 'd like mighty well to have you, Mr. Bruce," he said. "The town needs a good piece of taxable property. Taxes are mighty low in Rockville," he added hastily. "I guess you won't find many towns where they're any lower. I'm tax-collector, so I ought ter know."

The stage-driver's enigmatical remark about Mr. Cummings's enforced knowledge concerning farms was explained.

"Well," Bruce said carelessly, "we're not at all decided. We've seen several sites that we like quite as well as this one. The lack of natural timber strikes me as a rather serious drawback."

Mary squeezed his hand enthusiastically, as Mr. Cummings turned to hold up his horses over a steep bit of road.

"Beautiful, Dick!" she whispered. "It serves him right. The idea of his saying it was n't as if you'd paid anything for it!"

As they were parting, Mr. Cummings, after stowing away in a leather wallet the crisp greenback Bruce had handed to him, remarked casually, "There's two or three

dollars taxes due on that there farm of yours, I b'lieve."

Bruce told him he would defer settlement for the present. No one was likely to run off with the farm, so the town would not lack security pending payment of the claim.

"WHAT 's happened, Dick? You look cheerful," Mary commented, as her husband came in.

They were now staying in New York for a few days.

"While I was out, I went round to the office of the 'Magnet,'" Bruce said. "I told the editor I had been up to see the farm, and asked him if he would n't like to buy it back for the next contest."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed, and said they'd just discovered they'd made a mistake, and went on to explain that through an error the prize had been awarded to me when it was intended for another contestant. A story entitled 'The Lasso Mine' had been selected for the thirteenth prize, and through some hocus-pocus got mixed up with 'That Lass o' Mine.' The editor said he was sorry, that while my story was not without merit, it was n't the sort 'The Monthly Magnet' wanted, and they would n't be able to use it."

"The idea! And what did you say?"

"I told him there was a curious coincidence between the story and the farm; that while the farm was not without merit, it was n't the kind I wanted, and I should n't be able to use it. I offered to give him back the farm if he'd give me back my story. But that is n't all. After leaving him I dropped into the office of 'The Cheerful Age.' The editor glanced over 'That Lass o' Mine,' and thinks it's just the thing for the November number. He's promised to let me know in a few days. I think he'll take it."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

CIVIC ART AND CIVIC NUISANCES

IN a "Garden number" of *THE CENTURY* it is appropriate to sound again the note of civic adornment. In America the extermination of the hideous is a first necessity; the abrogation of waste places; the removal of garbage and dilapidation from the public highways, including the lines of railway. Then come the planting of trees, the laying out of parks and avenues, the construction or reconstruction of public buildings and their approaches, and the building of monuments. The movement in these directions is wide-spread, and one evidence of the public interest may be found in the cordial reception given to Mr. Baxter's paper in the January *CENTURY* on "The Nuisances of Advertising."

In this connection it should be said that the American Park and Outdoor Art Association and the American League for Civic Improvement have been merged in what is now known as the American Civic Association, of which J. Horace McFarland of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is President; Clinton Rogers Woodruff of Philadelphia, Vice-President and Acting-Secretary; and William B. Howland of New York, Treasurer. This association it is which is fighting the people's battle for the preservation of Niagara. It has a number of "departments," and one of these is specially arrayed against the bill-board nuisance. It promises an active campaign during the coming year. Through the "Department of Nuisances" the association is seeking to arouse public sentiment against objectionable bill-board advertising, and is promulgating the idea that such advertising can be controlled and regulated either through the taxing or police power of the Commonwealth, or by the application of the principle of the boycott.

There is plenty of room for the activity of all the societies which touch upon any branch of the movement for esthetic betterment. In New York the Municipal Art Society is concerning itself with city plans. There are local art commissions in Baltimore, Boston, Cambridge, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, Minneapolis, New York, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, and New Orleans. There are more than two hundred and fifty societies, with various special artistic ends, in the country, and the influence of their members tends toward beauty in public places.

In Washington the National Society of the Fine Arts, taking up the scheme of the National Art League, is promoting a bill providing for the organization of a National Advisory Board on Civic Art, which board would consider and "report their opinion concerning the artistic merit of plans proposed by legislative or administrative act for public structures, monuments, and fountains, for the placing of mural paintings in public structures, or for the opening, modification, or embellishment of any public space belonging to the United States." The board would also report on the artistic merits of plans for public structures, and for the opening, modification, or embellishment of any public space within the District of Columbia; and furthermore make suggestion in annual reports to the President.

This is a measure which would be economical in the highest sense, for it would put value into the result of every artistic expenditure with which the Advisory Board should deal. Its only fault is that it does not go far enough, and include coins and statues and all works of art whatever which are a matter of public cost.

THE PASSION FOR SAVING, AND RISKING, LIFE

WHEN one reads the accounts constantly appearing in the newspapers of instances of the heroic saving of human life, especially in fire and mine disasters, one is impressed by the value put by all men upon life. The rescues of miners, continuing sometimes from day to day, have the whole country, sometimes the whole world, for sympathetic audience. The city of New York was thrilled lately by the story of the rescue of a fireman, after twenty-four hours of exertion on the part of his comrades, the first hours of which were with the hope of finding his dead body only. Incidents like these awaken a passion of tenderness, of heroic struggle, of wide-spread sympathy. As for firemen, they are proverbial for reckless courage in saving endangered lives, and when it comes to the rescue of one of their own number, they will actually fight for the privilege of flinging themselves into positions of deadly peril in order to save a threatened comrade. There never was a time, moreover, when such good care was taken of the sick and afflicted; or when so much time, money, equipment, and individual devotion were given to the discovery and application of remedies for disease, and of means for the prolongation of human existence.

Reading of such things from day to day, and nothing else, one might, as we have said, come to the conclusion that in America the sacredness of life is keenly felt throughout the community. But, as a matter of fact, the newspapers that give us minute details, in column upon column, of these heroic rescues, on the same page chronicle events which bring the observer to the very opposite conclusion.

Here we read of scores of men working day and night, without thought of self, to save a single life; and then we read, for instance, of automobile tragedies where

the speed-craze leads to the loss not only of the life of the speed-crazy, but of the innocent passer-by. We read of railroad accidents where many lives are lost through some phase of recklessness. We are given the appalling statistics of railroad fatalities and of often easily preventable accidents in the various trades, and we find that America is far behind Europe in the use of safety-devices in the various occupations.

Such exhibitions of safety-appliances as that held in New York, under the auspices of the American Institute of Social Service, inform the public usefully of specific means of saving life and limb. But perhaps the most useful function of such a demonstration,—and this we believe was the first in America,—is the awakening of public opinion.

It is an aroused public opinion that we need—a sort of national conversion. There is need to spread abroad a new respect for the human frame; a conviction that it is unneighborly, that it is wrong, that it is wicked, that it is unendurable, that people should amuse themselves in a way that endangers the bodies and the very existence of their fellow-citizens. Railroad trains, electric trolleys, and automobiles are constantly put to a speed that implies an outrageous spirit of recklessness.

A man has no business to take reckless chances with his own life, much less with that of his fellow-citizen, who has an equal right to the safe use of the public highway. This would seem to be a truism, but too many people act with total disregard of so elemental a principle as this. There are so many delinquents, there is such a lack of persistent defense on the part of the public, that perhaps those are wise who think that a counter-movement should be started, and that the scattered and ineffectual indignation of the community should find effective expression in a special organization.



OPEN LETTERS

An American Cardinal

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

In view of the interest excited by THE CENTURY's article on suicide by Cardinal Gibbons, a few lines of biography—the Cardinal himself is singularly modest in giving biographical details—may not be out of place.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, who is of the cabinet of the Pope, a prince of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, Archbishop of the primatial See of Baltimore,—the one American in the College of Cardinals,—narrowly escaped being a subject of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria. His parents were Irish, domiciled in this country, and he was born almost in the shadow of the cathedral in Baltimore, on July 13, 1834. They loved their native country, and they did an unusual thing: they went back to the land of green and gold when he was about ten years of age. This fact has given rise to the report, often repeated, that he was not born in the country of which he is one of the most distinguished citizens. It is certain, from his record, that he would have elected to be an American, whether he were born here or not. He barely escaped, too, seeing the light on the fatal twelfth of July, the day when the orange lilies are made to bloom in Ireland, which, as the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, would have presaged war for him rather than peace; and peace he has always loved and preached.

In Ireland his talents attracted the attention of Archbishop McHale, and he was advised to follow the course of education prescribed for young men who are fitted to be priests. At once he determined that his native country should be the field of his labors. As a matter of course, he was placed in the *petit séminaire* of St. Charles, near the old Carroll manor of Doreaghan, in Maryland. Later, he went to that other famous institution of the Sulpician Fathers, St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. In March, 1861, he was ordained priest. One of the earliest duties of the young clergyman was the care of the soldiers of his own creed at Fort McHenry. For a while he was secretary to Archbishop Spalding, and then a most difficult task was proposed to him. In the State of North Carolina, in a million inhabitants, there were less than seven hundred Catholics, scattered far and wide. His duty was to organize and minister to this flock; and he performed it with such sympathy and such kindly interest in all men of good will that suspicion of the

Scarlet Lady,—of which descendants of the Covenanters in the State were not devoid,—grew less and less; and the little flock of Catholics increased, and were at peace with their neighbors. Afterward, as Bishop of Richmond, still having charge of the vicariate-apostolic of North Carolina, he widened his influence for kindness and tolerance.

In 1878, he succeeded James Roosevelt Bayley, eighth Archbishop of Baltimore. In June, 1886, he was created Cardinal by Leo XIII. His titular church is Santa Maria in Trastevere. Since that time Cardinal Gibbons has been a leader in many movements for the betterment of social conditions in this country. A favorite with three Popes, Pius IX, Leo XIII, and Pius X, his efforts have always been with the best in modern progress. His first visit to Rome was during the Ecumenical Council, his latest for the Conclave that elected Pius X. It is fortunate that the highest honor in the gift of the papacy should have been bestowed on a man of such force, tact, and insight into the causes of modern conditions. If egregious mistakes have been avoided in the government of the Church in the United States, this is largely due to the Cardinal. In opposition to the condemnation of the Knights of Labor, he stood against great odds; in the matter of the Catholic University, of which he is chancellor, he had a large number of reactionaries against him. It is evident now that, if well-intentioned but obscurantist reaction has not succeeded, it is because the foremost prelate in our country is an American who values the things of the mind and the heart as presented under the aspect of a phase of progress not yet understood by some older nations. The best known of the Cardinal's books is a treatise on theology for the people, "The Faith of Our Fathers," of which at least two million copies have been printed.

Maurice Francis Egan.

Ribera's "The Assumption of Mary Magdalene"

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS. SEE PAGE 695

RIBERA is one of the greatest names in the history of art, and in the Spanish school he stands unrivaled for power and brilliancy of

technic, richness of coloring, and loftiness of conception. He was born at Játiva, in the delightful region of Valencia, in southern Spain, and is supposed to have had some instruction in art by Ribalta. Though very poor, he early made his way to Italy, in the fervor of his desire to prosecute his study of art. In Rome he was in a destitute condition, subsisting on crusts and clad in rags, yet industriously copying the frescoes on the façades of the palaces, or the shrines at the corners of the streets. He further prosecuted his studies in the chambers of the palaces, and all the great painters from Raphael to Caravaggio came under his pencil. From the sale of his works in this field, he scraped together sufficient money to visit the north of Italy, studying the works of Correggio at Parma and Modena, and apparently digesting the whole field of Italian art.

Returning to Rome, feeling that the city was over-stocked with artists, he determined to go to Naples. At Naples fortune was auspicious, and threw him in the way of a rich picture-dealer, who gave him employment. Their relations became so intimate that he finally married his employer's daughter, and at once stepped out of poverty into happiness and a prospect of opulence. He soon attracted the attention of the Duke

of Ossuna, viceroy of the city, who appointed him his court-painter, with a good salary. It was in this capacity that, ten years later, he met Velasquez, who visited Naples and was entertained in princely fashion by Ribera—Lo Spagnoletto ("the little Spaniard"), as he was called by the Neapolitans.

The "Assumption of Mary Magdalene," a large canvas, was painted in 1526, when the artist was thirty-eight years old. It is a solemn and magnificent presentation of the legend which says: "Every day, during the last years of her penance in the wilderness, the angels came down from heaven and carried her up in their arms into regions where she was ravished by the sounds of unearthly harmony and beheld the glory and joy prepared for the sinner that repenteth." She is clad in a deep-red robe, the symbolic color of love, and in the angels' hands are her attributes—the skull, the scourge, and the vase of anointment. The sky is blue, streaked with gray and golden clouds—a splendid harmony of color as fine as any Titian. The work hangs in the Academia de Bellas Artes, where I was accorded every facility for engraving the picture before the original, which the light fortunately enabled me to do.

Timothy Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Modified Mother Goose

BY LAURENCE HUTTON

With Pictures by Reginald B. Birch



"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE"

A CUCUMBER dwelt in a flounder-fish ball. His family consisted of no one at all.

But he said, with a sigh, as he winked with both lids,

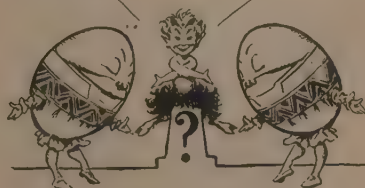
"I've my babies on hand, when I put on my kids!"

"HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL"

HANKEY-Pankey was laid in a well,
Hankey rolled out, and smashed his shell,
Never a needle, and never a pin,
Can keep poor Hankey's outside in.

"Humpty Dumpty"

"Hankey Pankey"





"HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK!"

Lo! Lo! the Guinea-Pigs crow,
The Chicken has cut a false tooth,
The dentist will get the hen a new set,
And let her renew her own youth.



"HEY DIDDLE DUMPLING, MY SON JOHN"

GIGGLE, Goggle, Griddle-Cakes!
Our niece Jane
Bought herself a monocle,
To keep off the rain.
Oiled her hair with milkman's milk,
And got water on the brain.
Giggle, Goggle, Griddle-Cakes!
Our niece Jane.

"BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP!"

CAKLE! Cackle! Elephant!
Have you any feathers?
"Yes, Ma'm; several, for all sorts of
weathers.
One for the terrapin;
One for the Sphinx;
One for the Daisy that gets foozled on
the Links."



"THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN, AND HE WAS
WOND'ROUS WISE"

ONCE lived a lass in Draycott, Mass.,
Who was uncommon shrewd.
She washed her hands in apple-sass,
And then in currants, stewed.
And when she saw the mess she made,
She tried preserves of plum.
"The only trouble is," she said,
"I find I 've jammed my thumb."



Uncle Jeff's Dream of Wealth

UNCLE Jeff Gordon has lived in Washington, a free man, almost as many years as he lived in Georgia as a slave. His short, bow legs still take him nimbly about his work, although his curly wool has been snow-white for a generation. He has outlived all his sons and daughters, and only scattered grandchildren remain of his once numerous family. Now he dwells alone in a little shack on a back lot, with not even a dog to keep him company.

A weather-beaten sign on the front of the hut announces that an expressman is to be hired there, and promises speedy performance of any work ordered. But when one sees the ancient horse that hauls Uncle Jeff's more ancient cart, wonder ceases at slow fulfilment of promise.

One ailment seriously afflicts the otherwise cheerful expressman. He has rheumatism, and the frequent damp, muggy days of the national capital bring him no little suffering. The other day he was struggling painfully along with a load of miscellaneous duffle for a man who has employed him at intervals for a good many years. Just as the load reached its destination the employer came up. It was a raw, miserable day, and he was sorry that the old darky had to be out in it.

"Good morning, Uncle Jeff," he said. "How 's the rheumatism to-day?"

"Pow'ful bad dis mawnin', sah; pow'ful bad."

"I'm sorry, you have to work such weather as this, Jeff," said the employer. "You ought to have a home where you could take it easy."

The old darky chuckled and scraped in recognition of the friendly thought. "Yes, sah," he said; "got ter wo'k shore, rain er shine. Sometimes I des wish I had 'nough money not ter wo'k no more, nebber."

"How much do you think it would take, Jeff, to fix you for life? Ten thousand dollars?"

"Ten t'ousan' dollars!" Uncle Jeff fairly gasped at the thought. "Law bless you, sah, what ebber dis nigger gwine do wif all dat money?"

"Ten thousand too much, eh? Well, how about one thousand? What would you do if you had that?"

Uncle Jeff leaned against the fence and pondered. Manifestly no such vision of wealth had ever formed part of his day-dreams.

"A whole t'ousan' dollars," he said, after a while, "all mine? Yes, sah, ef I had dat pile, I'd go out hyah by dese hyah woods, an' I'd git me a li'l' piece o' groun', an' a li'l' house, an' I'd git me a pig, an' des a few chickens, an' two dawgs."

"Two dogs, Uncle Jeff! What would you want with two dogs?"

"What a man want wif two dawgs? Why, any man need two dawgs. Yes, sah, got ter hab two. Cain't no ways git erlong sho't er two."

"But what for, Jeff? What would you do with them?"

"Why, sah, one dawg fer de house, an' one dawg fer de yahd."

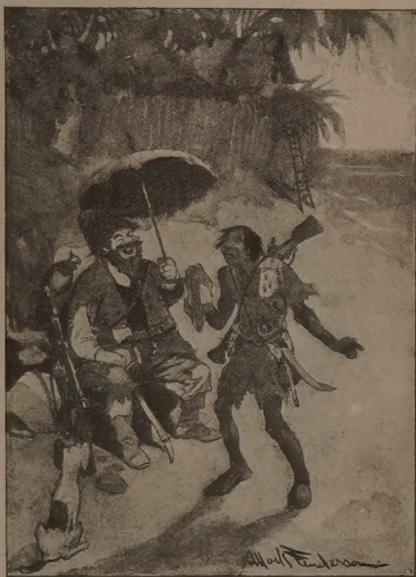
"What 's the use of a dog in the yard when you have one in the house, Uncle Jeff?"

"Des ter gib de countehsign, sah; dat all. Ef sompin' come erlong in de night, dat dawg in de yahd he gib de countehsign ter dat dawg in de house, an' dat dawg in de house he des wake up ole Jeff an' de gun, an' we gwine right out dah in de yahd an' fine out what dar is. Yes, sah, me an' de gun we git de countehsign an' we gwine right out."

P. S.—The man who told me the Uncle Jeff story saw the old darky again a day or so ago, and told him that the story of the two dogs had been written and sold to a magazine.

"No!" said Uncle Jeff. "Is dat so? Say, Boss, I got ter be mighty car'ful achter dis how I talk."

O. K. Davis.



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

Friday Interpolates Crusoe

"Is Friday unlucky?" asked Friday of Crusoe.

"It is," he replied. "I imagined you knew so."

"I did not," said Friday, "and think it a shame

That Crusoe,

Who knew so,

Should give me that name,

And that is, O Crusoe,

What makes me boohoo so!"

An Idyl of the New York Horse Exchange

HE stood in the crowded auction sale,
 Weary and weak and old,
 The ghost of an old-time thoroughbred,
 Waiting his turn to be sold.

Perchance he dreamed of races run
 In the light of a vanished day,
 When he carried the odds, in "the sport of
 kings,"
 For lords and ladies gay.

But, instead of banners waving fair
 And the grand-stand's ringing cheer,
 A crowd that laughed, with quip and jest,
 And the shout of the auctioneer.

They harnessed him into a hansom cab,
 And buckled the breeching tight.
 They drew the check-rein hard and fast,
 And saw that all was right.

They lashed him once, with a parting jeer,
 And prodded him, just for a joke;
 But they did n't know the Clingstone blood
 And the spirit that never broke.

He took the bit between his teeth,
 And started with a rear.
 He snapped the check-rein, with a snort,
 And bucked the breeching clear.

He kicked the blooming dashboard off,
 And started in to run,
 While only the man behind the cab
 Remained to see the fun.

As though once more adown the stretch
 He heard the grand-stand yell,
 From Central Park to Union Square
 He faltered not nor fell.

But true to the Clingstone blood he ran,
 Cheered by the frenzied throng.
 They telephoned to the City Hall,
 "Still fresh, and coming strong!"

They fired a volley into his brain.
 Ah, Stranger, do not scoff:
 A dauntless spirit passed to rest
 As he kicked life's harness off.

Edward Bacon.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

THE CANDID FRIEND

COMIC ARTIST (sadly): It's funny I can't sell that joke.
 CANDID FRIEND: If 't was funny, you could sell it.



ANNIE RUSSELL AS "PUCK" IN "A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI